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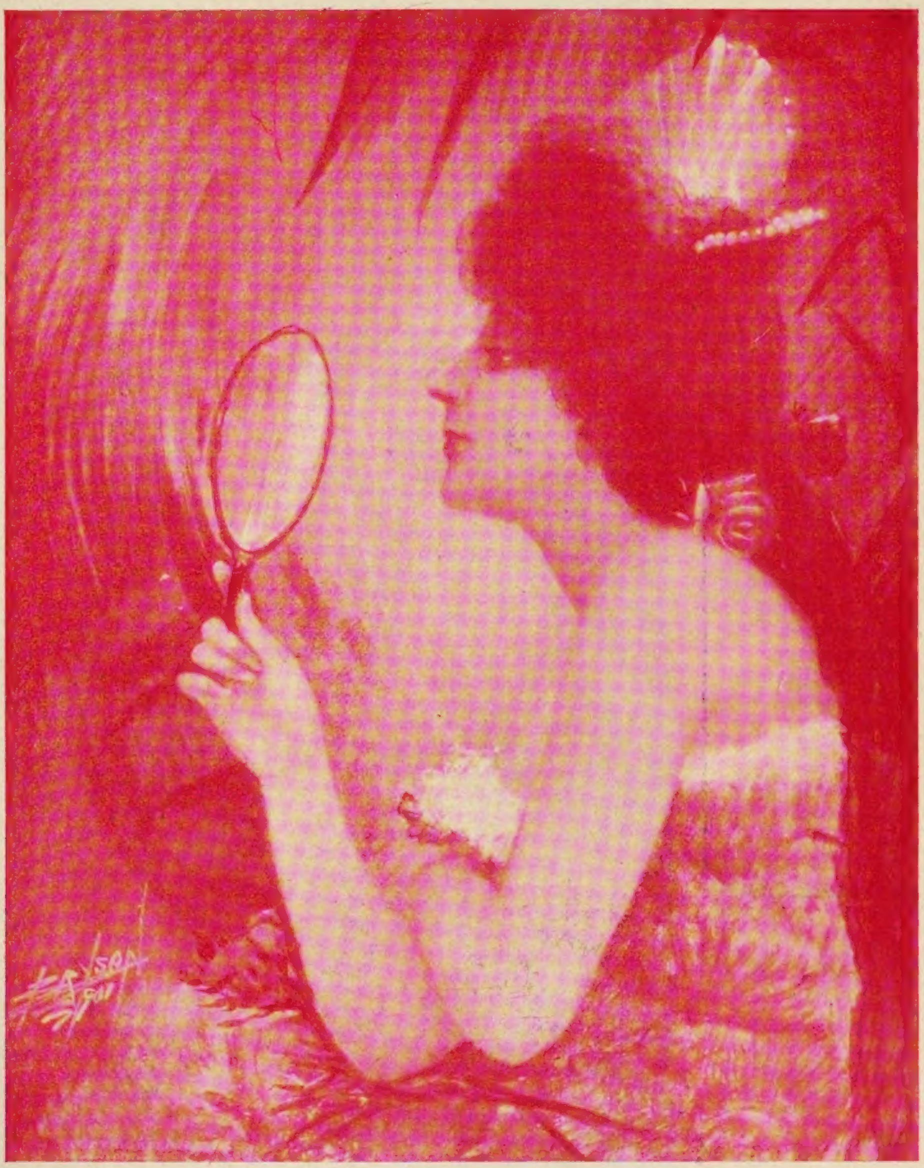

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RESTING IN THE DRESSING ROOM.

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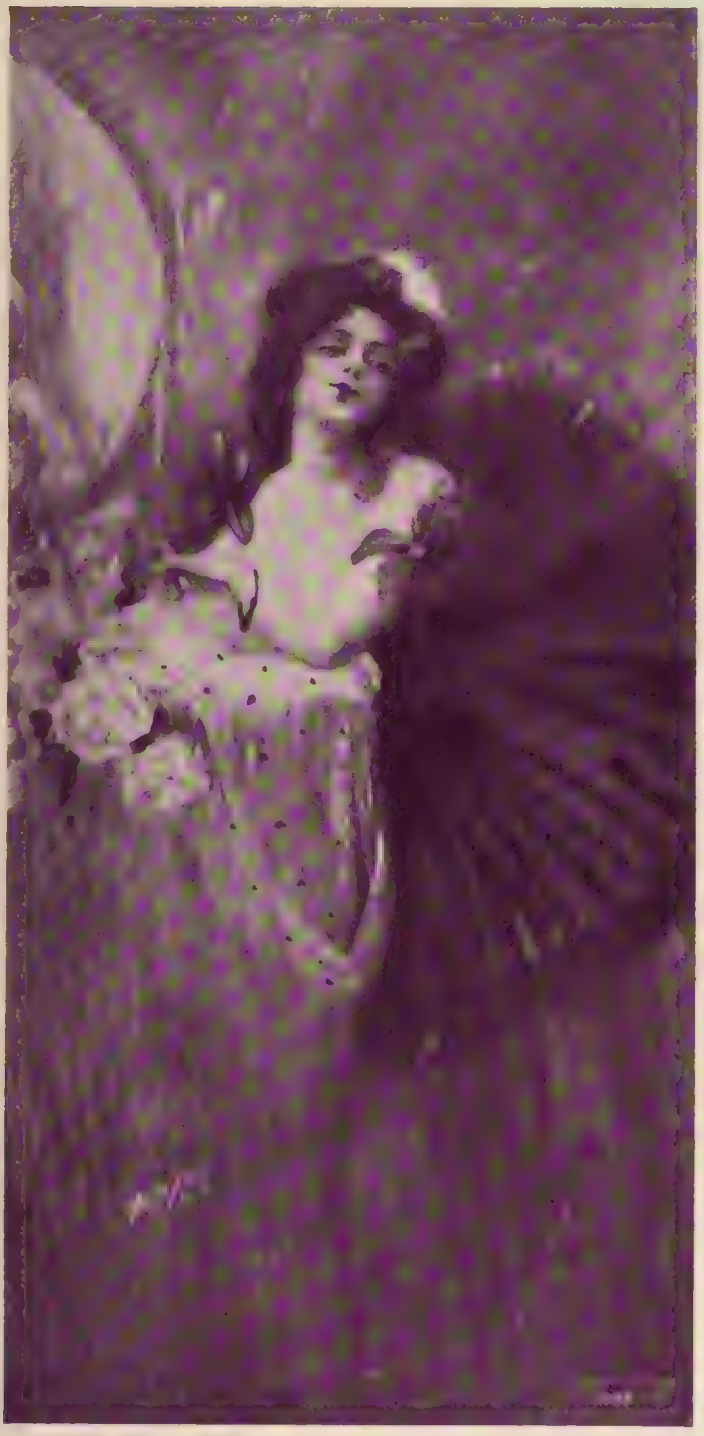

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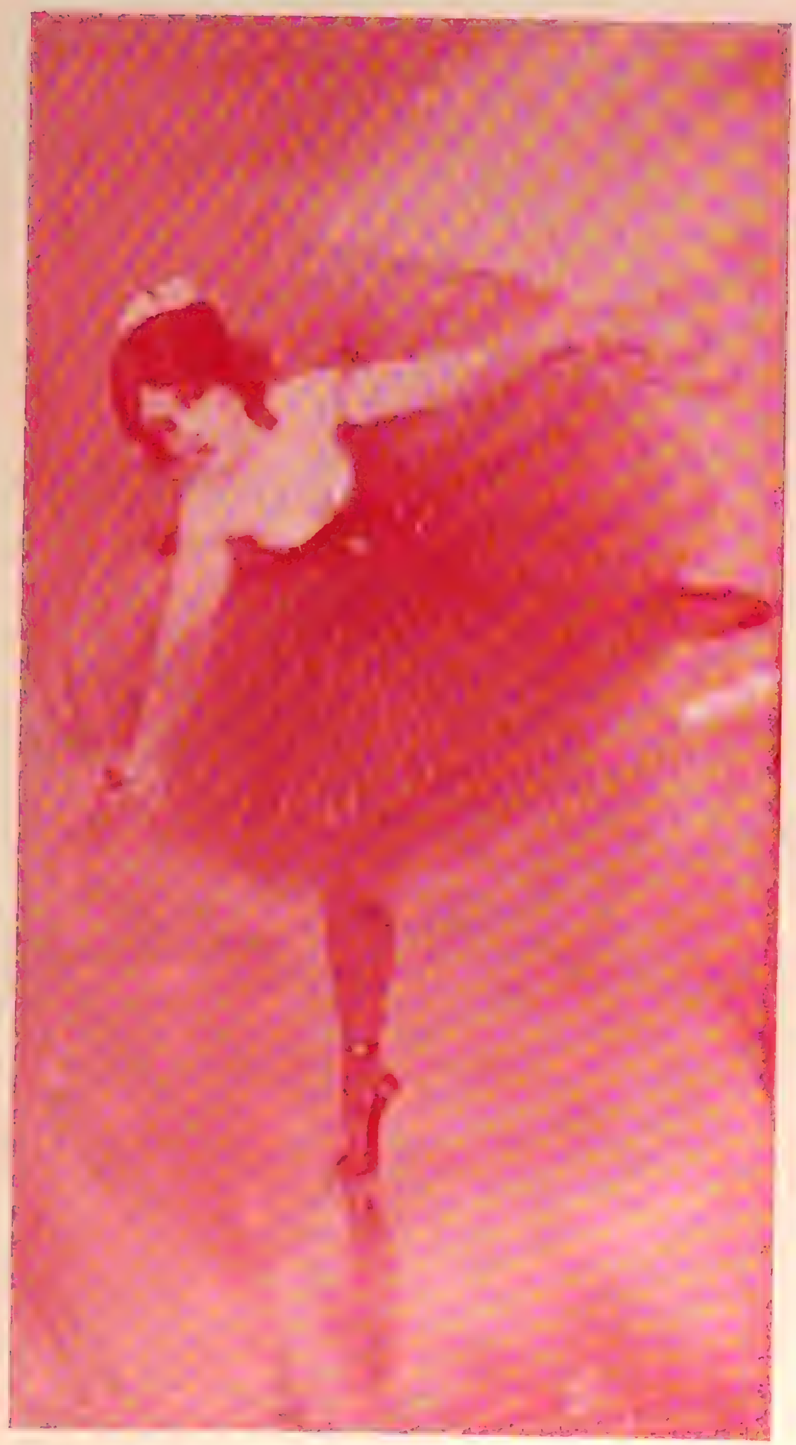

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MISS BLANCHE BROOKS.

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MISS ALMIRA FORREST.

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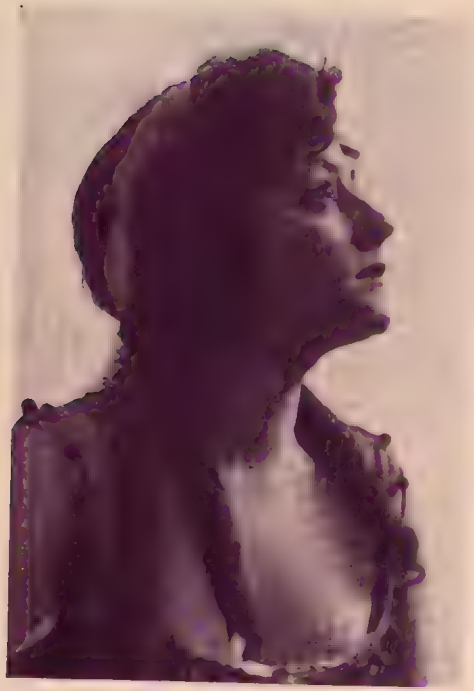
MISS JULIA McCOY.

MISS RUTH BOYER.

Photographs by Schloss, New York.

SIX YOUNG WOMEN OF THE SEASON'S THEATRICALS.



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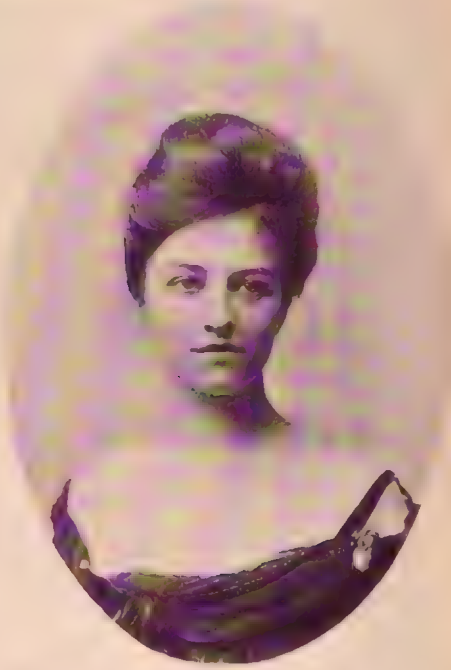
MISS MAY MACKENZIE,
Of Weber & Fields' Company.



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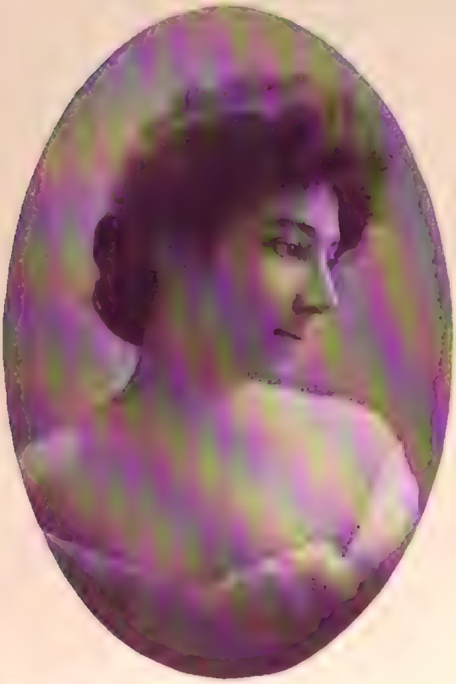
Of "Rogers Brothers at Harvard."



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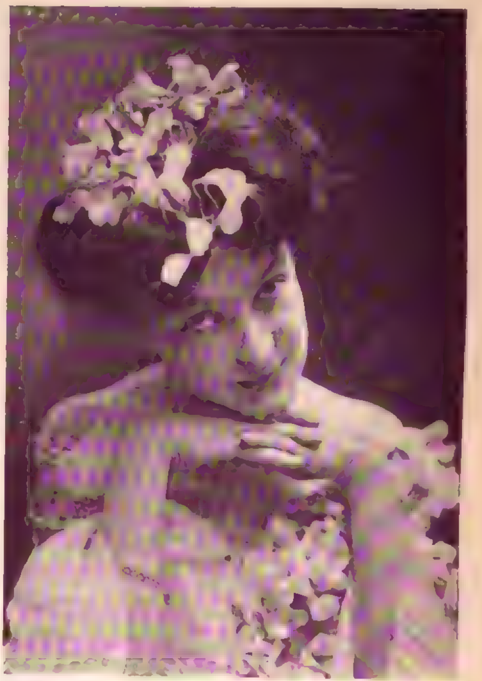
MISS NITA DE ORMOND,
Of "Beauty and The Beast."



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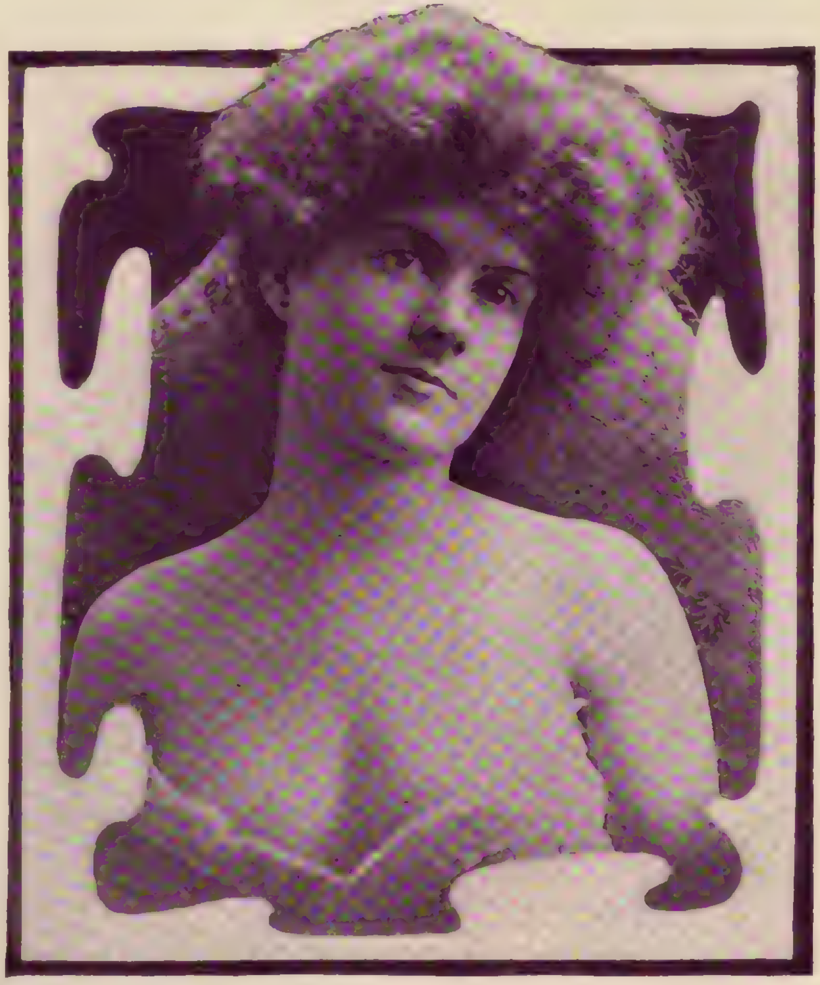
Of "A Chinese Honeymoon."

FOUR TYPICAL SHOW GIRLS IN NEW YORK



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MISS JULIA ROBINSON.

(See article, "The Artist's Model from Life," on page 50.)

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Photograph by Schloss, New York.

MISS PHYLLIS LAFOND.

(See article, "The Show Girl," on page 11.)

Broadway Magazine

October, 1902.

"**The American Ballet Girl.**" *In Color.* 3–8

"**The Show Girl,**" by Bruce Smythe. *Illustrated.* 11

"**Designs on Society Women,**" by Clement Horvicks. *Illustrated.* 19

Four Young Theatrical Beauties of the Season. 24

"**My Education in Music,**" by Lillian Nordica. *Illustrated.* 25

"**The Twinkling of Pole Stars,**" by R. A. Branscombe. *Illustrated,* . . . 28

"**At an English Music Hall,**" by James Gardiner Clarke. *Illustrated.* . . . 31

"**America's First Priest-Playwright,**" by Willis J. Hartwell. *Illustrated.* . . . 33

"**Girls of America's Famous Artists**" (No. VIII. THE HAMILTON KING GIRL.) *Illustrated.* 36

"**Beauty and Broadway Magazine,**" by G. G. Stanley. *Illustrated.* . . . 38

"**The Finish of the Venus de Milo,**" by Reginald Haas Smoot. *Illustrated.* . 41

"**A New Napoleon Play Coming,**" by Edwin T. Emery. *Illustrated.* . . 45

"**Love-making on the Stage,**" by John Albert Vincent. *Illustrated.* 47

"**The Artist's Model from Life,**" by John Oliver. *Illustrated.* 56

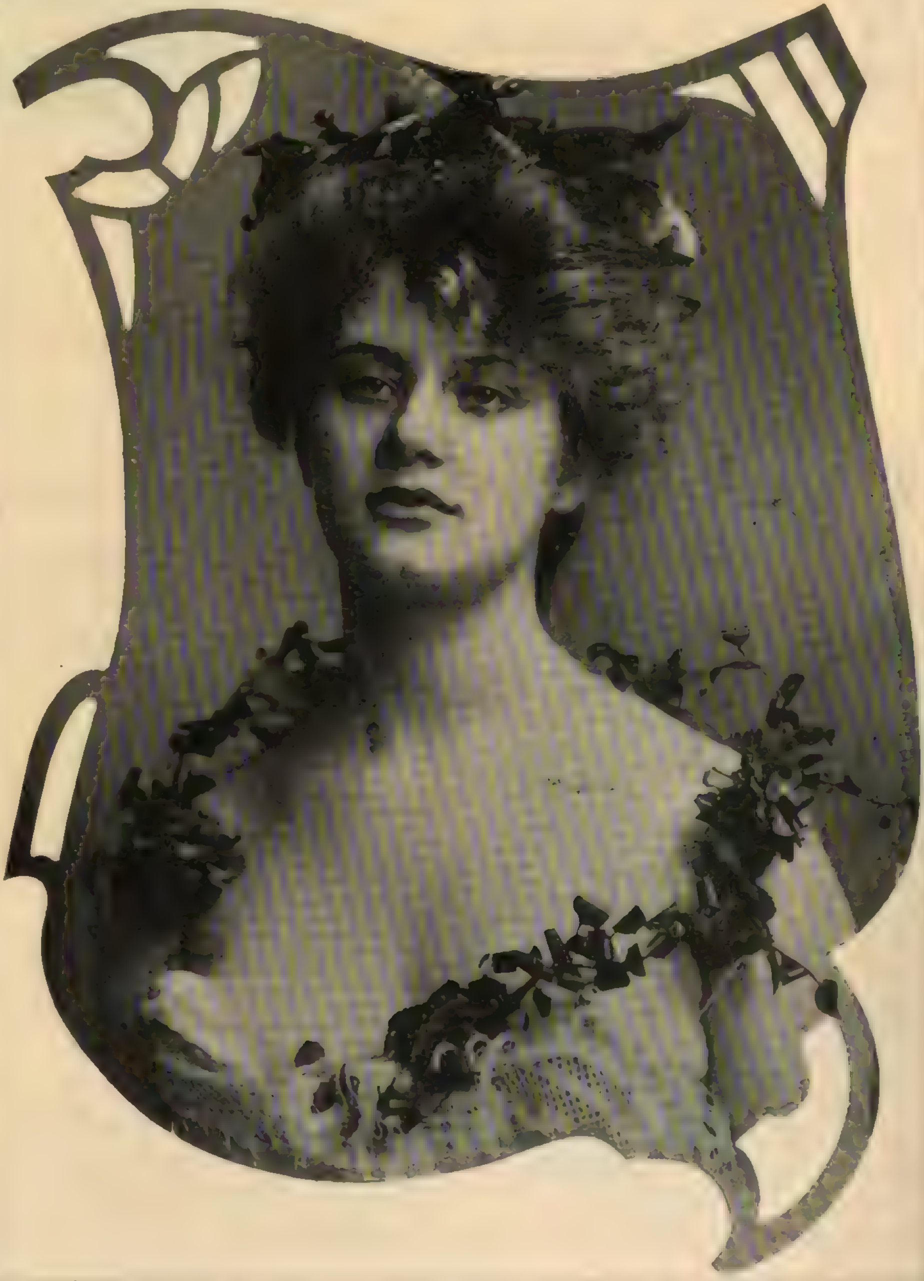
"**The Woman of the World,**" by Carolyn Lowrey. *Illustrated.* . . . 58

"**The Stage in New York.**" *Illustrated.* 61

Editorials, ... 72

"**Favorite Parts of Famous Players.**" *Illustrated.* 73

"**The Hoboken Girl,**" by Emily Remington. *Illustrated.* 74



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A TYPICAL SHOW GIRL

Miss Elsie Ferguson, who has been prominent in those comic opera productions in which the costumes were most dazzling.

(See article beginning on opposite page.)

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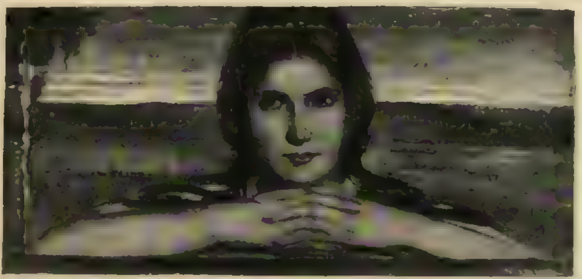
Broadway Magazine
October 1902
Vol. X No 1



The Show Girl

BY BRUCE SMYTHE.

EVOLUTION takes place in almost everything that deals with our daily lives and certainly theatricals form an important part of that curriculum. So we might naturally expect to find several innovations and improvements in the profession of the stage.

One of the oddest, and certainly not the least interesting, is the evolution of a certain kind of chorus girl.

Her present arrival to the state of what is now generally called the Show Girl has been the growth of several years.

Photo by Marceau, N. Y.
MISS MADGE EDWARDES.

Photograph by Chickering, Boston.
MISS REINE DAVIS.

In the earlier days of comic opera—Audran's, Planquette's, etc.—the chorus were considered of no especial importance. The voice was the principal thing in the pursuit of chorus girls,

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Photograph by Schloss, New York.
MISS NINA FARRINGTON.

from the stage manager's point of view, and beauty was of no moment whatever, for the chorus was kept religiously in the background and acted only in a repetitive capacity, intensifying the burthen of the comic songs, announcing the entrance of the star, and being used as numbers at the rise of the curtain and finales at the fall thereof. When the Gilbert and Sullivan operas were put on the stage of the Savoy Theatre in London, the author himself, W. S. Gilbert, was the stage manager. Mr. Gilbert was practically the first man to see the possibilities of the female chorus, and he brought them forward, literally as well as metaphorically. Girls for small singing parts, such as those of *Leila* in "Iolanthe," *Pitti Sing* in "The Mikado," etc., were selected from the most capable of the chorus.

Then, from the comic opera proper, came the musical comedy. For this style of entertainment undoubtedly George Edwardes, the manager of the Gayety Theatre in London, is responsible. Recognizing the possibilities of the beautiful chorus girl he devoted his time, talent and energies to exploiting her to the utmost. He picked out the most shapely, brought them to the front—usually in pairs—and the expression "Gayety Girl" was soon a household word in London.

Photo by Schloss, N. Y.
MISS MAZIE FOLLETTE.

It will be seen from the above that we cannot claim the distinction of discovering *the* chorus girl—with the accent on the article—but the exploitation of her soon came to this country, and it is to the pieces, both native and English, produced by George Lederer, that the American chorus girl owes her prominence.

Copyright by McIntosh, N. Y.
MISS MYRTLE McGRAIN.

She was called a chorus girl and a chorus girl only, up to within the past twelve months. While the public realized that she stood apart from the chorus in ability and attractiveness, she received no other name.

But the happy idea of giving her a distinct nomenclature occurred recently to Mr. Lederer, and the Show Girl is now what she is called.

The Show Girl is of the chorus, yet is not a chorus girl. She sometimes has a line or two to say which cannot be called a part, but to speak of her as a chorus girl would affront her deeply, and perhaps rightly so, inasmuch as she has a status of her own.

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One of the best known show girls is Miss Mazie Follette, at present in "The Wild Rose." Miss Follette is a tall brunette with a very expressive countenance, especially when being photographed. She is able to throw into her features a decidedly Oriental look—one of Egyptian languor, as it were, and her pictures are very popular, especially with college boys. Her fame started when she was in Weber & Fields' company. Since she left that organization, she has been seen in the productions of Mr. Lederer at the Casino and in London.

Photograph by Eddowes, New York.
MISS KATHERINE ROBERTS.

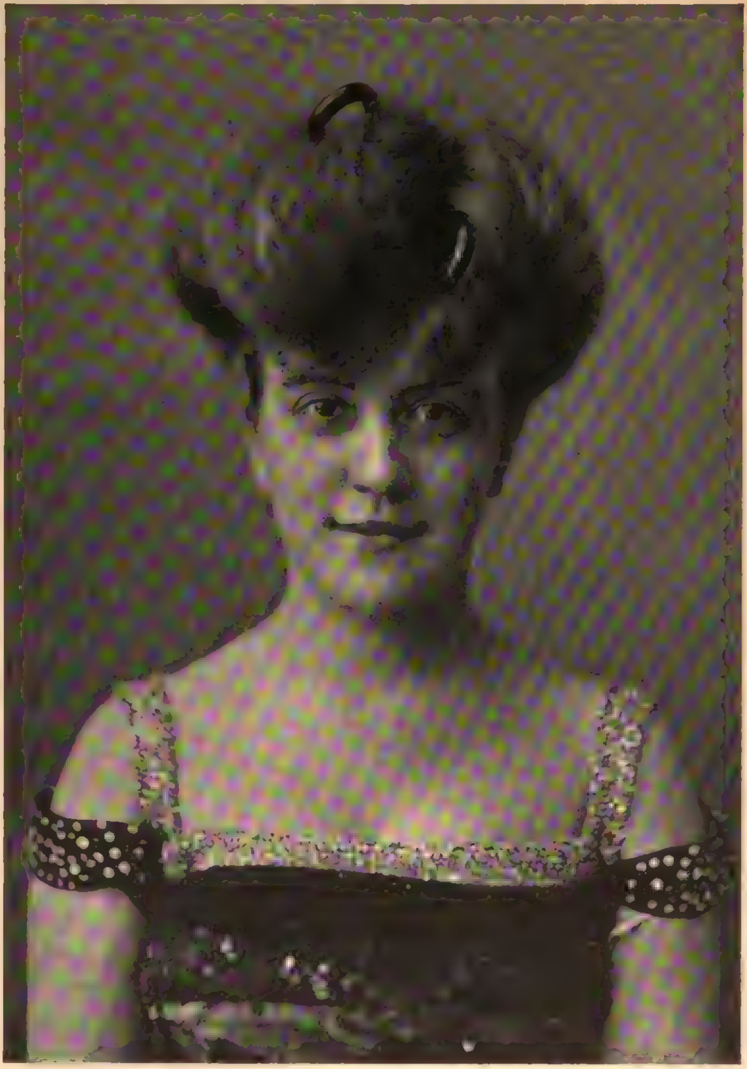
Miss Madge Edwardes, who takes the part of the cabin boy in "The Defender," is the pretty sister of Miss Paula Edwardes, the popular and clever comedienne of the same company and one of the few young women of the stage with a genuine and artistic sense of humor. Miss Madge possesses also a sense of humor of her own, but has not so far had any opportunity of expressing it professionally. She succeeds, however, in creating a distinct impression upon the stage, and feels justified in believing that a gratifying theatrical future lies before her.

Photo by McIntosh.
MISS HELGA HOWARD.

Miss Myrtle McGrain commenced her career with Joseph Jefferson's company, but leaves little to be desired from a physical point of view as a show girl in the lighter forms of stage productions. Her greatest popularity is obtained from photographers with a sense of the artistic and ability to carry out their ideas for posing, ably assisted by Miss McGrain herself. She has a beautiful head of hair, dark expressive eyes and a sympathetic smile.

Miss Nina Farrington is hardly a newcomer on the stage, but she retains, if not her youth, a very good imitation of it, and it is a fact that she is one of the most striking show girls on the New York stage. She is bright and vivacious and very popular with the unprofessional crowd of men who are more or less enthusiastic

Photo by Hall, N. Y.
MISS LOTTIE STEAD.



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MISS EDNA FARRELL.

One of the Show Girls in "A Chinese Honeymoon."

Photo by Eddowes, N. Y.
MISS MAUDE THOMAS.

arousing a deep jealousy on the part of the principals in one company in which she appeared on account of the prevalence with which her pictures were distributed. This, however, did not prevent the newspapers for printing them broadcast, and may indeed have formed an additional reason for their so doing. There is always a certain amount of piquancy in feminine jealousy to the masculine mind.

Miss Reine Davis is of "The Defender" company. She is a comparative stranger to New York theatricals, but bids fair to exercise before long the prerogative suggested by her queenly first-name.

Miss Bonnie Maginn is now one of the cleverest dancers with Messrs Weber & Fields, but she started with them as a show girl, pure and simple. She comes from Chicago, and her very blonde and curly hair is an easily recognized part of her personality whenever she is seen on the street, her photographs being very popular.

Miss Elsie Ferguson, who forms the frontispiece to this article, has a decidedly attractive face and manner and would be known for an American Girl wherever she might be. In "The New Yorkers" Miss Ferguson was one of the most admired of the many show girls in that company.

Together with an advancement into an official promotion, the former chorus girl now gets a very much higher salary. The "pecuniary placation" of the ordinary chorus girl is usually fifteen dollars a week while in New York, or eighteen while on the road—in some companies, like Weber & Fields', eighteen and twenty-one, respectively—but the show girl's salary ranges anywhere from twenty-five to forty dollars a week. She has no necessary expenses against this, except the possible ones of shoes or tights, her costumes being provided like those of the chorus, by the management.

She is not subject to some of the peculiar unwritten rules under which the principals occasionally chafe, such as being discouraged at promenading on Broadway, for the manager usually wishes to have the public familiar with the features of his show girls.

It is to be noticed that the show girl has grown exceedingly haughty since her apotheosis, and she speaks of the chorus, from which she has herself emerged, with an air of sublime contempt.

Photo by Armstrong, Boston.

MISS KATHERINE BELLE.

Photograph by Hall, New York.

MINOLA MADA HURST.

One of the Show Girls of "A Chinese Honeymoon."

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Designs on Society Women.

By Clement Horvicks.

THE larger cities of these United States, especially those in the East, have one characteristic in common with the ancient Athens in that the inhabitants, according to the authority of St. Paul, are constantly on the lookout for something new.

This craze takes all forms, from the admiration of a dancer like Carmencita down to the installation of the beauty patch — described in a previous article in Broadway Magazine — and thence, by easy gradations, to the fad of getting tattooed.

It is a fact beyond question that there are in Newport to-day, at least four women — well-known society women, whose names are frequently met with in the columns of the papers devoted to the doings and sayings of the "400"—who have had designs imprinted on their bodies through the agency of the medium commonly called India ink, and who have displayed these marks to more or less admiring friends in the privacy of their boudoirs.

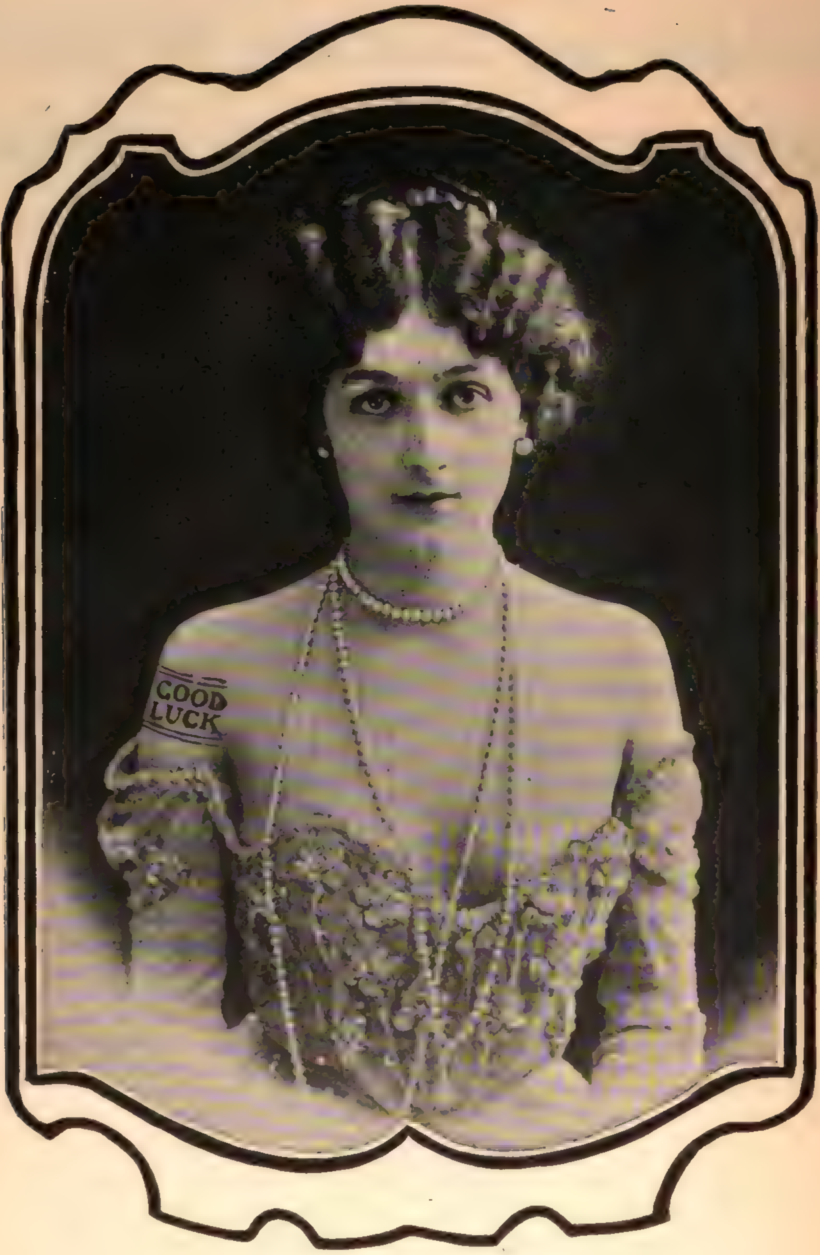
Whether the practice, so auspiciously begun by persons of some influence and authority in the social world is likely to become general or not is decidedly open to question, but the man who has been placing the designs on the shoulders of the fair Newporters is naturally desirous of its spreading, for, so far, he has had a monopoly. He is an ex-sailor, fifty years old, and at one time had a small office on the Bowery, where his principal clients were sailors.

AN ANCHOR SIGNIFIES HOPE OF HAPPINESS.

The practice of tattooing, it may be mentioned incidentally, is of Polynesian origin, and is a mode of ornamentation quite unique. It must not be forgotten that the marks are indelible. The skin is punctured with a needle sufficiently deep to disturb the outer cuticle, the course following the previously chosen design. The chafed part is then rubbed with the India ink which introduces itself into the skin, and lasts forever. The ink is a nearly black pigment which comes from China, and is used also for water colors by artists. Its color is properly sepia.

Contrary to what would undoubtedly be general belief, while the fad of tattooing is not as popular as seems likely to happen, there is a sort of code in the matter. Certain symbols have distinct meanings, and both sentiment and religion are largely in the ascendant.

There are various forms, for instance,



A DAINTY WELL-WISHING SENTIMENT.

of the fylfot, or Greek cross; the Arabian, Scandinavian, Phœnician, Hindu and English. They are all religious, but mainly Pagan.

The anchor, as every body knows, is the emblem of Hope, or to stretch the meaning further, of Security. A ring means Friendship or Love when those qualities are lasting. Another form of the same idea is a coiled serpent with its tail in its mouth, symbolic of Eternity. Were a beautiful woman to wear the

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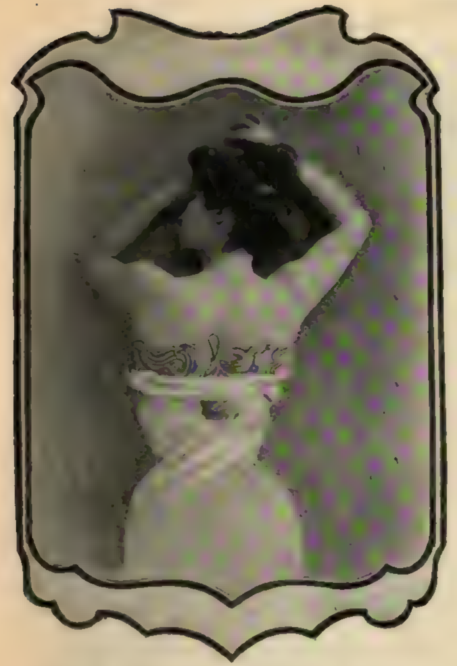
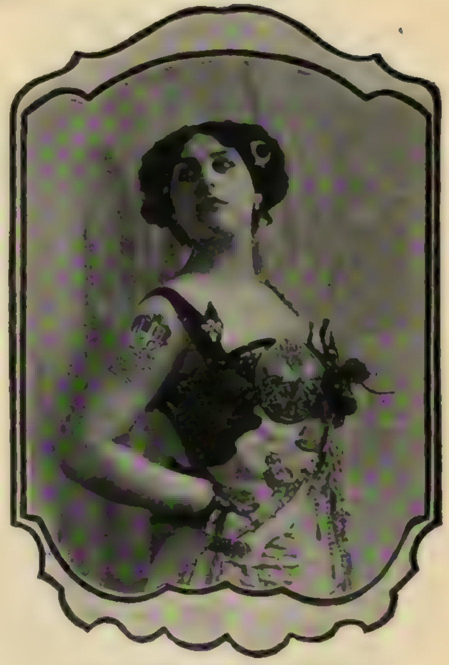


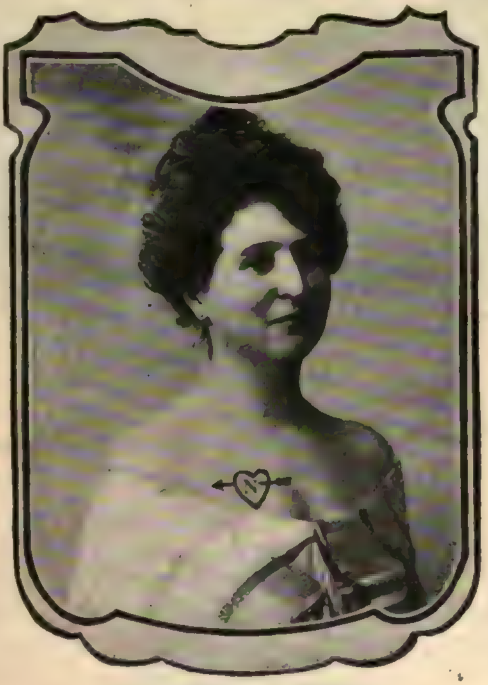
EGYPTIAN DESIGNS MEAN LOVE OF JEWELRY.



ROYAL ARMS DENOTE POPULARITY.

latter image on her divine shoulder with some suitable motto, to wit: "*En dépit de tout*" (In Spite of All), the meaning to the man she loved would be as clear as the noonday sun, and he could rest easy in the security and eternity of her affection, whether he were privileged to see it or not.

It will occur to the reader that the language of flowers can be utilized in tattooing with telling effect. A rose means "Thou Art Beautiful to Me;" a buttercup, "I Crave Love, Not Gold;" a chrysanthemum, "I Do Love You;" and a lily, "My Heart's Idol."



THIS IS A PERSONAL MEMENTO.

Referring to the religious emblems, the ecclesiast know that a hand, a cross and a dove signify respectively the three persons of the Trinity; and a man, a lion, an ox and an eagle, refer to the four evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, respectively. Concentric circles mean the Sun. Then there are the thunderbolts of Jove, the owl of Minerva, the caduceus of Mercury and the club of Hercules.

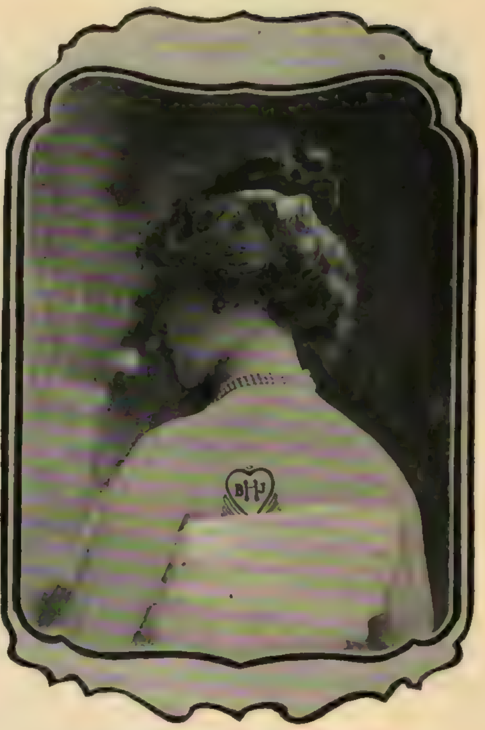
PURELY ORIENTAL IN SENTIMENT: AFFECTION, REVENGE AND FANATICISM.

A rooster is an emblem of Fire.

Musical signs without number may be tattooed on the body.

One of the Newport women referred to has a ship just below the biceps of her left arm, another has a rat, and a third is able to display a beautiful composition of Canova's Three Graces in all the details of a copy of that beautiful piece of statuary. Of the design on the fourth woman we are unable to speak, as she keeps it masonic.

THE EYE OF CONSTANCY.



ANOTHER DISPLAY OF SENTIMENT.

It came to our ears that a young Philadelphia bud had made arrangements to have the Yale University arms in diminutive reproduction tattooed on her back, just below the lowest society gown she had, but her father hearing of it, rebuked her so ferociously that she weakened. It need hardly be said what an immense field for decoration of this kind is open for college badges.

A sheaf of wheat and a compass are other favorite designs.

The husband of one of the Newport Society women who possess the tattooed decorations—the one, to be exact, with the rat on her arm—ventured to reprove her for what he described as a lack of modesty. The lady took her spouse's remarks in great dudgeon and replied that she failed to see where the immodesty came in as nobody saw the tattooing except himself and some feminine friends of her own.

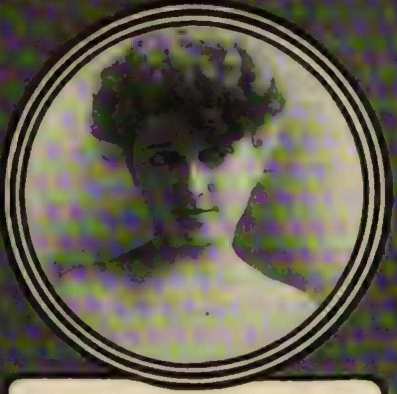
"But other men know about the tattoo marks being there," objected the husband, moving uneasily in his chair. "How do you know they do?" asked the wife. "Well, we may be sure your feminine friends have told their own husbands of it," he said.

The Newport woman laughed. "What of it?" she exclaimed. "They know I have been vaccinated, too, no doubt, but I don't suppose you will consider me immodest on that account!"

To paraphrase, "The Wizard of the Nile," in which Mr. Harry B. Smith has *not* written the lines:

> "You may beat a tattoo
> But you can't beat a tattooed Woman."

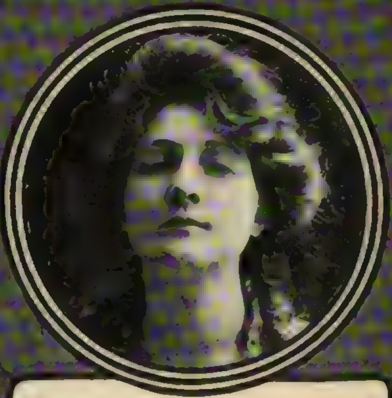
PURELY DECORATIVE.



Photograph by Schloss, New York.

MISS FLORENCE CARRACIOLI.

A young ingenue whose forte is the sweet womanly parts in homely drama.



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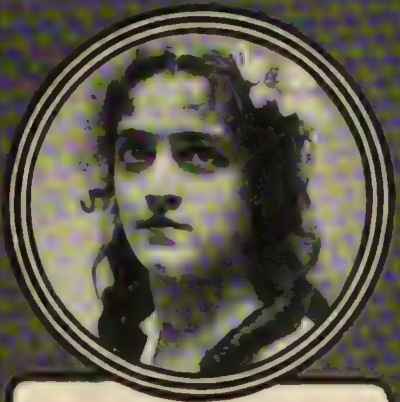
MISS LOUISE RATHA.

Of the American Theatre Company, with a large repertoire of parts.



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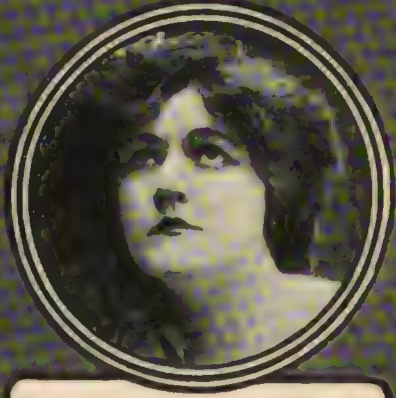
MISS LOUISE MIDDLETON.

A well-known member of comic opera choruses who made a pleasant impression in London.



Photograph by Hall, New York.

MISS FLORENCE GETSCH.

One of the striking young women in "Beauty and The Beast," which is again revived this season for a run.

FOUR YOUNG THEATRICAL BEAUTIES OF THE SEASON.

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My Education in Music.

By Lillian Nordica.

GROWING up in music, when the growth results in excellence, is very much like growing up in anything else. The career will take care of itself if the beginnings are small, cautious and conscientious. Improvement must be gradual but sure, toil must be patient, and everything should be done to the limit of one's ability.

When I first began to study, I could sing the high C in Rossini's *Inflammatus* as well as I can sing it to-day, but nobody thought anything of it then. There was no rush to get my photograph for the papers, and columns were not written about me. Singing had not yet grown to be a business as it is now, when people are turned out in a given time as finished and equipped.

I learned my first twelve operatic rôles with Madame Maretzek in New York. It was a hot summer and the smallest details of surrounding circumstances are with me still. The enthusiasm and the desire made everything of small importance—even the heat. She came and taught me three days a week. Then, one day, I went to her country place on Staten Island, where her chief pet was a horse so tame that he would walk into the dining-room, eat sugar out of her hand, and walk out again. I was always glad to see him walk out again.

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MADAME LILLIAN NORDICA.

I made my début in Madison Square Garden with Gilmore's band, then at the height of its success. Many of my friends told me that it was beneath my dignity to sing around the country with a brass band. But I had the prospects, toward which I had been aiming, of further study in Italy of opera, and I kept straight on. Both experience and means to obtain future study were thus being accumulated.

Then at last I made my English début, still with Gilmore's organization, at Liverpool. Then came Paris, and then came Italy. And with San Giovanni there began my further studies for opera which my Gilmore engagement had enabled me to take. In Italy I wanted to study *La Gioconda* with Ponchielli, the composer. But he was a very severe man and I could find no one who would dare introduce me. So one day I went up and spoke to him in the street, telling him that I wanted to sing in his opera. His answer was simple, but delightful. He said he would teach me.

After this there came engagements in many lands, Italy, Russia, France, England and home—for I am a Maine girl—always with study enough to make the hours seem short.

Finally my ambition was to be realized. I received an invitation to the crucial test of the performances at Bayreuth. It was early in May when I arrived in Bayreuth. Wagner's daughters and his son, Siegfried, called at the hotel to see me, and later in the day I went with them to Wahnfried, the villa that King Ludwig of Bavaria built for the composer. It was not a sedate first call, for we played games during the greater part of it.

Frau Wagner superintended everything at rehearsals. My first opera was "Lohengrin," and I appeared as *Elsa*. The honor of singing in the chorus of Bayreuth is so great that tenors who later appeared as *Lohengrin* to my *Elsa*, during a tour of the German opera houses, were members of it.

Every detail of scenery was attended to at each of these rehearsals. Behind the stage cocoa matting was laid, and the scene shifters wore felt slippers. At the performance only those singing were allowed behind the scenes, and conversation was forbidden.

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Madame Nordica in an evening gown

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Madame Nordica as *Brunnhilda* in "Die Walkure."

Titled people from all over Europe were in Bayreuth that summer. The Queen of England, then Princess of Wales, came *incognita* and dined at the restaurant. Of course, no one greeted her under these conditions of etiquette, but she stopped on the way out to speak to those whom she cared to recognize.

There was a little garden attached to my dressing room, where I went between the acts, and where I entertained my friends. At the glow of sunset the scene was one of great charm.

Shortly after my Bayreuth experiences, I fell very sick in England, and there were several reports of my death. In fact, two huge wreaths were sent me. "Don't let her see those," some one exclaimed, "or they may be needed in reality."

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The report of my death was so insistent that one day, after I had completely recovered, I walked into Worth's in Paris and the head saleswoman nearly fainted when she caught sight of me coming through the doorway. She thought it was my ghost.

"Lohengrin" was the first and only Wagner opera heard by Queen Victoria and it was presented before her at Windsor by royal command on her eightieth anniversary. After the performance the Court retired to the throne room. Her Majesty sent for us, and I hurried to change my gown, for I knew that she was waiting, but Mr. Jean de Reszké and Mr. Edouard de Reszké, who also sang that night, went to the throne room in their stage costume. As they walked along the long corridors, the one as King, the other as Knight of the Holy Grail, they looked as if they had stepped from some historic painting on the wall.

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Madame Nordica as *Aida*.

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Madame Nordica as *Isolde* in "Tristan and Isolde."

The occasion of my first appearance at Osborne was marked by that exquisite consideration of others which so distinguished the Queen. When I finished, Her Majesty, who sent for me to sit beside her and ask many interesting questions, had the windows closed, although it was summer time, fearing I might catch cold.

That night I lost a brooch. It was returned the next day, and with it a note from the Queen in which she said she hoped I was not over-fatigued and had not worried over my lost brooch. With it Her Majesty sent another brooch.

My repertoire now includes thirty operas; in five of which I can play two rôles. Of all my parts my favorite is that of *Isolde*, although the *Brunnhildes* run it very closely.

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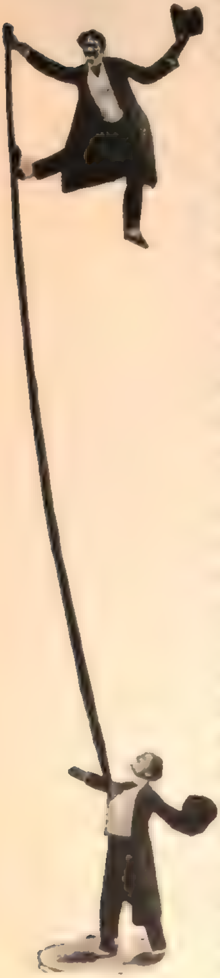
The Twinkling of Pole Stars.

By R. A. Branscombe.

THERE are probably no more curious ways of earning a living than are found in the world of entertainment, and one of the strangest consists of the feat of two men, one of whom climbs a twenty-foot pole which is balanced on the chest of another, there to perform a series of wonderful acrobatic feats—feats which are liable to come to a sudden end in case of a slip of hand or foot, and to result in a fall which would necessitate the prolonged retirement of both.



This trick is a favorite one with the Japanese. But our American performers give a much better rendering of it, and usually improve the entertainment by intermingling some funny little tricks and actions arousing many a good wholesome laugh.

A twenty-foot pole is not in itself without weight, and could not be rested on a man's bosom and kept perpendicular without considerable practice, but when at the top of it is added about one hundred and fifty pounds of live, nervous man, it will be readily seen that the man who supports the pole must be constructed on sound muscular lines. Moreover, the balancing is done entirely from below. The whole responsibility for the safety of the man on the pole rests altogether on the shoulders of the bearer.

Watch him. An inch here, a foot there; a bend of the body. Sometimes a full step to the right or left. But the eyes of the spectator are nearly always fastened on the man at the top more than on the one below, so that they hardly notice that the safety and even the life of the man on the pole depend on the nerve of the bearer. But so it is. The gymnast above grips the pole by muscular hand, by supple leg and by interlocking of writhing feet. But will it remain staunch and upright, under all the enormous weight which the rapid twisting about of one hundred and fifty pounds or so, added to that already bearing upon the chest of his trusty friend? Everybody knows if you jump suddenly upon a weighing machine, you will pull down a good deal more than your actual weight, and in a like manner the jerking and bouncing of the man on the mast tell severely on the supporter.

How does the man get up on top of the pole?

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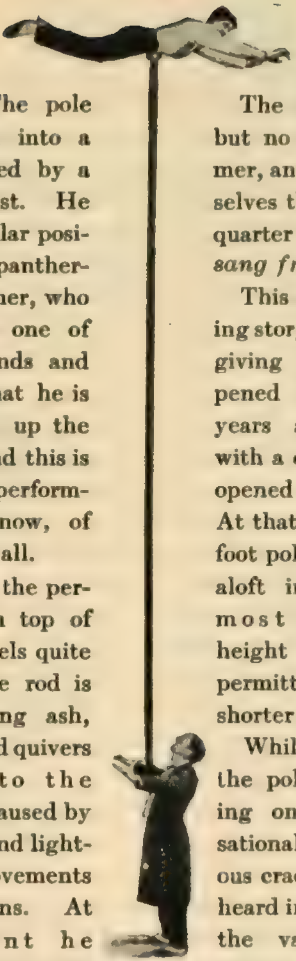
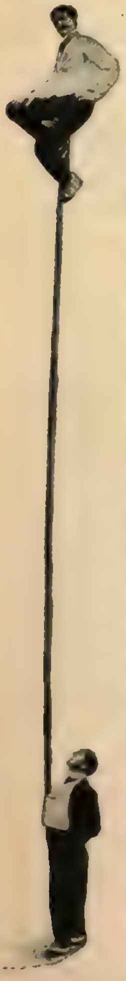


He gets up this way: The pole bearer places the lower end into a kind of cup socket, supported by a belt around his chest and waist. He brings it up to a perpendicular position, when, with a quick panther-like spring, the polar performer, who is behind the bearer, lands one of his feet on his partner's hands and before you have decided what he is going to do, he is half way up the pole. It looks very easy, and this is one of the beauties of the performance, inasmuch as we know, of course, that it is not easy at all.

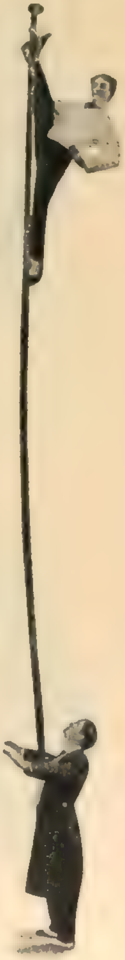


As soon as the performer gets on top of the pole, he feels quite at home. The rod is made of strong ash, but it bends and quivers in response to the terrific strain caused by his gyrations and lightning-like movements in all directions. At one moment he stretches out his body without any apparent effort at right angles to the pole, and when it seems that he must certainly crash to the boards below, he recovers his balance only to dart out once again into a pose which one might almost consider impossible on a level stage. Of course, some of these surprising poses are helped by the balancing power of the rod.

Twenty feet below his partner is watching every movement of the agile athlete on that slender slip of timber.

The pole may bend like a twig, but no tremor shakes either performer, and they have so schooled themselves that no interruption from any quarter could deprive them of their *sang froid*.

This is exemplified by the following story of two vaudevillians recently giving this entertainment. It happened in Louisvillle, Ky., seven years ago. The two men started with a circus; at Louisville the show opened to a densely packed house. At that time they were using a thirty-foot pole, as they had plenty of room aloft in the tent, in most theatres the height of the stage permitting only the shorter pole to be used.



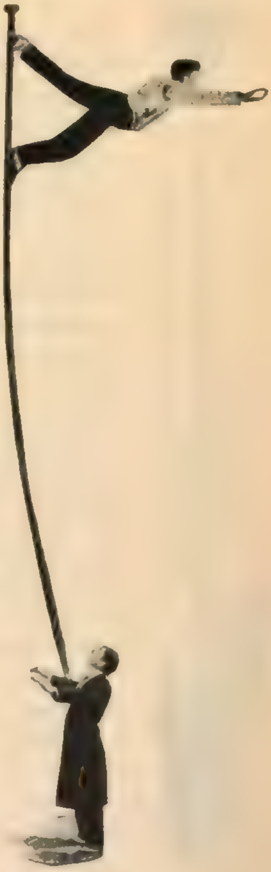
While the man on the pole was performing one of his sensational feats, an ominous crack was suddenly heard in the stillness of the vast auditorium, and it was seen that the pole had broken in the middle. The doomed athlete crashed down from the dizzy distance of nearly thirty-three feet. Women fainted and strong men turned away their eyes, but suddenly the cries of horror were turned to wild hurrahs of joy. By what seemed little short of a miracle, the gymnast had landed on his feet. He stood grasping his partner's hands and smiling at the spectators.

The pole was examined at the broken part. When the cloth in which it was

wrapped was torn away, it was seen that the wood had been sawn partly through, so that when the extra strain of the climber's gymnastics came it snapped like a clay pipe stem. Inquiries made in the neighborhood showed that this was the murderous work of a miscreant rival who only escaped well-merited punishment from lack of sufficient evidence and possibly a drowsy feeling in the community which prevented anybody from suggesting that he be lynched. Now every night the pole is carefully examined and tested by these two performers each evening before the performance. They are naturally anxious that the event shall not occur again, as in case it should, it might not have such a fortunate termination.

One of the sensational feats of vaudeville acrobats of this class is usually made at the conclusion of the performance. The man on top has just finished one of his daring feats when he appears to make a slip and slides head downwards at tremendous speed along the whole twenty-foot length of the pole at the imminent risk of crashing his skull against that of his partner. However, he manages to stop short and leave a respectable space between their two heads, calmly drops his feet on the stage, and they both disappear.

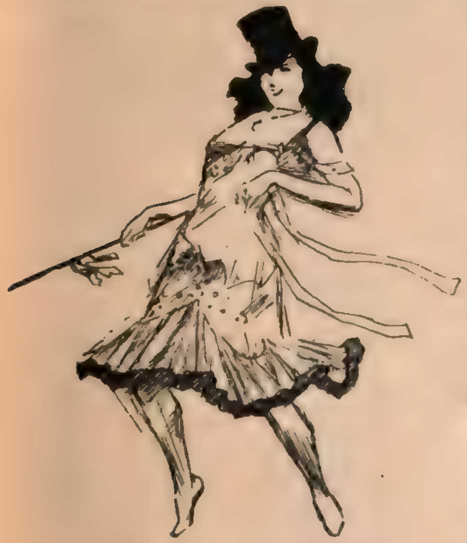
American audiences seem to take considerable interest in the twinkling of pole-stars.



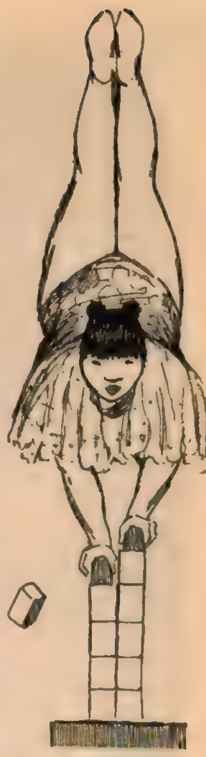
At an English Music Hall.

By Our London Correspondent, James Gardiner Clarke.

I SEND you sketches of three of the items at the Palace Theatre, which is full of good things. The Okabes are not Irish acrobats and jugglers, though I was in doubt until I saw them. When they came on the stage I made up my mind they were Japanese. The hazardous feats they perform make one marvel at the fall of the curtain that they remain alive.



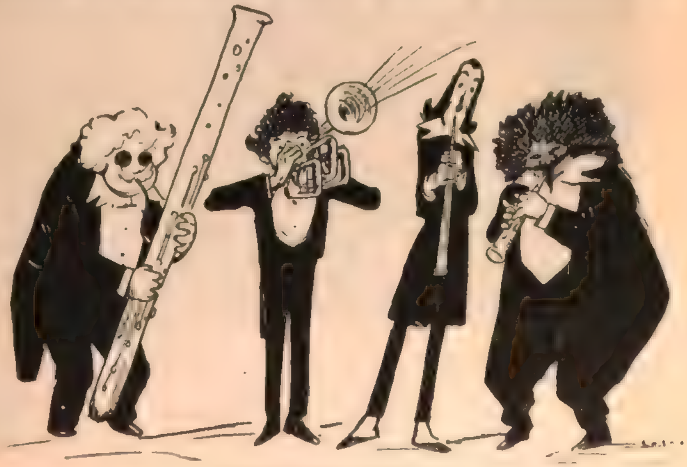
LA BELLE DAZIE. AN AMERICAN GIRL



OKABE.

The Vindobona Quartette are four gentlemen who extract much humor from music and musical instruments, introducing unexpected variations into their harmony and pausing abruptly in the middle of some soothing melody to threaten each other with personal violence. One of their tricks is to start an air with the dainty flageolet and suddenly continue it with the trombone. The effect is weird. La Belle Dazie is an American dancer. This young woman flings herself about a good deal to illustrate the poetry of motion, or something, and does most of it on the tips of her toes. Her cake walk is full of seething rhythm.

Two other "turns" are Datas, who answers any question the audience asks him and does it well, and Liane de Pougy, the well-known Parisian beauty, who appears in a French pantomime in one act, "Les Paillasses."



THE VINDOBONA QUARTETTE.

THE REV FATHER JOHN TALBOT SMITH QUOTING FROM HIS PLAY.

"Whom God hath joined together, neither Pope nor Emperor shall put asunder!"

(See article beginning on opposite page)

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America's First Priest-Playwright.

THE REVEREND FATHER JOHN TALBOT SMITH, WHO HAS DRAMATISED THE STORY OF JEROME BONAPARTE'S AMERICAN MARRIAGE.

BY WILLIS J. HARTWELL.

OFFICIALLY, a priest is not supposed to know anything about the wicked stage and all that pertains thereto. Unofficially, he may be so human that things of the footlights have the same attraction for him that they do for the rest of mankind.

The Reverend Father John Talbot Smith is a man of genius in more ways than one. As a speaker he is a man of eloquence; as a preacher and exhorter he possesses great suasiveness and personal magnetism; as a novelist and poet he has high rank; and now, not content with proving his title to these accomplishments, Father Smith has turned playwright, producing a powerful drama of the Empire which will be seen on the New York stage this Fall, Miss Henrietta Crossman being in the title rôle.

The motive of the drama is a very strong one, and shows the careful work which the author has done. The principal character is the famous Baltimore beauty, Miss Elizabeth Patterson, who, it will be recalled, married Prince Jerome Bonaparte in the early part of this century, and with him went to Europe, arriving in Spain, but, by Napoleon's orders, never allowed to cross the French frontier.

FATHER SMITH
Reading some of the strongest passages from his play.

Miss Patterson was a beauty and a spoilt child, but one of great fascination and personal power. She caught the Prince, for whom Napoleon had planned an alliance far different and of more importance to the throne of France. Miss Patterson's head was completely turned, and she became practically a woman "without a country," like the man of whom Hale wrote so eloquently, renouncing America and everything American, even her own father and family after she had nearly ruined them. Yet she never entered French soil.

Napoleon used every influence in his power to get Pope Pius VII. to annul the marriage, but this the latter refused absolutely to do, as the priests and prelates who performed the ceremony in Baltimore were duly ordained and authorized, the Catholic religion forbidding divorces even for the benefit of emporers. Napoleon had one Cardinal deposed and stripped of power, elevating another with the hope of the

"Heart interest should be the motive power of a drama of real life."

"The plays of to-day are manufactured like a patchwork quilt."

FATHER SMITH IN HIS LIBRARY

latter's becoming Pope, and with the belief that when his appointee was actually made Pope, he would free Jerome from the bonds that were galling to him and compromising to the emperor. This, however, never occurred. "Betty" Patterson, otherwise Princess Jerome Bonaparte, lived in various countries of Europe, vainly rapping at the doors of France, but always denied. She returned to America in later years, a broken old woman, and died in obscurity.

The play brings in these strong personages—the Pope, Napoleon and the Cardinal, weaving about them a wonderful plot. The anachronism of having "Betty" Patterson actually violate the order of the emperor and enter French territory to plead her cause with Bonaparte, is a pardonable license taken with view to bringing out the dramatic elements of the situation, leading up to the very point where the Pope stands in open defiance of the greatest man in the world, and says: "Whom God hath joined together, neither Pope nor emperor shall put asunder!" This is the keynote of the whole play.

In his Madison avenue home the playwright is seen at his best. He has a large library and lives a quiet and studious life. Father Smith has strong opinions on the stage and matters pertaining thereto, claiming that the plays of to-day are manufactured like a patchwork quilt—bits from every other play bearing upon the same era or subject. There is little originality—it is all mosaic and clever, appealing rather to the brain than the heart. Heart interest, in Father Smith's estimation, should be the prime motive of a play, and certainly there will be enough heart interest in his Empire play to suit the most demanding.

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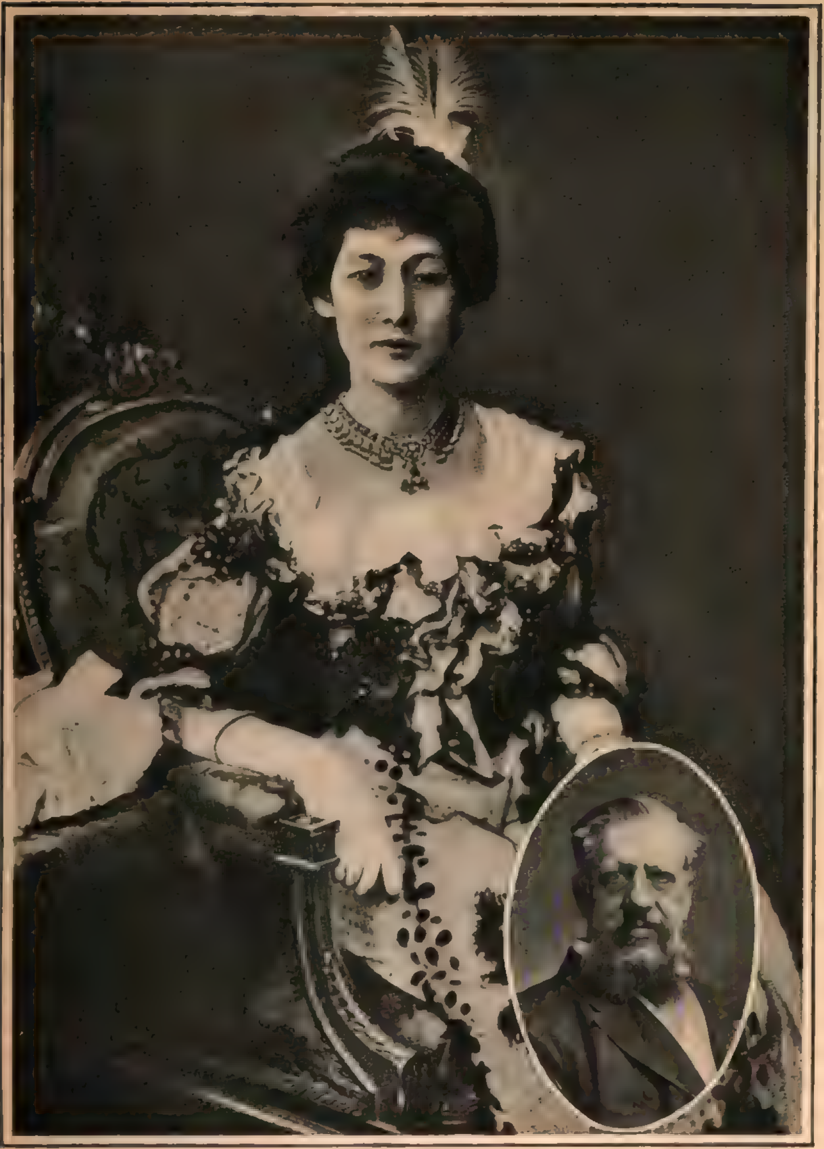


Photographs by Bassano and Elliott and Fry, London, Eng.

LADY ARNOLD, A JAPANESE BARONESS OF ENGLAND, AND HER HUSBAND.

The large picture is the latest photograph of the Japanese wife of Sir Edwin Arnold, the English poet, which the London representative of Broadway Magazine sends us. Sir Edwin Arnold, who was made a Knight by Queen Victoria some years ago, spent a good deal of his later life in the Orient, and wrote there his famous poem, "The Light of Asia." He had been a widower for several years, having a grown-up son, who is the author of "Phra the Phœnician," when he met at Sendai, in Japan, a little girl of the name of Tama Kurokawa. Although he was then about sixty years old, he fell in love with the diminutive Japanese maid and married her. She now holds a recognized position in English society and invitations to her "at homes" are eagerly sought after. Sir Edwin Arnold has just passed his seventieth birthday and is still writing.

MR. HAMILTON KING.

Girls of America's Famous Artists.

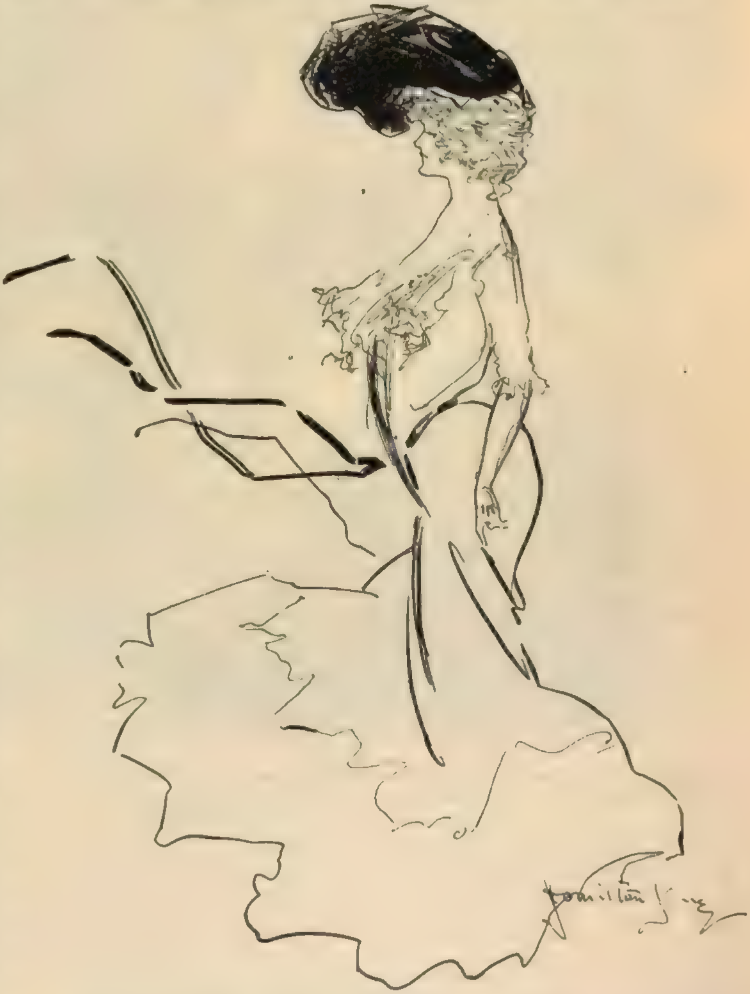
No. VIII.—The Hamilton King Girl.

MR. HAMILTON KING, whose illustrations have done so much to make the pages of the New York Sunday *Herald* bright and breezy, is the originator of a device, slight in itself, but most impressive in its application, of making his Girls appear as if they were surrounded by constant zephyrs.

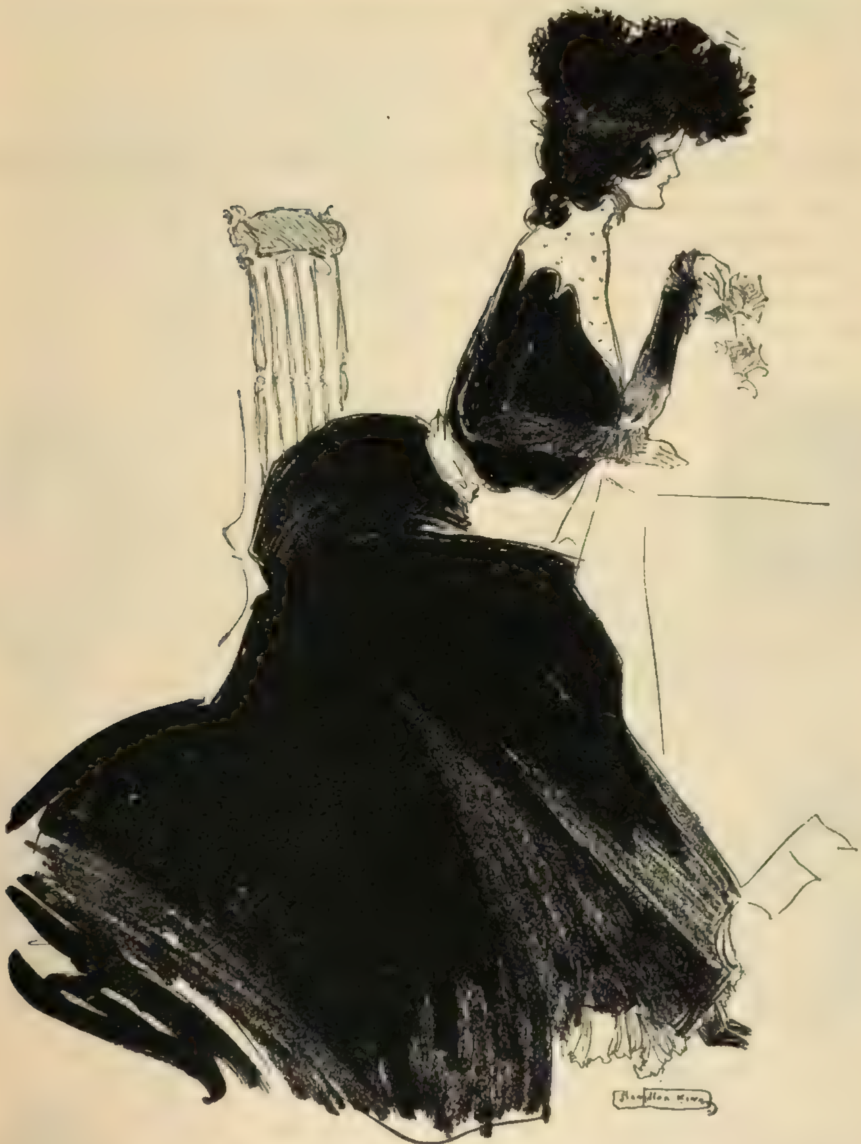
This may not seem at first sight to be an item of importance, but when we notice that he makes use of the idea to impart a fluffy and altogether radiant effect to the damsels, it strikes us as decidedly clever.

And should we say that the Hamilton King Girl is usually without repose, we would not mean that she lacks repose, for it is not too much to say that she lacks nothing, but she is the embodiment of action, perpetual, nervous, intense motion. Her face is constantly lit up by some inward intelligence, she breathes beauty, and, in a word, she is fascinating to the beholder.

She is dainty, but not petite. Indeed, Mr. King's ideal—for all artists have their ideals, as otherwise how could they be artists ?—is doubtlessly a tall and impressive young woman, rather queenly.



THE HAMILTON KING GIRL.
Drawn especially for BROADWAY MAGAZINE by Mr. Hamilton King.



THE HAMILTON KING GIRL.
Drawn especially for BROADWAY MAGAZINE by Mr. Hamilton King.

submissive on account of her loving qualities, but with something more than a suggestion of majesty, innate because she is an American girl. The Hamilton King Girl is finely moulded, and healthy. We would not have it appear that the picture of her at the table prompted us to say that her appetite was good and in the ascendant at the proper time, but such is probably the fact.

The artist's expressions of costume for his Girl lie more in the suggestion than in the distinct limning. He is so far from being what is known as "a ladies' man" that he does not feel called upon to go into forced details on this item.

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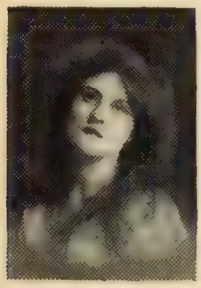
Beauty and Broadway Magazine.

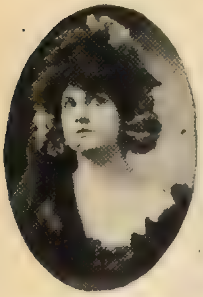
ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY SCHLOSS, MARCEAU AND ROCKWOOD,
NEW YORK, AND WILSON, CHICAGO.

BY G. G. STANLEY.

HOW many persons who see and admire the reproductions of the artistic photographs which are printed in BROADWAY MAGAZINE have any idea of "how it is done"? Of course we have our engraver readers as well as those from every other walk of life, but of the general readers, very few probably understand anything of half-tone reproduction. It is not our purpose in these two pages to give a detailed or encyclopædic description of the engraving art, but a few words may help to give the general reader some idea of the process.

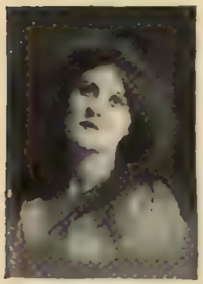


Photographed through a screen of 65 lines to the inch.



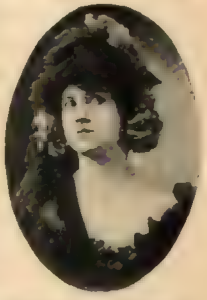
Photographed through a screen of 85 lines to the inch.

The photograph or picture of which a cut is to be made is photographed with a camera in the usual way, except that the image passes through a screen. This screen is of varying mesh, a very coarse one having 65 lines to the inch and a very fine one over 200. The coarse one is used for quick printing on rough paper and the other for slow expensive printing of the highest kind. For practical purposes, the mesh of 175, used in BROADWAY MAGAZINE, answers all the purposes of high-class press work. The screen is a thick piece of glass with the lines ruled upon it by machinery, and is very expensive, costing about $200.



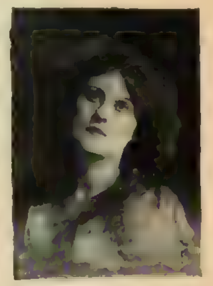
Photographed through a screen of 110 lines to the inch.

The photograph, in the shape of a film, is then transferred to a glass plate and its image passed on to the copper where, after it has been etched, the darker lines stand out and the lighter lines are eaten by the acid, leaving an impression corresponding in tone to the original photograph.

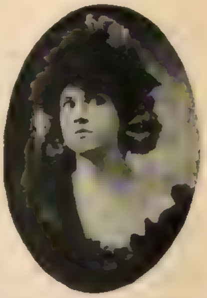


Photographed through a screen of 120 lines to the inch.

On the second page of this article will be found a novelty in the way of half-tone reproduction, which has not yet been used in any publication, and that is to use more than one mesh in the reproduction of a photograph. The method by which this is worked, is, however, simple enough, the two films being cut in half and the right half being joined to the left of another, or *vice versa*. It however, takes an expert engraver to make the junction perfect, and Messrs. Hopkins-Lau,



Photographed through a screen of 133 lines to the inch.



Photographed through a screen of 150 lines to the inch.

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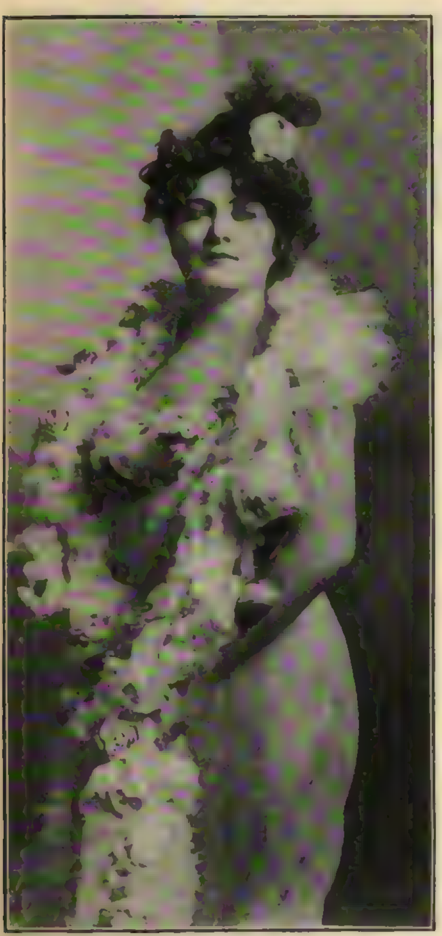


This cut is photographed through two screens—the one on the left having 135 lines to the inch, and the one on the right of 150 lines to the inch

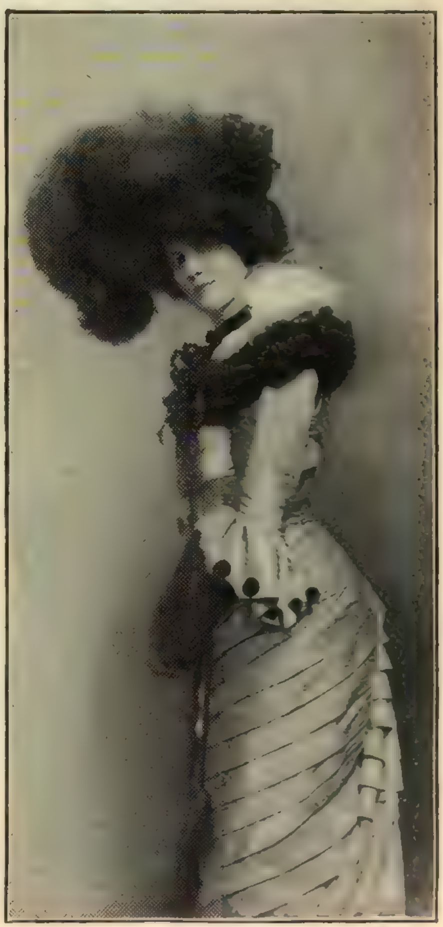
the engravers for **Broadway Magazine**, have accomplished this most dexterously.

It is only of recent years that photographs have been used so extensively in publications. **Broadway Magazine** has probably done more than any other periodical to give the best and most refined work of this class adequate presentation. Good press work, of course, is required to follow up the art of the engraver.

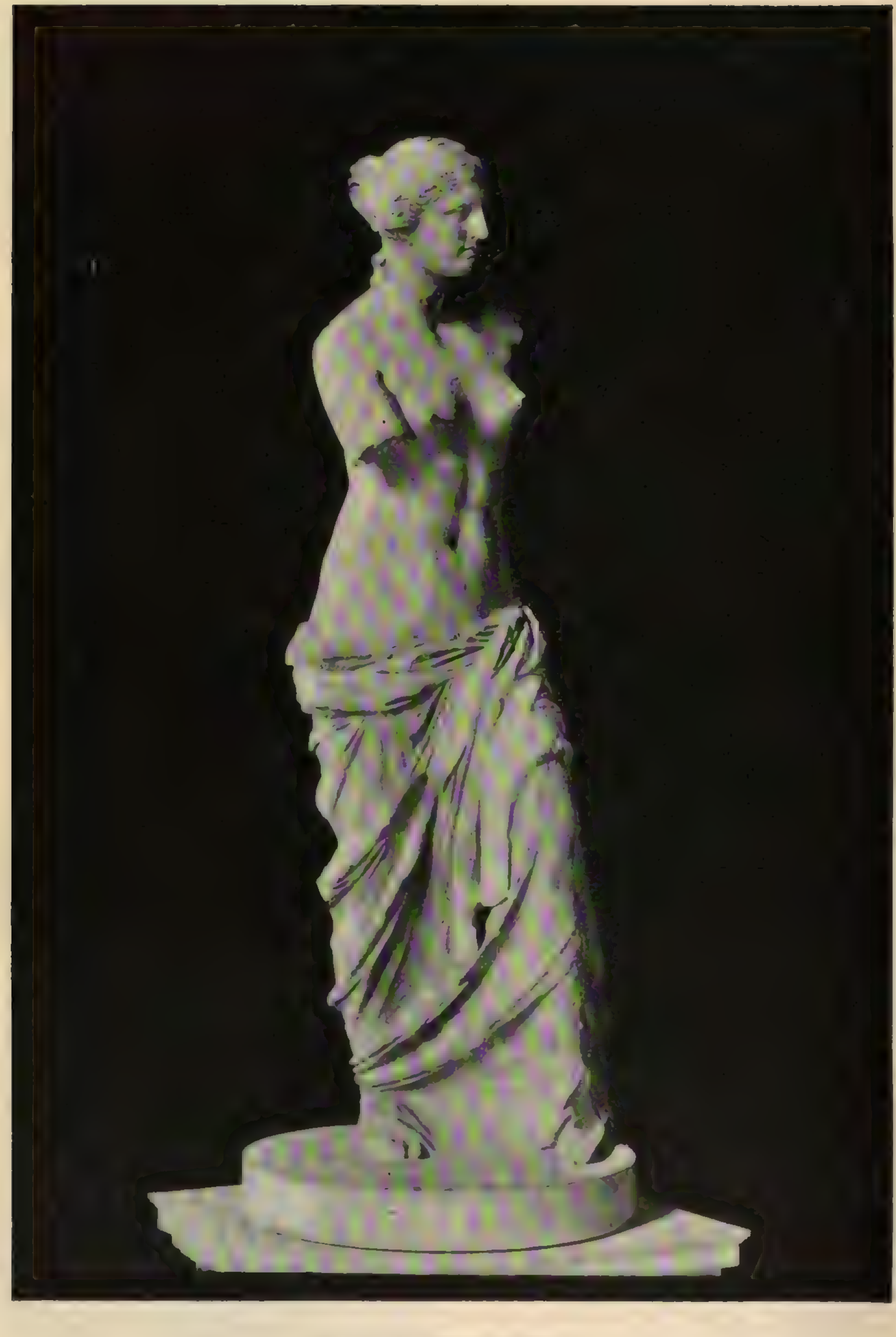
When the engraver sends a finished cut to his customer there go with it two or three "artist's proofs," that is, impressions on thick coated paper, made before the cut is blocked on a wooden base.

These artist's proofs, being without flaw, are much prized as mementoes by persons interested in the originals of the reproductions, and **Broadway Magazine** is in the continual receipt of letters asking for them. A reference to our advertising columns shows how they are dispersed.

Photo-engraving, while not instantaneous, is, mechanically speaking, the work of very little time, and improvements are being consummated daily. It cannot be more than a few years before first-class work of this kind will be practically instantaneous.



Half of the cut (on the left) is photographed through the coarse mesh of a screen of 65 lines to the inch; the other half having 175 lines to the inch.



THE FAMOUS VENUS DE MILO.

Now in the Louvre, the world-famous home of Art in Paris.

(See article beginning on opposite page.)

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The Finish of the Venus de Milo.

By Reginald Haas Smoot.

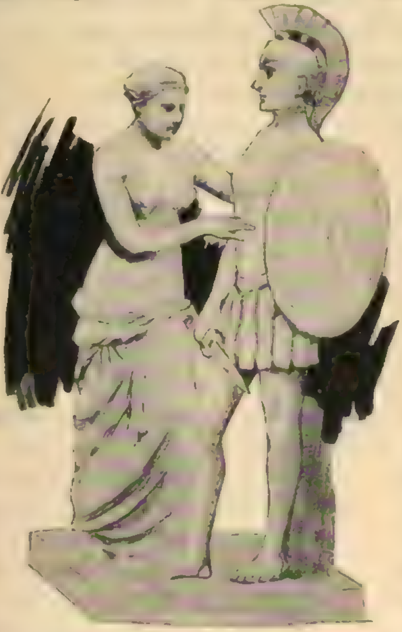
With Illustrations by George Granby.

THERE is scarcely a man or woman of intelligence who, looking at the famous statue of the Venus de Milo, has not wondered what the original work looked like before the arms were knocked off. Especially have sculptors exercised their wits and their art to complete it, and in the following pages our artist has sketched the most important of all the attempts.

It will be of interest to record the original finding. One morning in February, 1820, the ground caved in under the feet of two peasants of the island of Milo. The men fell headlong into a cavern, which upon inspection prove to be a small shrine or temple with colored walls. In it were found statuary and fragments. News of the rich find was brought to the French consul of Milo, and he immediately repaired to the cavern and separated from the heap the statue, six feet high, which has since been known to the world as the Venus de Milo. He also found broken arms and legs and other parts of statues there, but nothing to fit the Venus. There was a skirmish between the people of the island and the crew of the French frigate which carried off the statue, and it is possible that it was mutilated in transit. The French Consul, M. Louis Brest, once declared that he knew where the arms were, but would never tell, he appearing to be annoyed that his name was not inscribed upon the pedestal on account of his important part in the discovery.

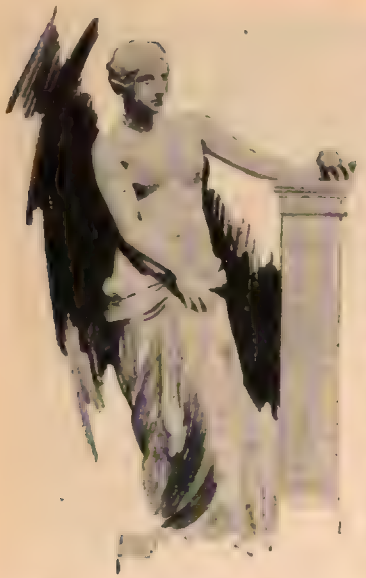
So much excitement was caused after the arrival of the Venus in France, that Louis XVIII. gave orders to have the statue placed in its present condition in the Louvre in order that no tampering should take place with the actual marble. During the years since then, archæologists have been busy with schemes of reconstruction, and competitive designs have been called for to show how the Venus actually looked, each one being as different from the other as they were numerous.

The most important of all was the one suggested by the famous French sculptor, M. Ravaisson-Mollier, whose inspiration was gathered from another Greek piece of sculpture. His idea, however, was his undoing, for the controversy brought him so much notoriety that it resulted in ridicule. He and his reconstructed statue were jeered at on the stage, laughed at in the newspapers and he finally died with a broken heart. His work was relegated to the stables of the Louvre where there are so many forgotten works of art.



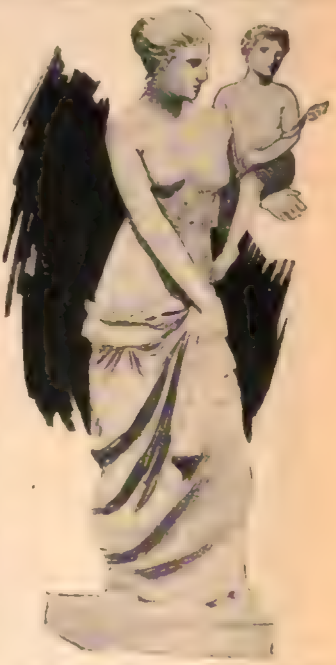
The Restoration of M. Ravaisson-Mollien, now in the Louvre stables.

The next most important idea was that of a



The discoverers of the statue claim that Venus was holding an apple in her left hand.

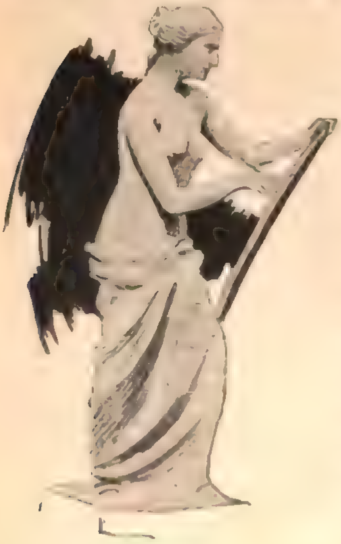
young American artist, Mr. Frank Poloma, who with native ingenuity put forward an entirely new idea of the original characteristics of the famous statue, basing his work upon the remarks made by nearly all the men who actually saw the statue in its shrine on the island. Mr. Poloma designed a reconstruction of, not a Venus, but a Mother of the Gods. An inscription on the pedestal is said to have already stated its subject to be Venus, but Mr. Poloma contended that it was a common custom of the Greeks and Romans to alter the inscriptions on their statues and even change the statue themselves as their national religions mutated.



The American artist's idea of the Mother of the Gods, holding Bacchus.

Some have put a shield on Venus supposing that she was reading, or commemorating upon it a victory of the Greeks over the Persians; others have claimed that she was holding a crown of laurel in each hand, and many scientists have put forward the pleasant idea that the goddess was at her toilet.

It must not be forgotten that a very large and respectable number of sculptors and scientists do not believe that the figure is one of Venus at all, but of Victory. The ancient statues of Venus aimed at presenting the softer and more luxurious type of female beauty. The so-called Venus de Milo is not merely well developed; she is decidedly vigorous and muscular, and it is clear from the raising of the upper shoulder and the pose of the entire body that the sculptor intended her to be doing something requiring more or less physical effort.



An idea much approved of by the best scientists.

Supposing that the figure represented Venus, she may have formed part of a group and been bidding farewell to Mars or some other god, but so much acrimony has been developed by the argument, that it is no wonder that the volatile Parisians made sport of M. Ravaisson-Mollien, after he had devoted his talents and time to his life work.

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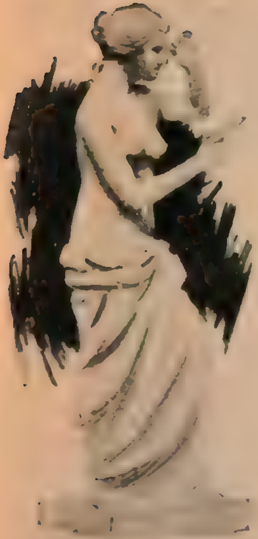
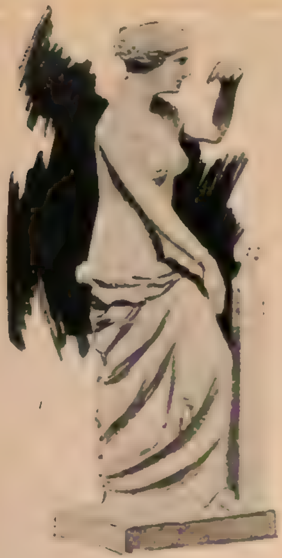
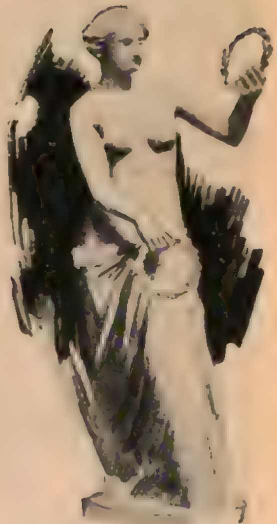


Venus at her toilet !



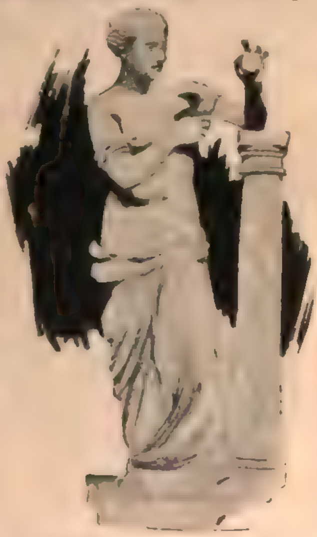
Mr. Granby's idea.



The laural wreath's suggestion.

One of the first men to have seen the statue thus describes it in an official report:

"The statue represents a woman. Her left hand is uplifted and holds an apple. The right hand grasps a mantle, which is draped in graceful folds about the hips, and falls to the feet, but unfortunately both the arms have been mutilated, and are now detached from the body."



Idea showing Venus with an apple and a bird.

Either the above is, so far from being an official report, an effort of pure imagination, or the scholiasts of the past and present centuries have been racking their brains in vain in supplying quite different fulfilments for the statue. We do know, however, that the controversy is still raging.

There is, of course, now nobody living who can give an authoritative version of the real appearance of the statue, and in spite of the immense and constant interest in the subject, in spite of the bitter conflicts which have taken place upon the question, a reconstruction of the Venus de Milo which will satisfy everybody, or even a majority of the critics, seems as far off as ever.

Men of such authority as Bell, Voss, Moelcker, Keightly and Ravaisson-Mollien have treated one another's suggestions as charlatanism, and perhaps the simplest and wisest plan would be to follow in the footsteps of the French king Louis XVIII., and content ourselves with the magnificent, if mutilated, figure in the Louvre, without attempting to improve upon it.

But it cannot be denied that the subject presents a fascinating study. Some one *may* arise who, either by inspiration or by discovered documents, can complete it!

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From photographs by Baker, Columbus, O.

KARTHRYN OSTERMAN
(MRS. J. J. ROSENTHAL)
AND HER BABY.

Miss Osterman (note the Mrs. Rosenthal) is a clever vaudeville player. She has made arrangements to take the baby with her. She has had built a special traveling outfit, consisting of crib, bath-tub, etc., so that baby will have all the comforts of home while both are on the road.

Google

A New Napoleon Play Coming.

It is "The Prince Imperial," Written by Edwin T. Emery, a California Actor who Plays the Title Rôle.

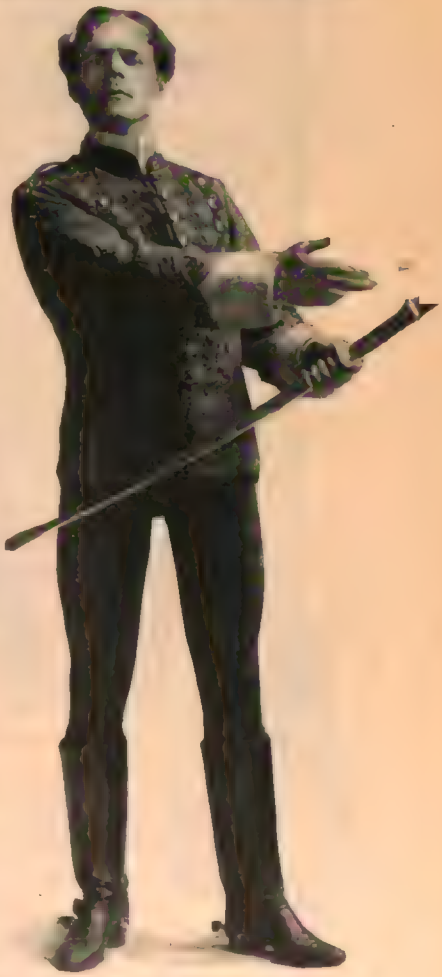
Photograph by Haussler, San Francisco
EDWIN T. EMERY,
Author of "The Prince Imperial."

THE history of nations has for years furnished the inspiration for many of our best plays and romantic stories. Various periods have been taken by our different authors as best suiting their powers, and the reading and playgoing public has seen the results of these labors in the works of such masters as Shakespeare, Bulwer Lytton, Dumas, Sardou, Rostand, and many others. But of all countries, France seems to have been the favorite field for at least the more modern writers. It is the land of romance, the country of moods and passions; her people are the hero worshipers of the world. We can liken them only to the uncertainty of the mind and the restlessness of the sea. With these facts remembered, one can scarcely wonder that this same sunny France should be rich in matter for the writers of both history and romance. But few themes remain which have not been written about, time and again. One of the favorite topics, both for dramatist and historian, has been the Napoleonic Epoch. It fairly tingles with fertile legends, as well as with honest facts, romantic, pathetic and dramatic.

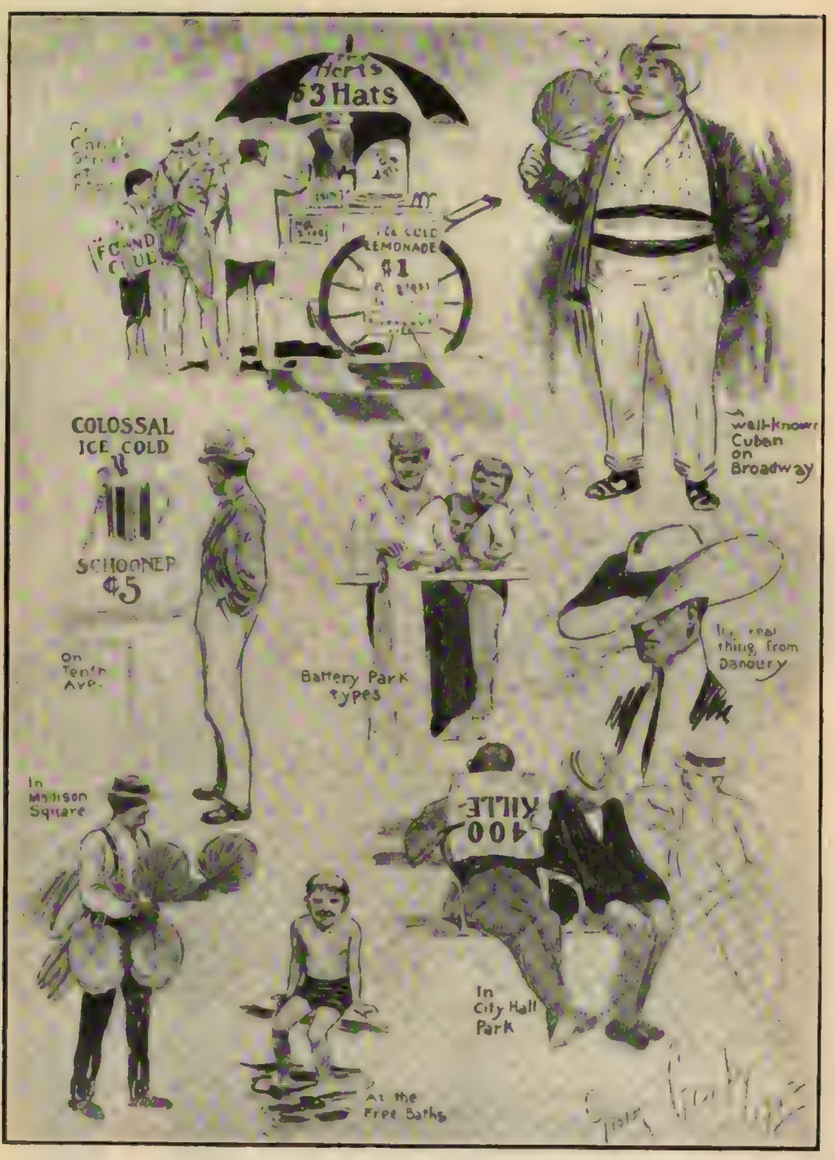
Throughout its pages of history death seems to walk abroad ere the night has fallen, and around the majestic figure of Napoleon, in particular, there seems to be a misty halo of awe, coupled with wonderment and admiration.

Of all the Bonapartes but two stand out strongly in history, the great Conqueror and his nephew, Louis, afterwards Napoleon III., each of whom had a son, whose fate or destiny very strangely resembled the other. The Duc de Reichstadt, son of Napoleon I., and the Prince Imperial, son of Napoleon III., both died in the first flush of manhood, carrying with them to the grave the hopes of the dynasty founded by the great Corsican.

It is this latter youth, the Prince Imperial, who is my hero. Researches have proven to me that there is at present neither history, memoir or autobiography worthy the name, which will throw any definite light upon his life, and in dealing with a historical subject for the first time



Photograph by Haussler, San Francisco.
MR EMERY.
As *Napoleon Eugene Louis* in his own play


Herts
$3 Hats
ICE COLD
LEMONADE
$1
COLOSSAL
ICE COLD
SCHOONER
¢5
On Tenth Ave.
Battery Park types
well-known Cuban on Broadway
the real thing from Danbury
In Madison Square
400
In City Hall Park
At the Free Baths

THE EARLY FALL IN NEW YORK.

When the weather is usually a good imitation of mid-summer. From sketches by Broadway Magazine artist.

offered to the world in dramatic form, I feel that I have undertaken a more than ambitious project.

EDWIN T. EMERY.

Mr. Emery's play, "The Prince Imperial," is founded on the life of Napoleon Eugene Louis, son of Napoleon III., who was killed in Africa by the Kaffirs during the Zulu war, in which he took part.

The play is in four acts, with scenes in Paris, Africa and England, and introduces many of the historical characters of that time.

Frederick Belasco, who has produced the play in San Francisco, promises a scenic production of it in the East at a very early date, and speaks of it very enthusiastically as a strong play with many elements of success evident throughout its composition.

Google

Love-Making on the Stage.

By John Albert Vincent.

ILLUSTRATED WITH SPECIAL FLASH-LIGHTS FROM STAGE PICTURES TAKEN BY JOSEPH BYRON, NEW YORK'S FAMOUS THEATRICAL PHOTOGRAPHER.

LOVE, the dominant note in everyday life, the everlasting theme of novelist and the mainspring of the world, has naturally enough been the greatest aid to writers for the stage, not only in the sexual drama, but in all pieces in which human nature is delineated.

All the world loves a lover, and audiences, sitting in rapt attention with suspended breath and palpitating hearts that are beating in unison with the love throbs of the stage folk, ask for no play without a lover. Few managers offer anything else. Some instances in plays of recent years—built around a merely pretty scene or perhaps a strenuous and passionate incident—have served to make a success of plays that otherwise have had little in the case to recommend them.

The love scene between the hero and heroine in "The Price of Peace," was, of course, incidental to a big spectacle of that kind, but it was pretty. On the other hand, the love interest between the two principal characters played by Mr. and Mrs. Nat C. Goodwin in "When We Were Twenty-One" was the absorbing portion of the play. Mr. Goodwin makes very pretty love indeed, considering that he is a comedian and of sandy complexion.

Robert Edeson is one of our best young stage love-makers. He did very nicely indeed in "His Excellency the Governor," but he is much more satisfactory in "Soldiers of Fortune," in which he is starring. All last season he had a very cunning and beautiful armful during each evening in the person of Gretchen Lyons, who played an ingenue part in a leading-lady fashion.

For two seasons the whole country was talking about "Sapho," and the entirely enthusiastic and realistic way in which she was carried up a winding staircase by her lover. This scene might be readily put under the head of passion. There was nothing coy and retiring about it at all.

William Faversham is of course a finished and capable love-maker. He has given us a love sick *Romeo* and a swashbuckling *Don Cæsar*.

The love scenes between the hero and heroine in "Sag Harbor" are very pretty, but after all it takes something stirring like the throbs of the lovers in "The Climbers" to really make life worth living. The scene depicted in that play was between a husband and wife (Mr. Frank Worthing and Miss Amelia Bingham), but was nevertheless calculated to start the

A love scene from the "Price of Peace."

Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin making love in "When We Were Twenty-One."

Robert Edeson whispers sweet nothings in "His Excellency the Governor."

Romeo and Juliet in a love embrace. (Mr. Faversham and Miss Adams.)

Olga Nethersole makes ardent love on the staircase in "Sapho."

Etta Butler and the tenor in "The Primadonna."

pulses and wring the hearts of those who care for this sort of thing. There was something grander and less fleshly in the love scenes between Miss Viola Allen and Mr. Robert Haines in the Crawford piece, "In the Palace of the King." Mr. Haines is a particularly handsome and effective maker of footlight love.

When all is said and done, the stage without love would be a good deal like June without roses. Of course, there is as much difference in love making on the stage as there is in real life. Some actors make love like wooden In-

Don Cæsar Faversham makes love to Julie Opp in "The Royal Rivals."

This is the way Viola Allen and Robert Haines made love in Crawford's play, "In the Palace of the King."

Robert Edeson and Gretchen Lyons grow fervent in "Soldiers of Fortune."

Sidney Booth and the heroine in "Sag Harbor."

Amelia Bingham and Frank Worthing acted like this in "The Climbers."

dians, others like Mount Pélées, still others like sponges, and many like bulls in a china shop. Given, however, an ordinarily handsome man with some magnetism, a graceful woman of attractiveness even if not beauty and the proper setting, and you can readily be assured of an audience that would soon be bored if it is not given its proper portion of love scenes.

It happens occasionally that stage lovers become man and wife. This is not always the case, for it can be seen with half an eye that an actor or actress that makes love in a different play every season, and not always with the same person, would speedily be within the meshes of the penal code if every new part meant a new marriage. But there *is* real love on the stage.

The Artist's Model from Life.

By John Oliver.

THE GIRLS OF THE STUDIOS.

THERE is a fascination about artists' models shared only in the public mind by women of the stage. Broadway Magazine has, during the past few months published many pictures and interesting stories about the artist's model. These have attracted wide attention, and the pictures presented in the following pages are, like most of those that appear in Broadway Magazine, the very latest examples of art along the particular line indicated, and appear only in this magazine.

There are seasons in the studio as in every other walk of life. Painters and illustrators are returning to their city eyries from field and forest, and have well started on their new season's studio work.

MODELS IN THE NUDE.

IT should not be forgotten that there are many young and beautiful women in New York who pose for photographers and are seldom if ever seen in artist studios and who never under any circumstances pose for studies in the nude. It must not be supposed, however, that those women who pose in the nude are in a tabooed class by themselves. The line is finely drawn and they are on the other side of it; that is all

It has always been a question, just how much a girl actually loses by posing in the nude. Nearly all the models who earn a living that way are just as respectable members of the community as the average professional man or woman, and behave themselves, in public and socially, with as much decorum and refinement of manner as is naturally expected from the average girl who earns her living. Still there exists a certain amount of sentiment, on the part of the non-posing community, that a girl has lost an intangible something by so posing, just as a peach is robbed of its bloom when plucked from the stalk, or the butterfly when handled no matter how lightly, by the entomologist.

THE BUSINESS PART OF IT.

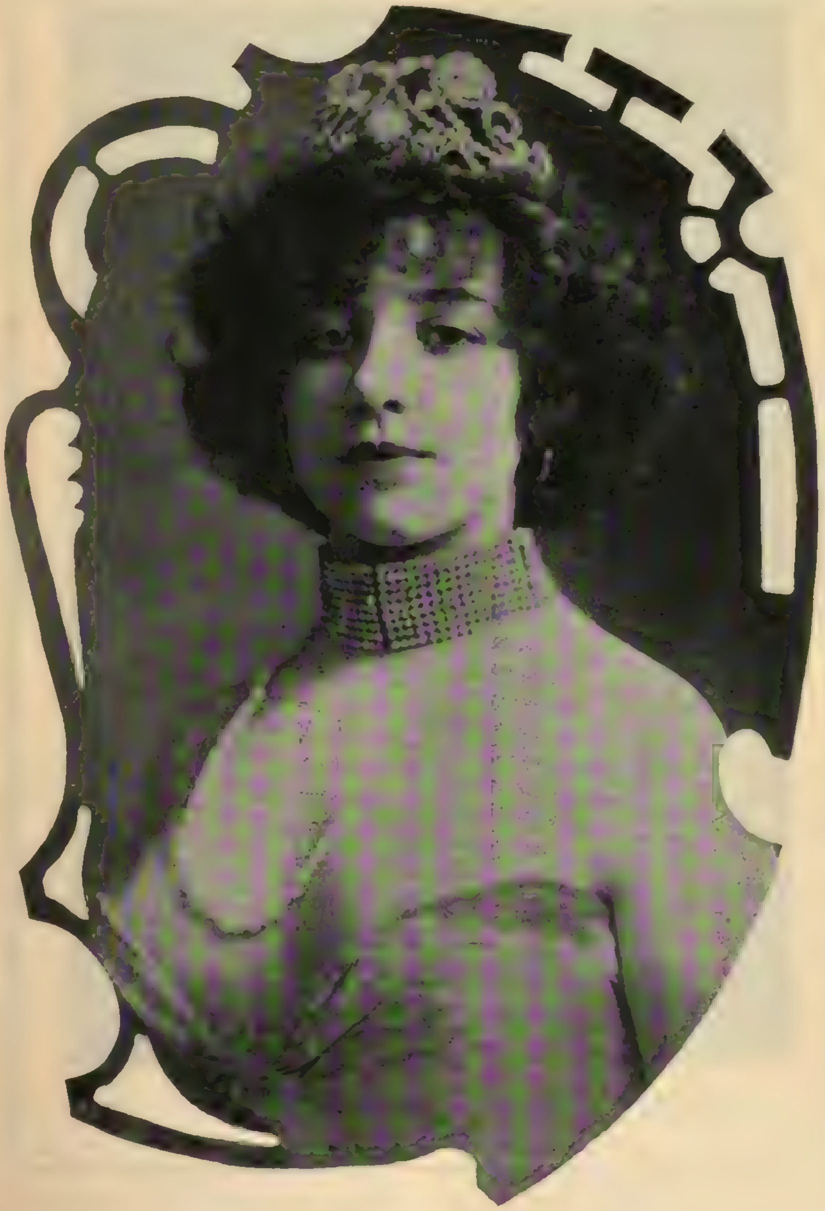
BUT the profession of posing, either in the nude or draped, is now such a large one, that there is no room for didactic comment. We must consider the matter as it is. The two kinds of posing, for the pencil or brush artist and for the photographer, are sufficiently lucrative for the successful model, to earn a very respectable income—that is to say, about twenty or twenty-five dollars a week. There is infinitely more money for her in the photographic end of it than there is in the artist's studio, though she still calls herself an artist's model, and rightly so, inasmuch as the photography of the present day is undeniably artistic in its trend.

For posing for artists she receives fifty cents an hour, or three dollars a day. She is usually allowed to rest a few minutes after each half hour. For posing for photographs she may receive two dollars or three dollars, or even five dollars for half an hour's work, but she must be of very superior excellence to obtain the last named amount. Occasionally, a photographer will ask a girl to pose, on the understanding that if the results are not satisfactory—that is to say, if the negatives will not yield an artistic print, she is to receive nothing; but that if the pictures can be put on sale, she will get fifty dollars.

When it is understood that the pictures sell for four dollars apiece, and thousands of them are circulated as photograph art subjects around the country, the fifty dollars given to the model is but a very small portion of the net profit. Still it must not be forgotten that the idea, which is the basis of the success of the picture, usually comes from the photographer himself, and that the girl is but a means to an end.

WHY GIRLS ARE ARTISTS' MODELS.

THERE are various causes leading up to the choice of the career of an artist model. Not one girl in a thousand, indeed scarcely one girl in a hundred thousand, is brought up to it, as a profession from childhood—at least, in this country. It is almost always accidental. So far as the work in the studio is concerned, the labor is too hard for a mother to devote her



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MISS VASHTI EARLE.

"There is a fascination about artists' models."

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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

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MISS VASHTI EARLE.

daughter to it, and it is only on the Continent, where human beings are cheaper than they are here in every way, that it is regarded as a cut-and-dried profession.

The majority of girls who pose for photographers in New York have usually some other means of livelihood, or have started out with one. Frequently they are chorus girls who have discovered that to pose for half an hour or an hour every now and then for a photographer or an artist is an easy way of making pin money, and, very often, means for collecting very valuable pins indeed.

They also have the assurance that in case of any difficulty or abrupt ending in their stage work they have something to fall back on, and still retain their own and other people's respect.

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MISS LULU SHEPPARD AND MISS VASHTI EARLE.

NO SENTIMENT IN POSING.

NEITHER artist nor photographer usually feels any sentiment for the girls who pose for him. It is a commercial transaction all the way through, and as most attractive girls have their hearts already disposed of, it would be unreasonable to suppose that they would make any change and surrender them to any other man with whom they had business dealings, simply because he's there.

There is a deal of nonsense current about artists' models and the "gay butterfly lives" they are alleged to lead. The work-day of an artist's model bears about as close a resemblance to that of a butterfly as a factory girl's does. It is true that she meets people of temperament, intelligence and congenial ideas, but she has to work for a living, and has to be rigid in keeping her appointments with the same exactitude and the same stern attention to duty as you or I.

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MISS ETHEL JEWETT.

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MISS ALINE SMITH.

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MISS PERDITA JAMES.

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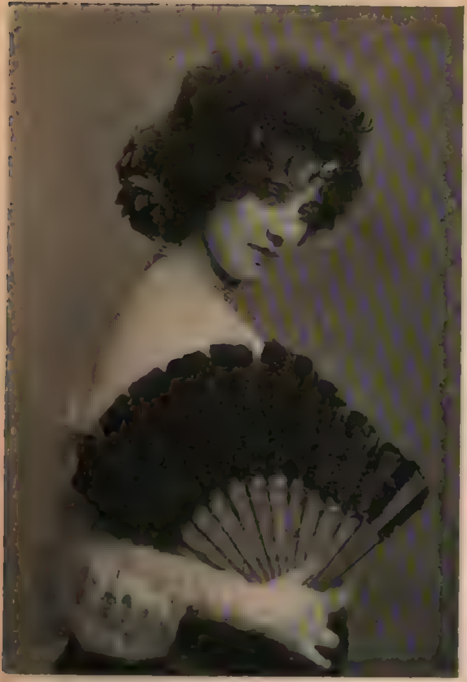
MISS AMALIA KARLE.

FOUR MODELS WHO ARE PROMINENT



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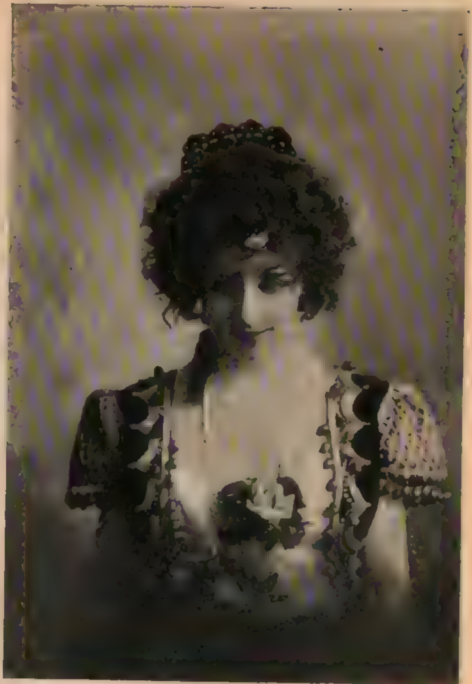

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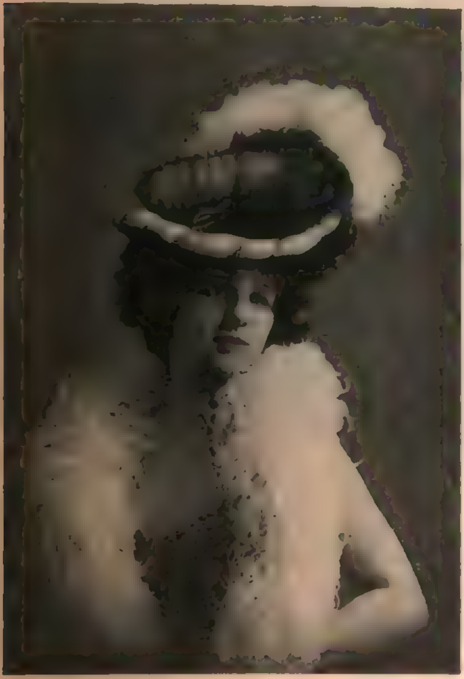

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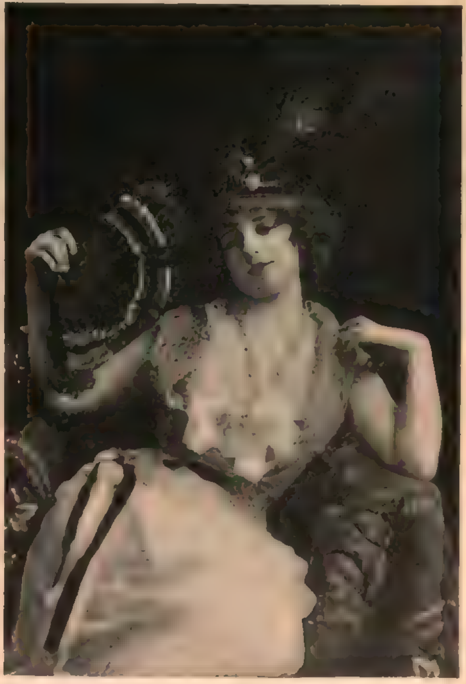

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FOUR POSES BY MISS VASHTI EARLE.

IN ARTISTS' AND PHOTOGRAPHERS' STUDIOS.

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MISS KATHRYN PEARL

"Models who pose for a living are just as respectable members of the community as the average professional man or woman."

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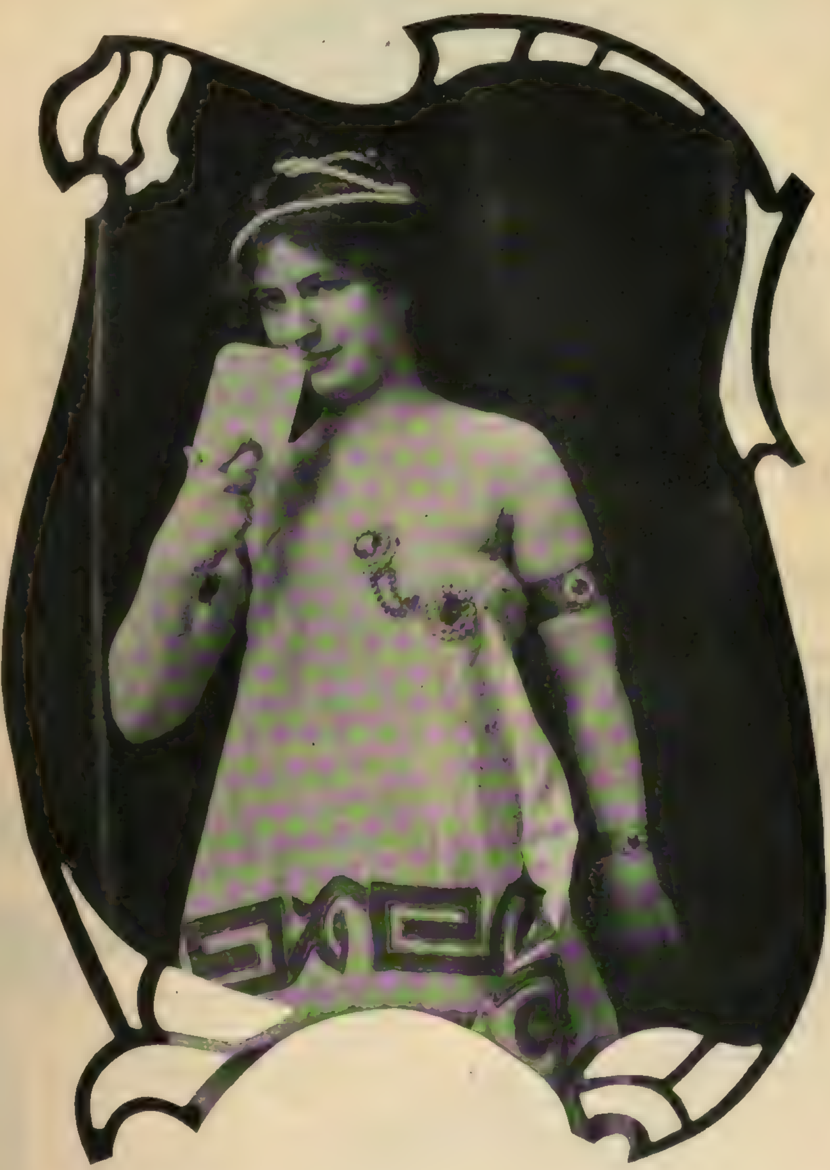

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MISS HORTENSE JACOBSON.

"There is infinitely more money for her in the photographic end of it."

The Woman of the World.

By Carolyn Lowrey.

THAT VANDERBILT DIVORCE MATTER.

SO Elliott Shepard has come to the front, not as the first cousin of "Reggie" Vanderbilt, but as defendant in a divorce suit brought by his wife.

Mrs. Shepard believes that variety is the spice of life, but the avenue of the divorce court seems to be the only lane she cares to travel.

Not content to wear the musical name of Miss Wiggins, she, at a tender age, married a man called Potter, and divorced him.

Later she tried the footlights, just for pastime, but becoming tired of that sought the Mecca Newport, where Elliott fell to her charms.

Mrs. Shepard does not seem content with this last prize from the matrimonial market, although word comes that Elliott has at last settled down.

MRS. OSBORN AT HOME.

Yellow and cerise, the racing colors of Mr. Freddie Gebhard, are to be used in the interior decoration of the new "Mrs. Osborn playhouse;" but Mrs. Osborn claims this is merely a coincidence, as the enterprise is to be run without the aid of "Freddy."

"Freddy," when questioned, politely said that Mrs. Osborn should know.

One of the charming features of this modish house will be the Parisian fashion of using the theatre between the acts as a salon.

JULIEN GORDON UP STAGE.

Julien Gordon, the society novelist, threatens New York with a play written by her own aristocratic hands.

Miss Gordon, known in private life as Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger, modestly states that she has been highly complimented by dramatists, but with a Ferdinand Ward memory, forgets to name these gentlemen who have been so rash with their comments.

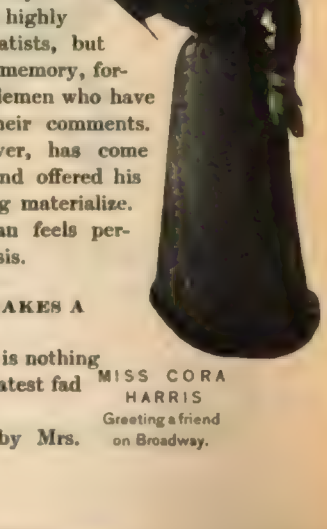
Mr. Frohman, however, has come bravely to the front, and offered his services should anything materialize.

Possibly Mr. Frohman feels perfectly safe upon this basis.

JOSEPH LEITER MAKES A SPEECH.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish is nothing if not original, and her latest fad is a smoker for women.

At a dinner given by Mrs.



MISS CORA HARRIS
Greeting a friend on Broadway.

Google

"Stuyve," at the Clambake Club, Newport, the usual vaudeville performance and dancing were at a discount.

A smoker followed in which the men were offered black Havanas and the women gold-monogramed Orientals.

Joseph Leiter, of Chicago fame, was called upon for a speech, but modestly stated, a most unusual thing for him, that the few stories he knew were a little risque for so select an audience.

Mrs. Drexel, aided by the hostess, encouraged this timid man, and the speech was given, but for some reason best known to the guests, it was not reported.

MR. GILLINGWATER TO THE FRONT.

David Belasco discovered Claud Gillingwater, who is numbered amongst the coming men in the dramatic field. Mr. Gillingwater is at present portraying a character in "Du Barry," which Belasco built for him especially. He is to continue on a new three years' contract so as to be kept for Leslie Carter's next play.

Mr. Gillingwater is a man of distinguished appearance and strong dramatic personality, possessing the valuable gift of versatility. In the original "Madame Butterfly," with Blanche Bates, he created the part of the consul in a brilliant manner.

Belasco paid tribute to his capability when he sent him to London to produce "Madame Butterfly" at the Duke of York's Theatre, and to coach Evelyn Millard for the part.

At the close of the first night an ovation was tended him by a critical English audience.

One of his best pieces of work was the coaching of Valerie Bérgère in the part of *Madame Butterfly*.

Mr. Gillingwater is to produce Miss Francis Aymar Mathews' "My Lady Peggy Goes to Town," and is colaborating with Miss Mathews on a new play for Henrietta Crossman.

MR. CLARK AS AN ANIMAL TRAINER.

Burt Clark, who for years has played the *Colonel* in Dazey's play "In Old Kentucky," has sent a circular to his friends, asking them to kindly refrain from making him any more gifts, in the shape of monkeys, parrots, or dogs.

Owing to his fondness for dumb species he has been driven from pillar to post in his effort to find a home for himself and menageries.

One kind-hearted woman was careless enough to offer him a room in the boarding-house for his zoological garden.

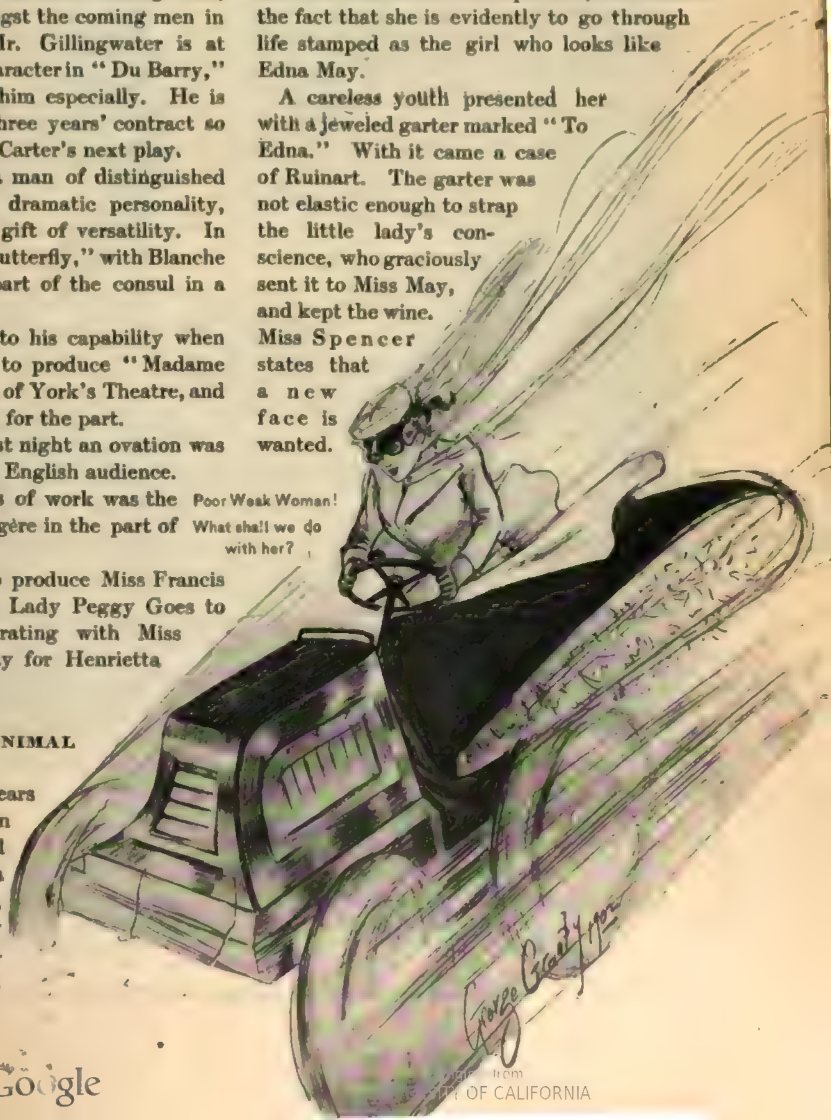
All might have gone well, but Mr. Clark, unused to such luxury, became careless, and added an alligator to his variegated family.

The gentleman is again a wanderer by the sad sea waves, and the alligator is in possession of the boarding-house.

GRACE SPENCER IS WORRIED.

Grace Spencer, a member of "The Defender" company, resents the personality the public seem determined to force upon her, and bemoans the fact that she is evidently to go through life stamped as the girl who looks like Edna May.

A careless youth presented her with a jeweled garter marked "To Edna." With it came a case of Ruinart. The garter was not elastic enough to strap the little lady's conscience, who graciously sent it to Miss May, and kept the wine. Miss Spencer states that a new face is wanted.



Poor Weak Woman! What shall we do with her?

by Google

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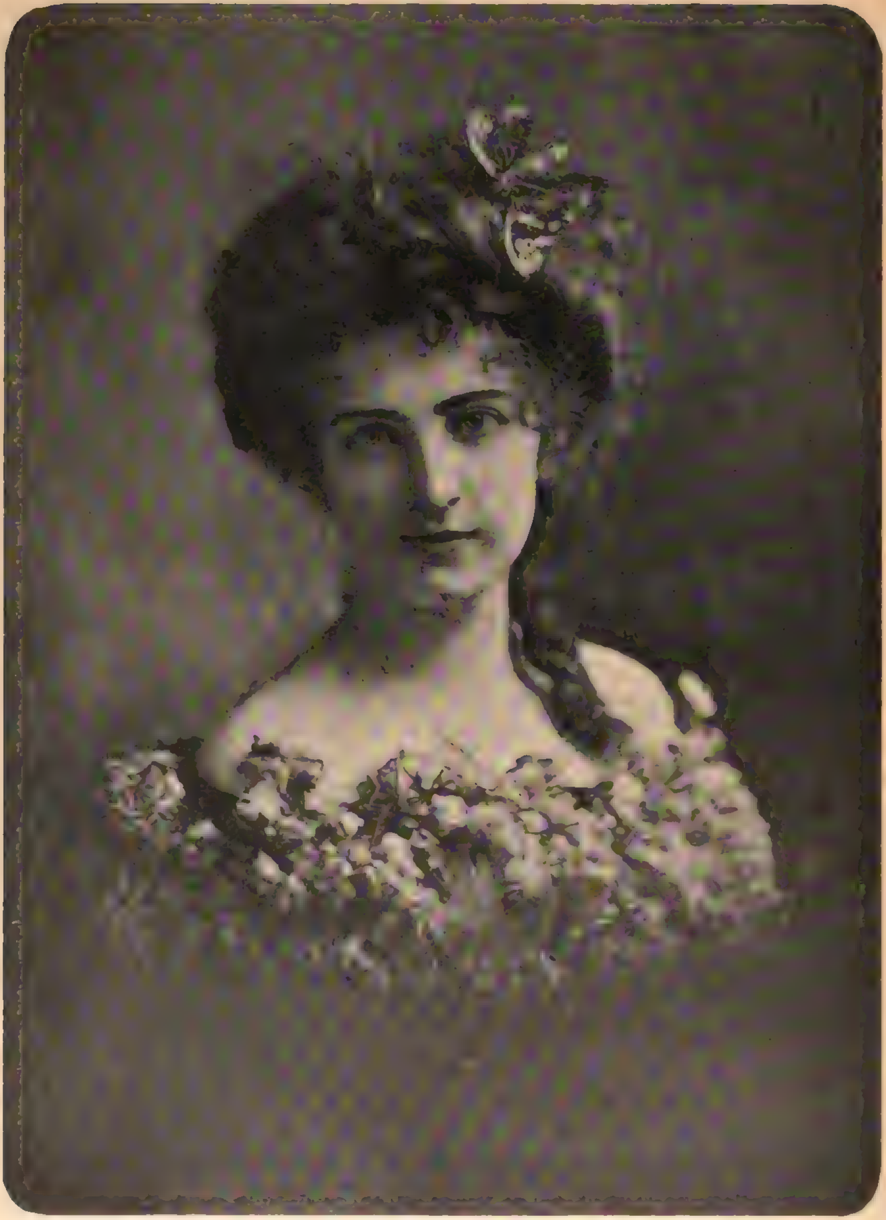


Photograph by Marceau, New York.

MISS BIANCA HOLLEY.

Miss Holley is a young and pretty concert singer, with a soprano voice of surpassing sweetness and great sympathetic tone. Although an exceedingly small and dainty personage physically, she possesses a voice of astonishing carrying power, and is a musical giantess in her way. The localities where Miss Holley is liable to be called for engagements stretch from Maine to California, and her time is pretty fully occupied. She comes originally from Rome, N. Y.

The Stage in New York.

THE BEGINNING.

IT is a curious fact that although theatricals to-day are more prominently and dignifiedly a part of our national life, and are becoming more so with the passing of each year, it seems to be recognized in New York that the season is not really open until the Roger Brothers have been seen in their new offering at the Knickerbocker Theatre. This is all the more curious when it is noted that these two German comedians were, until a few short seasons ago, variety performers with a vast but not particularly impressive following on Eighth avenue and the Bowery. To-day they are accepted as Broadway favorites, and marvel as we may, we cannot dismiss the fact that the theatrical ball cannot be said to open until we have seen and heard these two murderers of the King's English.

THE NEW PIECES.

THIS year, "The Roger Brothers in Harvard" scheduled for September 1st, was preceded by three or four plays of more or less importance. They were "Robert Emmet" at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, "The New Clown" at the Garrick Theatre and "Sally in our Alley" at the Broadway; the latter, although a big and handsome enterprise, being somewhat of the nature of a summer production.

"The Emerald Isle," at the Herald Square Theatre, shares with the Roger Brothers the honor of a September 1st opening. "My Fiancée" was scheduled for the Victoria Theatre a week later and then postponed. Three days after we have "Mrs. Jack" at Wallack's Theatre. In quick succession after these are to come "There's Many a Slip" at the Garrick Theatre, September 15th, and "The Country Girl" at Daly's Theatre, the same night. Then comes a typical Broadway opening at the Weber & Fields' New Broadway Music Hall early in September, and with these pieces, the curtain is fairly up, and the most lengthy and important season of years is well away from the wire.

THE PREDOMINANCE OF MUSICAL PLAYS.

IT can readily be seen from the opening attractions in New York that the season will not be lacking in musical pieces.

"The Emerald Isle," "King Highball," "My Fiancée," "The Country Girl" and the Weber & Fields' new piece come under the head of musical comedy, some a trifle more dignified than the others, but each in the lighter vein.

We have been

Photographs by Gilbert & Bacon, Philadelphia.

MISS KATIE BARRY AS *FI FI*
In "The Chinese Honeymoon," at the Casino Theatre.

Photograph by Baker, Columbus, O.
MISS CHRYSTAL HERNE.
Daughter of James A. Herne, the late playwright.

promised "The Emerald Isle" for nearly a year while "The Country Girl" has been one of the biggest successes George Edwardes has ever placed on the English stage. It comes with the usual complement of composers, lyricists, book writers and general cooks, although not quite so remarkable in this respect as the much-authored musical plays seen at Daly's Theatre in recent years.

MR. DREW'S OPENING.

IT were rank heresy, by the way, to omit mention of the production of the curiously named "Mummy and the Humming Bird" at the Empire Theatre on September 4th. This is the piece in which John Drew is to begin his new season at the Empire. The play has already been produced in London where Charles Wyndham played the rôle in which Mr. Drew is to appear in this country. Margaret Dale, Mr. Drew's leading lady, will appear in a part in which Lena Ashwell was seen in London. Guy Standing and Robert Tabor are two of the other principals in "The Mummy and the Humming Bird."

A NEW ENGLAND PIECE.

"QUINCY ADAMS SAWYER" came into the Academy of Music during the hot weather. It was at a time when no sane manager would make a serious production further uptown, but Academyites do not spend their summer at Newport or Lenox, and as a consequence there were plenty of people in town. "Quincy Adams Sawyer" is a dramatization of a book with the same title by Charles Pidgin, who is also responsible for "Blennerhasset." Mr. Pidgin had the good fortune to have his books published under the auspices of the C. M. Clark Publishing Co., of Boston, one of the most energetic and brainy publishing houses of America. "Quincy Adams Sawyer" enjoyed such a large sale that it was quite reasonable to suppose it was destined for dramatic use. It makes a picturesque drama of New England life, full of atmosphere and with at least one scene that in itself would be sufficient to carry a weaker or tamer drama through a full evening's length. This occurs when the hero, *Quincy Adams Sawyer*, played in a manly way by Mr. Charles Dickson, kisses the girls at a

Photograph by Sarony, New York.
MISS HELEN FORD.
Ingenue.

husking bee, omitting the timid, shrinking figure of the blind girl in the background. He is reminded of his forgetfulness. During a dense stillness on stage and in auditorium, he goes up to the blind girl, kisses her on the forehead and thus completes one of the prettiest bits seen on the New York stage in many a season. *Alice Pettengill*, the blind girl, is played in a sweetly girlish way by Miss Haline Hadley.

KATIE BARRY, COMEDIENNE.

IT is an undoubted fact that the funniest little woman of the year in New York is Katie Barry. Here is a Cockney girl no larger than a child of twelve, who has succeeded in making a hit that will carry her along in popular favor for years to come. Miss Barry is as typically English as it is possible to imagine. All her methods, intonations and grimaces are of the London type that is thoroughly Cockney from shell to core. Miss Barry has a field all her own and it is very doubtful if even the famous Louie Freear could get as many laughs out of a part that the ordinary American soubrette would find sorry material for fun-making.

Photograph by Hayes. Detroit.

MISS MARGUERITE SYLVA.

Who stars under the management of her husband, W. D. Mann, this year.

Photograph by McIntosh, New York.

MISS ELIZABETH KENNEDY.

Who stars this season in "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines."

MR. AND MRS. DODSON.

TWO players that deserve well at the hands of American theatre-goers are J. E. Dodson and wife, known professionally as Annie Irish. They are to be seen in a big production at the principal theatres. Mr. Dodson has for years been known as one of our best character actors. His work in various plays, from "Under the Red Robe" to the more frivolous, "Because She Loved Him So," shows a versatility that few actors possess. And with Mr. Dodson each part, be it comedy or tragedy, means his best efforts and a conscientious appreciation of the fact that the public expects much of him.

Miss Irish is a charming exponent of dramatic rôles calling for either the serious or lighter touch. Her engagement with Mrs. Fiske was particularly felicitous; and in Miss Bingham's company, she made a strong impression on discriminating audiences. Miss Irish is a tall, beautiful woman with a fine manner and splendid poise. The Dodsons are well equipped for success.

by Google

Photographs by Hall, New York.

MISS IDA SAWYER.

MISS LAURA ROADE.

THAT DE POUGY WOMAN.

AGAIN it is announced, more or less proudly, that Liane de Pougy, the notorious, is to come to New York in a sketch bearing somewhat intimately on her own career. New York has no use whatever for de Pougy. The experience of Cléo de Mérode, the mistress of King Leopold of Belgium, should teach this woman and her manager that New York will not rush to see her merely because she is

Photographs by Hall, New York.

MISS EVA HUDSON.

MISS GEORGIA WELLES

FOUR YOUNG BEAUTIES IN THIS SEASON'S PLAYS

Photographs by Schloss and Hall, New York.

MISS CAROLINE ECKERT.

MISS LOTTIE STEAD.

notorious. The few exceptions of the past to this rule have not upset it. De Pougy had the best excuse in the world for being a good woman—a young daughter.

This woman, the mistress of a wealthy Frenchman, was discarded, attempted suicide and then whined in fear that her little girl would hear of her mother's escapades. The little girl has been old enough to read the papers for five years, but the mother has not changed her manner of living and is one of the five most notorious women in Paris to-day. What a pity her mother-love did not really make her brave enough to meet death! New

Photographs by Dupont, New York.

MISS JENNIE HAWLEY

MISS FLORENCE GAMMAGE

FOUR YOUNG BEAUTIES IN THIS SEASON'S PLAYS

Google

Photographs by Morrison, Chicago.

MISS MARIE GEORGE.

As she has been appearing in "The Strollers."

York has no desire to see her, for neither beauty nor talent have crowned her. She is merely a bad, plain, middle-aged woman.

MARIE GEORGE, TYPICAL BROADWAY SINGER.

MISS GEORGE, who is presented in the part of her rôle in "The Strollers," because in this piece she made a most substantial hit last season, is as typical a Broadway stage figure as we have.

Born and bred in the Casino school, nurtured on the Lederer diet and encouraged by the plaudits of the New York theatregoers, Miss George is the very essence of Broadway playerhood. We all remember her in "The Whirl of the Town," "In Gay New York," "The Belle of New York," and other peculiarly Casino pieces. First she shone out from the mediocrity of the front row. Then she flashed before us in a mazy whirlwind dance of fluffy skirts, and finally we found ourselves accepting her without question as a principal in the Lederer productions. Miss George is a blonde, sings well with a small voice, is enthusiastic and still young. Where is there better material for a star in the whimsical musical comedy line?

SARAH BERNHARDT IN "FRANCESCA DA RIMINI."

WHEN Sarah Bernhardt presents her *Francesca da Rimini* to American theatregoers, we may be quite sure of seeing several new lights cast on the character of the wilful, passionate *Francesca*. This same character, by the way, was played at the Victoria last fall by Miss Marcia Van Dresser, leading woman with Otis Skinner's company. It cannot truthfully be said that the tall, handsome, raven-haired Van Dresser brought out all the subtleties of the character. On the other hand, we can be absolutely certain that the Bernhardt will go to the other extreme and make of *Francesca* a many sided female.

Photograph by Downey, London, Eng.

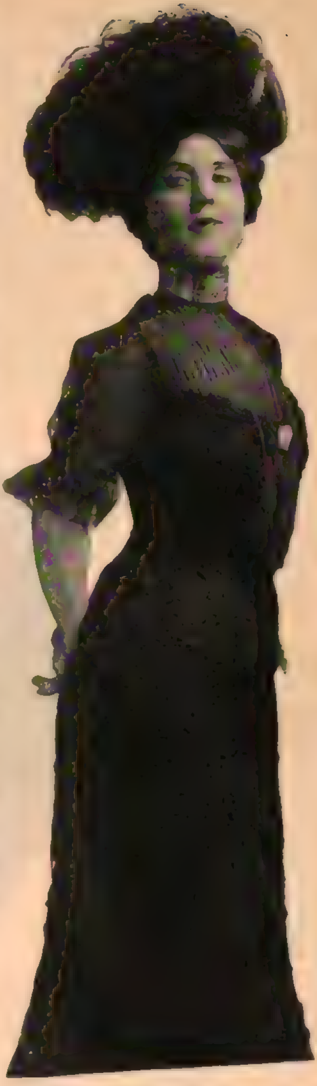
SARAH BERNHARDT

In "Francesca da Rimini."

BURIAL OF JEANNETTE LOWRIE.

IT is not to be inferred that Miss Lowrie has really died. The fact of the matter is that she is very much alive, but it is some cause for wonderment that this clever little woman should permit herself to be kept out of the view of New Yorkers. There are few more capable players of the lighter rôles than Miss Lowrie, and there is no more charming singer on the stage today. It is all the stranger, therefore, that she should not be seen in Broadway attractions and be given her the opportunity that is her due.

She has appeared in several pieces with that unctuous comedian, Mr. Thomas Q. Seabrooke, and it is rumored that they are engaged to be married.



Photograph by Marceau, New York.

JEANNETTE LOWRIE.

Of musical comedy lineage.

AS TO THEODORE KREMER.

THEODORE KREMER must be watched. He is a remarkable young man. A few years ago he was unheard of. This season he already has six of his plays before the public. He is a Continental who came to this country ten years ago, began to act in the support of several prominent players and seemed destined to end his career as a romantic actor. Then he began to write plays—at first haltingly, then with greater good fortune, and finally with signal success. "Aria," "The Romance of an Actor," "My Lord and Some Ladies," and several melodramas are from his pen. His plays already being produced this season make him a sort of Clyde Fitch, Junior, although he is amply able to stand on his own merits. Mr. Kremer is still writing plays, not being quite satisfied with his six productions.

CHRYSTAL HERNE, INGENUE.

MISS HERNE is the daughter of the late lamented James A. Herne, and has much of the family talent. She originally appeared in her father's company and later under other management. It has been rumored that a shrewd theatrical man sees great promise in this young girl and will star her. It is to be hoped that neither star nor manager will be precipitate. A little more ripening maturity in dramatic art would do Miss Herne great good. She has ambition, but starhood should be backed by still other material qualities.

JULIUS WITMARK'S RE-ENTREE.

THAT graceful young singer, Julius Witmark, has been absent from the stage for three or four years. In the meantime he has married a very charming Boston girl. His return to the footlights in a prominent part in "The New Clown" is a matter for congratulation to theatregoers who like good singing. Mr. Witmark, when he was scarcely more than a boy, was a prominent feature of the Hoyt productions. He has a singularly sweet voice, with more virility than one usually finds in voices of this kind. Besides, he has never been affected with a big head, which is refreshing.

BEATRICE MORGAN'S HAIR.

BEATRICE MORGAN, who will be seen in "The New Clown," is the girl who has been seen in Daniel Frohman's stock company at Daly's Theatre, and whose hair attracted so much attention. It is remarkable in color, which is red, and in behavior, which is unusual. It is beautiful hair that cuddles around her head in cute waves and semi-quavers. It made her always a remarkable looking girl, when, as the daughter of the late "Matt" Morgan, she was a prominent figure among the younger smart set of the town. Miss Morgan's brother is an artist, and altogether her family is an artistic one. Her father was one of the noted scenic painters of his time.

Photograph by Schloss, New York.

MISS GERTRUDE RENNYSON
Well known in stock company work.

ELIZABETH KENNEDY, STAR.

IT has become the custom of late years for plays to be used by a star for a couple of seasons and then handed over to another player for similar use in new territory. That is why Elizabeth Kennedy's manager has made arrangements for the production of "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," in which piece Ethel Barrymore was seen for two seasons. Miss Kennedy is already well known on the road. It is her laudable ambition to be seen in an original production in New York. She seems quite capable of being able to bring about this much-desired result.

MARGUERITE SYLVA OF COMIC OPERA.

MISS SYLVA is a young woman who has had a rather picturesque career on the stage. Only a few year ago she was practically a chorus girl. Her shimmery hair and splendid, strong, white teeth attracted the attention of E. E. Rice, who gave her a good chance in "The

French Maid." Miss Sylva, in the language of the profession "made good," notwithstanding the fact that she is very tall for rôles of this kind. Twice then she has starred, not always placidly, under the management of her husband, W. D. Mann, and of Klaw & Erlanger. This year Miss Sylva is to appear as the central figure in "Miss Bob White."

MR. HACKETT'S BACKING.

THE rumor that Mark Hanna is the backer of James K. Hackett has not excited theatregoers to any great extent. Whether it is true or not, Mr. Hackett is sensible enough to understand that the public does not care a bit whether he is backed by J. Pierpont Morgan or Hetty Green, so long as his play, production and company are up to the twentieth century standing of merit.

"THE SWEET GIRL" IN TOWN.

THE SIRES produce new pieces on Longacre square as an ordinary man would play checkers. The latest offering of "The Sweet Girl" on the Cherry Roof was interesting without being exciting. The book is by Sydney Rosenfeld, and the music by a directory of composers, most of which was interpolated. "The Sweet Girl" was never intended to be a rival of "The Geisha," "San Toy," or any of the other more pretentious Broadway musical productions. At least two of the songs, however, have caught the town. Frank Doane's song about "The Homeliest Girl in Harlem" and the topical song entitled "I'm Through," are comedy bits that will be hummed for months.

Photograph by Schloss, New York.

MISS BLANCHE WEST.

A statuesque member of the lighter order of musical comedy.

BRANDON TYNAN AS AN IRISH HERO.

MR. TYNAN has found himself. His work in "Robert Emmet," written by himself, immediately makes him a prominent claimant to first honors in Irish heroic rôles. "Robert Emmet," far from being melodramatic, is full of comedy from start to finish, but dispersed through its acts are ringing moments that succeed in making Mr. Tynan's dramatic offering one of the most stirring dramas in the long list of Irish plays produced in New York in the past ten years.

Mr. Tynan, by the way, shows himself to be a most capable and satisfying delineator of humor and pathos. His personality is peculiarly suited to a character like Robert Emmet. This play and star are bound to become permanent fixtures in American theatricals.

Angelo Russell made a charming heroine despite the fact that at times she hardly failed to reach some of the climaxes.

EDWIN STEVENS IN A STRONG RÔLE.

EDWIN STEVENS, since he has been under Charles Frohman's management, has rapidly and with untiring strides been taking his place amongst the leaders of America's leading character players. We all remember Mr. Stevens as the elongated comedian of "Wang" and other pieces of light nature. Few theatregoers of this period in Mr. Stevens' career were aware of the fact that he either had any aspirations or ability in the character line. When he became a member of the Empire Theatre stock company he began to show in no uncertain manner what he could do. One of his best pieces of work in that house was undoubtedly in "Brother Officers," in which he played the rôle of the villain with a constantly-pointing forefinger and with a large and lurid past. The placing of Mr. Stevens in the part of the husband in the forthcoming production of "The Telephone," is a particularly happy selection. In this he will be called upon to enact the part of a husband who learns of the murder of his child and wife over the telephone. The wife tells the story to him over the 'phone and ending with a shriek as the murderous burglar kills her. With Mr. Stevens at the audience end of the line it can be readily seen what great opportunities there are for a man of his calibre.

THE GREEN ROOM CLUB.

THE formation of a Green Room Club in New York City has been in contemplation for a number of years. The parent organization of that name in London is one of the most successful professional clubs abroad. The formation, therefore, of the Green Room Club in New York City with William A. Brady, Henry Simon and Milton Nobles as directors, is the consummation of a desire on the part of well-known theatrical folk to have unto themselves an organization more clearly of the stage and more definite in its objects than either the Players' Club or the Lambs'. Most of the members of the Green Room Club by the way, are Lambs or Players, and thus it can be seen that there will be no hated rivalry between the members of the three clubs.

NAMES FOR THE GODS.

THE average list of chorus girls in coming opera casts is amazing and often amusing. The cast announced for the Duse company during her coming tour, however, easily throws into the shade anything of the kind seen in New York for many a day. Here are just a few of the names from a particularly long and impressive list: Emilia Varini, Lucio Corradini, Livio Pavanelli, Ettore Mazzanti, Carlo Rosaspina and Guglielmina Galliani.

WHERE THE KIMONAS COME FROM.

"A JAPANESE NIGHTINGALE," soon to be produced by Klaw & Erlanger, gives splendid opportunities for dainty picturesqueness. The story by Onota Watanna, the Japanese wife of a New York newspaper man, was one of the artistic book successes of last year. The story is fairly bathed in the atmosphere of the East. The mysticism of Japan and the quaintness of the Japanese are brought out in a convincing manner.

The fact that the costumes and a large number of Japanese are to be imported from their native country for this production, is evidence to the extent to which managers now go in their effort to present plays in a consistent manner.

Photograph by Bushnell, San Francisco.
MISS FLORENCE ROCKWELL.
Mr. Henry Miller's former leading lady.

GRACE CAMERON AS A STAR.

THE announcement that Grace Cameron, leading woman with Jerome Sykes last year, is to star this season, will not surprise those who have watched the career of this dainty little woman. Miss Cameron is a Western girl who came to New York a very few seasons ago with a firm intention to make a place for herself on the stage. She had of course, ability and good voice to back up this determination. Those were the only influences that have helped to make her still fresh, young and graceful, a star in comic opera and a woman from whom the critics expect still greater things in the near future. Miss Cameron made an unqualified success in "Foxy Quiller," and her new piece is said to give her all the chance that an ambitious young woman could ask. It will surprise those who have already seen the announcement of Miss Cameron's tour to know that she is still well within the quarter century mark and is about ten years younger than those who usually reach the position that is now hers. Have you ever noticed that it really takes a Western girl to see a thing, want it, and then get it? —ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY.

THE STAGE DEPARTMENT IN NOVEMBER BROADWAY MAGAZINE WILL BE INCREASED IN SIZE.

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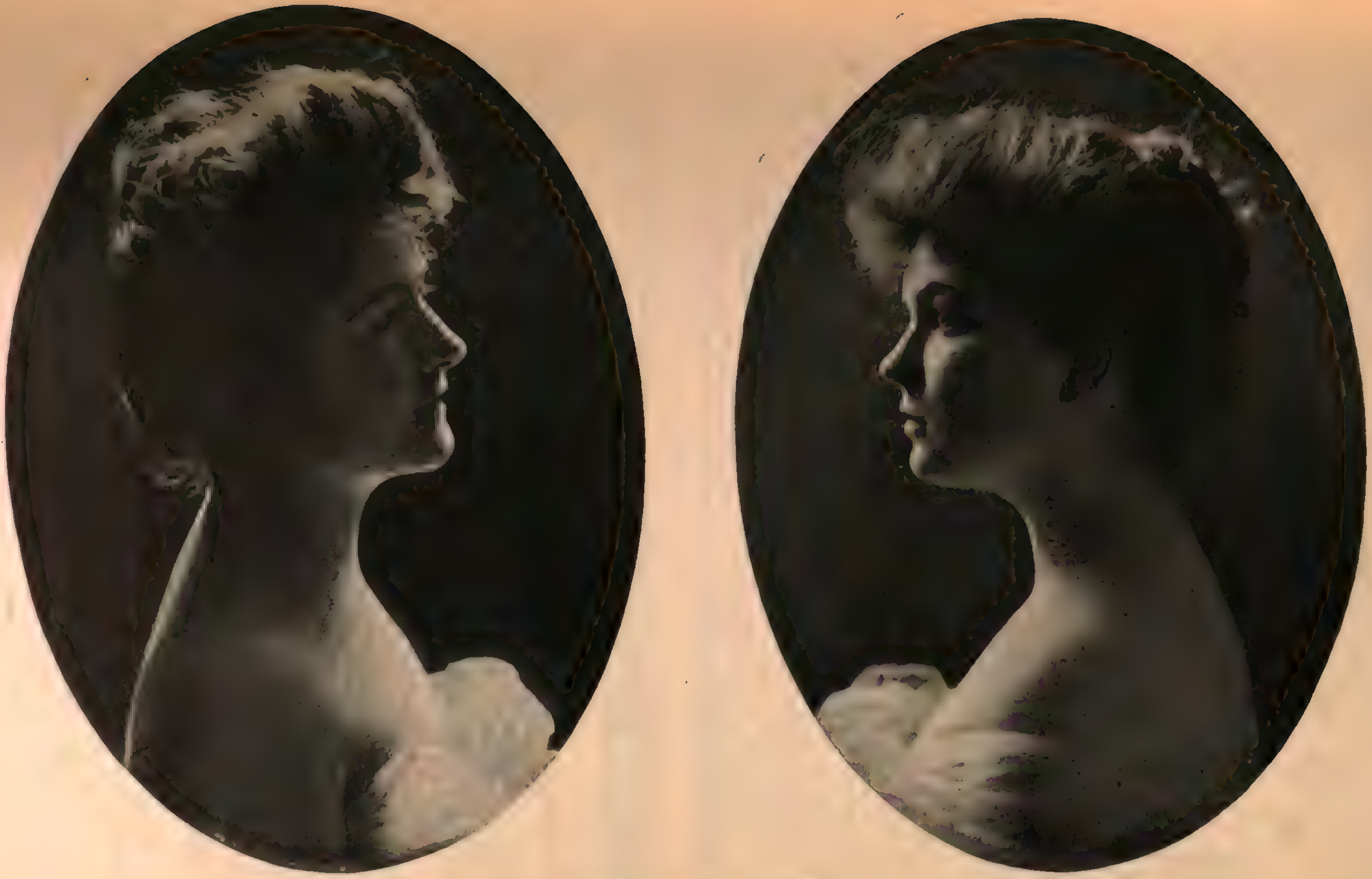
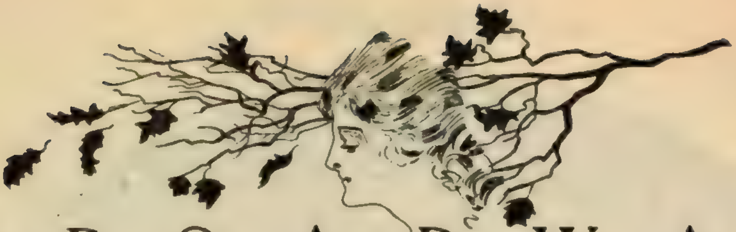


MISS TEDDIE DU COE.

Photographs by Schloss, New York.

MISS GRACE THOMPSON.

TWO YOUNG WOMEN OF THE SEASON'S THEATRICALS.



BROADWAY MAGAZINE

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ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY, Editor. GEORGE A. SHERIN, General Manager.

This number of BROADWAY MAGAZINE is dedicated to the dramatic profession; and it is meet and just that this should be, for BROADWAY MAGAZINE has its being in the very heart of theatricals—at the fountainhead of footlight births, deaths and general happenings, and BROADWAY MAGAZINE, while filling a broad and ever-growing general field, is proud to be the great American monthly press representative of a profession that has invested nearly $23,000,000 of good American money, to say nothing of a working force of nearly 15,000, and a theatre-going public of 20,000,000 people. All this proves that BROADWAY MAGAZINE, in issuing a "Special Theatrical Number," appeals to a tremendous army of live, up to date and altogether thoroughly sane Americans who want a little amusement with their more serious business of life.

Incidentally, let us call your attention to the fact that the November number of BROADWAY MAGAZINE, and the following winter numbers, will contain more and better theatrical pictures, gossip and special articles than any other magazine on the face of the globe.

QUARTERLY No. XV. is ready. That's a consolation to many. You may not be aware of the fact, but it is true nevertheless, that BROADWAY QUARTERLY is one of the biggest selling twenty-five cent publications on the market. Even many regular BROADWAY MAGAZINE readers buy the Quarterly regularly, for it gives them the monthly in compact and lasting form. But BROADWAY QUARTERLY is purchased by tens of thousands of readers, and Number 15 will be no exception to rule; besides, it's undoubtedly the best of the lot.

Once again permit us to call your attention to BROADWAY MAGAZINE, Bound Volume IX. This contains the issues from April to September, 1902, inclusive, is bound in fine red cloth, with gold lettering and, for $1.00, is one of the handsomest and most interesting gift books published.

It will not surprise you to know that the publishers are making many plans for your further entertainment. It would astound you, however, if you were to know all the improvements and new and beautiful features scheduled for the November and December numbers. When we say that they will eclipse all the previous efforts of BROADWAY MAGAZINE'S editors, writers and artists, you may then have some idea of what is coming. Look out for November BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

By the way. This is a fine time for subscribing. Get BROADWAY MAGAZINE by the year. Your newsdealer or our subscription department will fix it for $1.00.

Also by the way. November BROADWAY MAGAZINE will have a beautiful cover—a little more beautiful than the October cover.

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Broadway Magazine Localettes.

Dan Daly smiled last week.

Anything worse than a Rathskeller cigar? Yes, two.

Lena Carrington has a new muff. It is a college boy.

The photograph business on Broadway is developing rapidly.

The best Sunday Supplement is a holiday that falls on Monday.

A new "gag" for the Rogers Brothers at Harvard: a Yale lock.

When the hard drinker dies he ought to be interred in a roof-garden bier.

J. Pierpont Morgan thinks it great fun to slice coupons. He's such a cut-up.

The ambitious chorous girl makes a spectacle of herself in order to become a Show Girl.

A rubber band is an impossibility. They have to watch their music scores too carefully.

Della Pringle doesn't really mean anything by adding another word to her name. It's only a Jolly.

Duss has been seen several times recently with a bat on. He explains that he got it from Gilmore.

Big Ex-Governor Hogg of Texas would never make a good actor. He'd sure to be called a ham fat.

The egg that lands on the unpopular actor may be very, very stale, but he always thinks it's kind of fresh.

Paula Edwardes usually signs the initials "P. E." to her letters. She denies that they mean Pretty Eyes.

There are rumors of the near completion of the rapid transit tunnel. Forty-second Street is much worked up about it.

It's a good thing for the managers that the price of wood hasn't gone up too, or the salaries of our leading men would have to expand.

Marie Dressler was fined at rehearsal the other day. She made a saucy reply and the penalty was again enforced. "At last," she exclaimed, with a merry laugh, "I'm re-fined."

Out on the Ross-Fenton farm they have a rooster which they call a parrot. The reason of this is because it crows very early in the morning and they can always hear the cock at two.

"What's the derivation of the word soubrette?" asked a Jay of the chorus on Broadway.

"Super-ette," haughtily replied the young woman who called herself a Show Girl.

NOVEMBER

Broadway Magazine

will be

BREEZY
BRIGHT
BEAUTIFUL

If you like the October Number you will fall in love with November.

BROADWAY QUARTERLY No. 15

READY

A Bookful of Pretty Women for **25 Cents.**

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From the Unhappy Humorists.

A LITTLE boy was visiting an old lady, and, to amuse him, his kind hostess showed him some silhouette portraits of her father and mother, explaining to him whom they were intended to represent. Dickie listened very attentively, and then said:

"Was they chimney-sweeps?"

A LAW OF NATURE.

It's easier for ten wise men
Their knowledge not to show
Than it is for one fool not to hide
That which he doesn't know.

A LOSS.

The Plutocrat—I am $500,000 richer than I was yesterday.

Wife—You don't seem happy over it!

The Plutocrat—No; I'm two days older.

A SLIGHT OVERSIGHT.

Mrs. Shopley—Oh, George! I bought a really handsome set of books to-day on the installment plan. All I have to pay is two dollars a month.

Mr. Shopley—For how many months?

Mrs. Shopley—Dear me! I forgot to ask!

SLIGHT MISTAKE.

"Why, no. The stolen Gainsborough was not a hat—it was a picture."

"Oh, I thought from the value it was a hat."

The busier you are, the fewer disappointed hopes you will have to occupy your valuable time.

INSTINCT.

"I hear that when Wingdrop, the tragedian, proposed to Miss Carter he paused when half through."

"Waiting for?"

"Waiting for the applause, I suppose."

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

"I don't see how he can be such a popular clergyman, when he abuses his congregation so."

"Easy enough. Everybody thinks he is talking about everybody else."

BAD JUDGMENT.

Auntie—So your mother promised you a piece of cake if you were good?

Little Johnny—Yes.

Auntie—Well, then, why have you been so bad?

Little Johnny—'Cause she gave me the cake first.

GAVE THEMSELVES AWAY.

She—And I am really and truly the first girl you ever kissed?

He—Do you doubt it, darling?

She—Yes; your manner savors of long experience.

He—How do you know it does.

ON THE STREET.

Chestnutt—What are you taking your hat off for?

Burr—Excuse me, but that last joke of yours is so venerable that I simply had to.

HELPING HIM ALONG.

Tom—Do you think your father would offer me personal violence if I were to ask him for you?

Edith—Hardly. But there's no telling what he will do if you don't say something pretty soon.

The truth about the matter is that we are just about as glad to see our relatives as they are to see us.

AN ECONOMIC PROBLEM.

Young Husband—Seems to me it is costing us a great deal to live.

Young Wife—I know it is, but I can't imagine why. I always buy everything in very small quantities.

UP-TO-DATE WARFARE.

Lieut. Hunt—Do you see that captain of the enemy five miles away?

Gunner's Mate—Aye, aye, sir.

Lieut. Hunt—Let him have one of those ten-inch shells in the eye.

Gunner's Mate—Which eye, sir?

Tales from Headquarters.

No. XII.—That Pretty Little Shoplifter.

By John Barton.

I WAS certain I saw a watch slip into the broad pointed cuff of her left sleeve as the jeweler turned to lift down a tray from the shelf.

I went out and started up the street.

Suddenly an impulse seized me. I turned and walked back, and had just reached the door when I met her coming out.

"That was risky, young lady!"

"You saw it—oh!"

"Yes, I saw it, and I was surprised."

"So was I. I suppose the game is up. I've never been caught before, but I suppose I must go with you now."

So I was a "plain-clothes" man! Here was a situation worth while.

"No," I answered, "there is no necessity about it. I should be happy, though, if you would. What do you say to lunch?"

"Why—I—yes, if you like."

She looked puzzled. We went into a café. I was a stranger in town and feared nothing. She had nothimg to fear except me.

We ordered light lunch. Suddenly I asked her to let me see it. Coolly she took it from her cuff and handed it to me, a dainty thing in gold and pearl, no bigger than a silver quarter.

"What shall we do with it?" said I.

"Why, if you like you may keep it."

Here was a bribe!

I wondered where she learned that justice could be bought.

"And you?"

"Oh! let me go, sir. You are not going to—"

She leaned forward, her gloved hands clasped, but resting on the table-cover. She was smiling up in my face a sweet little smile of confidence.

I looked at her and knew she had taken my measure.

No, I wasn't "going to," not even to save myself from collusion; but I wanted to know more about her.

"I shall see. Why did you do it?"

"One must live, you know."

"Yes."

I glanced at the jeweled pin at her throat and then down her exquisitely gowned figure. She laughed.

"Oh! if you want me to, I shall tell you everything. Only you are going to set me free in return? Well, then, up to three years ago I worked in" (she named a big department store) "at six dollars a week. Could you live on that? I asked the manager for more and he laughed at me. 'Have you no friends,' he said, 'who will help you?' I wanted to kill him, and I never went into that place again. I starved for a week, and then—and then—my mother was starving too, and—"

Her voice was very earnest and her brown eyes honest as they looked into mine.

"Well, what then?"

"Then I had to choose between being a thief and—worse." She fairly flung the words across the table. "I am not a good girl, but I would sooner be dead than that—so I stole. Now you may send me to prison if you like."

I sat quiet, thinking. Suppose I were to accuse her, what would result? A mental picture passed before me—a morning session in the police-court; this fair girl arraigned; the reporters sketching and taking notes.

"Don't you know you must be caught some time?"

She saw she had won—my thoughts were written on my face.

"Yes, I know that. When I am caught that's the end. I shall pay for it all. But one must live."

We went out. Her defence had ended just where it began—in that one pitiful and pitiable cry that every woman uses to palliate her sin against herself. I had no argument to offer.

"This watch?" I queried as we stood at the door.

"Send it back—and—and—thank you."

She was gone in the crowd.

"Did you lose anything, sir?"

I turned. A thick-set, florid-faced man stood beside me. There was in his eyes a stealthy expression, and he spoke out of the right side of his mouth. He was a "plain-clothes" man.

"You're a stranger in town," he continued, "and ought to mind the sort of people you associate with. She's Mary Jones, one of the slickest in the business."

Google

In the Dead of the Night.

By Alexander Oakley.

A STORY OF LOVE AND BURGLAR

THE clock in the hall had chimed two a.m., but Alice Marshall still lingered by the dying fire in the great, lonely room absorbed in the memory of a long dead past.

"Alice!"

She started violently. Had she heard it, or only dreamed it? Dreamed that stifled, striken whisper? Only one human being ever called her that, and it was twenty years ——

At that moment the electric light was switched off, and a curt, incisive voice came to her out of the darkness.

"Don't scream. You needn't be afraid. I swear not to harm you."

Then Alice Marshall realized the situation. She had dreamed it, of course—dreamed that whisper. But she was no coward, though her bravery was of the kind that comes when life has lost its savor, the bravery that fears nothing because it hopes nothing.

"I am not afraid," she answered composedly, and waited.

For a few moments only the faint tinkle of gems striking against a polished surface broke the stillness, for the man was struggling hard for self-control.

"You are a brave woman," he said at last with genuine admiration.

She gave herself a mental shake. It was obviously absurd that this mysterious burglar should recall the tones of a voice so long since silent to her. She was half dreaming still, she told herself. Yet it gave her a queer sense of comfort in her helplessness.

"I am not going to take your jewels," he went on slowly; "when I have gone you will find that they are all here."

"Are they—not worth the taking?" she questioned, with a touch of the humor that never deserted her.

"They're worth just about $50,000," he answered quietly. "That's not much to me. You see," and his voice took on a certain note of pride, "I am the man they call Dandy Dick."

"Oh!" And a little ripple of laughter came to him out of the darkness. "Then I have the honor of conversing with the most notorious burglar in the United States—the man who spirits away the jewels of society leaders, the bonds of millionaires, the money-bags of banks? And you are here in my house and —— Hark!"

The measured tread of two or three men in the street sounded before the house. "I have only to call out and you are caught at last—and by a woman!"

"Yes. But you will not do it," he said, with quiet assurance.

"No," she admitted, "I suppose not. But I ought to." There was a pause.

"You have heard of Trench Ferguson, the King of Millionaires, as they call him? Well, I am he."

A sudden horror seized her. Was she shut up alone with a madman, and not a mere burglar, as she had been supposing?

"Oh, I am not mad," he told her, reassuringly, his quick intuition divining her thoughts. "When I am supposed to be in the Rockies, in Russia, in Italy, I'm here, or in Paris, or Vienna, anywhere where there happens to be anything worth taking."

"It's dangerous," she hazarded, at a loss what to say in a situation so bizarre.

He laughed joyously.

"Dangerous? I live for danger. It's the sap of life. If it weren't for that, I should be a respectable citizen to-morrow."

She listened, amused, perplexed, sorry.

"Of course, I have realized before this that you are what the world calls a gentlemen. Why, then, do you do this horrible thing?"

His face fell, and his voice took on a humbler tone.

"May I tell you why?"

"Yes," she said, "do. It's all very interesting, and it's a long while since I have been really interested."

"And you're not afraid?" he questioned.

"You have given me your word," she answered, with quiet serenity.

"Thank you."

In the darkness she could not see the flush that dyed the man's face.

Then she sank down on the cushioned window-seat, and a ray of moonlight stealing through a crack in the shutters fell upon the silver-gray of her hair. The man came quite close, and stood looking down at her, then suddenly he bent and touched her arm. A curious, magnetic thrill seemed to pass through her and she leaped to her feet.

"Who are you?" she demanded. "In Heaven's name, who are you?"

He stepped swiftly back, and controlling himself by a supreme effort, answered in a dull and measured monotone:

"Dandy Dick, burglar. Trench Ferguson, millionaire."

There was a short silence; then he began to speak.

"I was born too late. From my very babyhood, I was a rebel, and rebellion grew on me. I could never be as others were, could never bear the shackles and trammels, and the emptiness of civilized life. For long, long hours I would sit and ponder on a way out. So the years dragged by, and I tried many things, and my lawlessness grew and grew, and then—"

"Yes?" She leaned forward, forgetful of the hour, the circumstances, of everything but the quiet, monotonous voice, with its ring of absolute truth.

"And then—I met a woman, and loved her, loved her as such a man would. And she—well, she was a typical American girl, and she loved me in a typical American fashion, quietly, self-containedly, serenely. So I woke from my dream, the dream of a love that was impossible to her, and faced the reality. We both were poor, and that frightened me. Not the poverty itself, but all it implied; the monotonous treadmill, the straight, narrow groove one must walk in always; the gradually tightening and strengthening bonds of a civilization I loathed. Until one night, out in the midst of the waves and the wind, with the wild exhilaration of the storm in my veins, I saw clearly that it was impossible, that the curse bequeathed to me by that bygone ancestor was stronger than my love. And—I left her. I was an elemental person; she the product of an over-ripe civilization."

He paused, but she sat silent, spellbound.

"Finally, I took to burglary, because for me it was the one way out. It responded to the two strongest chords in my nature, lawlessness and love of danger. Oh! I don't say it was the best, but it was the second best, and one mostly has to be content with that. I soon became a power, and for twenty years now I have planned and helped to carry out all the most daring robberies that have startled the social worlds of America and Europe. For the wealth it brings I care nothing—for the danger and excitement, everything. When I am Ferguson, I am bored to death. That gives me the stimulus for devising new schemes. And the end? Well, I have a plan for that too."

"And the woman?" asked his listener quietly.

There was just a perceptible pause. Then he said slowly, hesitatingly:

"I don't know. You will say it was cowardly to leave her. Yet to stay meant inevitably to break her heart. And she was young. I hope, I have always hoped, that she learned to forget. You are a woman—do you think she has forgotten?"

"I pray she may have," said Alice Marshall, softly. "Yet—women do not forget — easily. I could tell you a tale of a woman who tried hard to forget for twenty years. But she didn't succeed."

"Tell me," he whispered.

His voice, with his impassioned eagerness, must have struck her had she not been once more absorbed in that bygone dream.

"He had the double curse—ambition and poverty. So he left her. And a week later she came into a fortune. But it was too late. He had gone, why or where she never knew."

"And the end?" queried the burglar, huskily.

"There is no end. She is just going on loving him. That is all."

The man turned and moved unsteadily to the door.

"Good-bye," he said, "your jewels are there."

Impelled by some obscure impulse, she groped her way after him in the darkness.

As he stepped outside the street door, he turned and taking her hand reverently in his, kissed it. At the same moment a ray of moonlight fell across his face.

"Dick!"

He dropped her hand and fled down the broad, shallow steps.

"Too late!" he groaned. "Good-bye, little Alice, good-bye!"

"Come back! Come back!" she sobbed, stretching out her arms to him.

"No, I cannot!"

The words floated back to her in a stifled cry as he fled through the square.

And she understood. He had gone back to his life.

She must go back to hers.

Fall Books Not Sent For Review.

By Guy Dubbe.

"Conducting to Beat the Band," by Dussa Creatore Sousa.

This is the first book of the kind ever published, and will in all probability be the last. The author is apparently of Irish lineage, but knows his subject thoroughly. He divides it into three parts: 1. Coming upon the Stage. 2. The Preparatory Cough. 3. Stretching out the Arms and Rolling the Eyes. These divisions are handled in an expert manner and in the 21,264 pages of the volume few details are left unmentioned. An interesting appendix of about thirty-five words consists of a masterly discussion of the best music to be played.

"Typewriting as a Fine Art," by Shootie Propp Henderson.

Never, until this admirable little text-book fell into our lily-white hands, did we realize to what perfection the profession of typewriting and stenography could be brought. The ordinary young woman book buyer, on taking up the work, or observing it on the shelves of the store, would doubtless suppose that it referred to the mechanical adroitness managed by an expert. She would, on reading it, be agreeably disappointed. She would find in the pages of "Typewriting as a Fine Art" innumerable hints for moral, financial and spiritual benefits to be derived by the careful and attentive student. She would—the editor here interrupts us to tell us to hurry up and explain what the reader really would find, but such suggestions are out of place and to be properly resented. Buy the darned old book if you want to know anything about it.

"Upholstery Up to Date," by J. Lyte Howse.

The tendency of the day, especially in the furnishing of the modern home, being "all to the good," as Schnitzel, the Spanish philosopher says, a book like the present is particularly timely and *à propos*. It might even be said to be *comme il faut* and possibly *pas du tout*. The subject is gone over pretty thoroughly, and the colored plates are exquisite. The cups and saucers are also very fine, but not quite as good as the plates. The knives and forks are pretty good. The chapters on "Wall-flower Paper Designs" and "Pullman Car-pets" are breezy and full of information. So also is that which tells the reader of the prettiest materials and designs for "Padded Cells." An original poem at the end by the author, entitled, "Sophy on the Sofy," is a fine piece of versification, and should be read by all those who know how.

"The Romance of a Telegraph Girl," by Caroline Oliver.

This is a novel. It's very interesting. It tells the simply pathetic but religiously untrue story of a little village maiden who found the Western Union a convenience by getting a job as a Morse girl at Glens Falls. She attracted the attention of a rich lawyer, who so admired the hand writing of a telegram he received (running as follows: "When are you going to pay me that seven dollars you owe me, you dirty scoundrel?") that he looked her up and proposed marriage. She refused him, not because she didn't love him, but because he wasn't a New Yorker, and came on herself to New York. Here she secured a position in the chorus of a comic opera entitled "The Tame Violet," but she found the stage manager so refined and considerate in his manner that her head swooned from pure ecstasy and she fell sick. She was visited by the lawyer, while she was sick, and he proposed again, reminding her that she'd better accept him, as her doctor had privately informed him that she only had three months to live, anyway. "If that is the case," the proud girl replied, "I wouldn't have time enough to get ready, so my answer is bound to be No!" The lawyer paled with rage and turned on his heel. There is a picture of the lawyer doing this. Subsequently she got well, resumed her position in the chorus, horsewhipped the stage manager, and married a wealthy shoe manufacturer at Mechanicville. A subsidiary love story dealing with a Spanish drummer with a check overcoat—one Don Qui—and a hired girl in a theatrical boarding house, named Maude Smoot, who made such fine toast that the boarders wouldn't eat anything else, forms the humorous side of the story. Otherwise a varicose vein of sadness runs throughout the book.

Google

The Captious Critic in the Orchestra

MOST things bore me. Jefferson de Angelis does. Many things tire me. Emma Carus does. I disagree with most people. I think Frank Daniels is a funnier man than Francis Wilson. I don't think John Drew is a good actor and I don't care if I never see Raymond Hitchcock again.

I mention these things simply to show you that I am not like other people and that everything on earth is not entirely satisfactory.

THERE'S George Honey in "The Roger Brothers at Harvard" at the Knickerbocker Theatre. I think he's the most mis-cast actor in New York to-day. His English lord is about as convincing as Dan McAvoy would be as *Romeo*. Put Joseph Coyne in a rôle like that, and you have it. I don't blame George Honey half as much as I blame Ben Teal.

AND I wonder who told Ben Teal that Clara Palmer was as clever as Jeannette Bageard. Miss Palmer has fine black hair and teeth like electric jets, but Miss Bageard has the soubrette manner. I'm not sure, by the way, that Miss Palmer was engaged to take Miss Bageard's place. I hope not. It would be too sad.

THE only reflection I would cast on Edith St. Clair is that of the calcium light. She is the prettiest girl in the Rogers Brothers company, and all right. I wish I could say the same of Emma Francis. But I can't. I refuse to lie on space.

WHO could have imagined for a minute that "The Emerald Isle," tinkered up by a bad English librettist and a passable English composer, could be brought over here and be made a Sullivan-Gilbert success? The German numbers,are commonplace and the Basil Hood book as blithesome as a wet umbrella.

I have already declared myself on the Jeff de Angelis question. For that reason I refuse to discuss his work in "The Emerald Isle." Besides, life is too short to enumerate all the things he does that he shouldn't and all the things he shouldn't that he does.

WHO cares whether Duke Boris, the Russian profligate, went to dinner with three chorus girls or twelve when he was in Chicago? The Prince is on speaking terms with all the ballet dancers and opera singers in Russia, and his acquaintanceship stretches across the border to Vienna and Paris. He is a patron of the Russian drama, for he carries more latchkeys than any other prince of the royal blood.

OF course, "Mrs. Jack" wouldn't do. It is simply a silly, futile sort of play that New York outgrew years ago. Not even the art of Mrs. Alice Fischer—and she certainly possesses a matronly, plump and usually satisfying sort of art—is not enough to make "Mrs. Jack" anything but a pointless sort of propoition that is hardly good enough even for a stock company up at Minneapolis.

I WANT to say a pleasant word for Marie Cahill, just to show that I don't kick on principle. There's a clever woman for you. Her work in "Sally In Our Alley" proves this, if further proof were necessary. She makes every other comedienne on Broadway for the past five years look like a protested note. I don't say that she is better than May Irwin ever was just to show that I am a heretic. I say it because it is true. If Emma Carus, Adele Ritchie and a few others I could mention would borrow some of Miss Cahill's comedy, and a little of her refinement, they would more nearly come up to the standard of what a comedienne really should be.

WHAT a fuss there has been about Creatore and Duss. If an ordinary conductor were to come to New York, wave the baton sensibly and ably, get good music out of his men and act altogether like a sane person, he would attract little attention. Duss waves the baton behind his back, just to show, apparently, what little control he has over his men. Creatore jumps up and down like an animated buffalo robe. The only difference between the two men, however, is that Creatore really has an excellent band. Has Duss?

THE CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

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Saphead Society Notes.

COLLECTED FROM THE LAST NUMBER OF "THE FOOTMAN'S GAZETTE."

MRS. STYVISANT PORGIE has a new cook, and is receiving the congratulations of all her friends. The cook has promised to get several meals ready for Mrs. Styvisant Porgie. Mr. Styvisant Porgie has consented to stay home for dinner and try one of the meals.

MUCH merriment was caused at the Casino at Newport the other day. Mr. "Bobbie" Van Slobbe took his wife in to get a glass of soda water (otherwise a high ball) and found himself standing next to the present Mrs. Pippington Pyppe, who used to be his wife before he divorced the lady who preceded the present Mrs. Van Slobbe. Mr. Pippington Pyppe, who was the second husband of the present Mrs. Van Slobbe, was also standing at the bar. It will be remembered that the gentleman who acted the part of co-respondent in the first Van Slobbe divorce was also the co-respondent in the second Pippington Pyppe divorce, and *he* was there, too. Much laughter ensued at the pleasant contretemps.

AWFUL lot of cads we're getting in society now-a-days. Mr. Plainman, who secured the entrée only by marrying one of the De Dudder girls, came home unexpectedly the afternoon of last Wednesday and found his wife sitting in the lap of "Gussie" Ingersoll, the well-known "whip" and capital all-round good fellow. "Gussie" was kissing the lady rather rapturously, 'tis true, but nobody in society will blame him, for her husband doesn't belong to the elect, and is quite out of it, really. But the unfortunate Mr. Plainman was positively nasty about it. He raised his voice and told Mr. Ingersoll he had a mind to kill him. Such a coarse person as he must be, to attract everybody's attention that way! He forgets that the mere fact of his not being in society and his wife and "Gussie" Ingersoll being in it allows the two latter to do as they please.

BARON DE BUMME was caught cheating at cards last week at the house of Mrs. Curleykew, of Washington. There was much surprise expressed at the behavior of Mr. Curleykew, who bade the Baron depart from the house. Surely Mr. Curleykew knows that to cheat at cards is one of the privileges of the foreign aristocracy.

WE notice that a scoundrelly publication, calling itself the *Society Find-Out*, has been started and claims to be the representative organ of the "400." We want the *Society Find-Out* to know that its boast is empty, vain and idle. *We*—this paper you are reading—are the only organ of society. Only *we* know all about the doings of the high and mighty muckamucks who are better than other people, who are awfully smart, and who every now and then make an exchange of husbands and wives. The *Society Find-Out*, indeed! Pish! Tush! Pooh! Bah!

THE Marchioness of Mollygobbles is back from England and is very popular. People follow her around now wherever she goes as if she had their salaries in her pocket. Much interest is taken in her movements, and people will give any money for a nod from her aristocratic head. She walked along the street at Newport the other day and charmed everybody by her gracious condescension at stopping for a moment to look at a dog fight. She doesn't speak to everybody she knows, because the Marchioness naturally doesn't want to make herself too cheap, but those she does speak to are so tickled that they immediately do a step dance wherever they may happen to be standing. They are now singing this awfully clever chorus at Newport (written by Larry Hair):

Oh, isn't it nice, oh, isn't it nice,
To be a Marchioness? (repeat.)

TALKING about Larry Hair, he's *so* versatile! He is now making thousands of dollars touting for a well-known firm of five-cent cigar manufacturers and Society is *so* pleased. His brilliant mind conceived the idea yesterday of wearing his trousers turned inside out over his otherwise unclothed person outside the Casino. People just laughed at him like anything. It must be nice to be so popular as Larry Hair. But this is, of course, due to his great cleverness.

by Google

Favorite Parts of Famous Players.

By Themselves.

Photograph by Marceau, New York.

THE first chance came with the part of *La Tosca*. Comments on my performance were both kindly and encouraging. In recalling the portrayal I do not for a moment arrogate to myself any great achievement, but I remember that the public endorsement of my own conviction was a joyful gratification to an egoist such as is your humble servant, which prompts me even now to look back on *La Tosca* with a species of exultation. I have but small sympathy with the negative qualities of my sex, however charmingly they may be extolled. I envy the eagle who may soar into the higher heavens and gaze with fearless vision into the rays of the noonday sun, rather than her sister the ring dove. BLANCHE WALSH.

Google

The Hoboken Girl.

By Wilhelm Weiss.

DER EDITORIAL of der Broadvay Mazageen have tole me not to spread myself owit too generousness on der supjict of der Hoboken Young Lady, all on account begause he only got helluf a page to spare mit her.

I doan know for vy he should so stingy be mit der Hoboken Young Lady. She iss der finest what effer happuned, fer I got one myselluf. She iss a pale person mit yellow hair und blue eyes, und her papa he iss der richest delicatessen dealer in Water street. He come mit Munich at first pefore he come mit Hoboken, und he agree mit all I should say apout his tochter.

Vell, der Hoboken Young Lady iss all kinds of peauty. She iss so fair und so deligate. Her schmile it iss so sveet, und her mofements so graciousness. Ven she kiss—oh, never tell it! I double up myselluf in a knot mit rabture ven I only thinks of it.

Und den she makes an admiration pisness voman. No loafer is der Hoboken Young Lady. You neffer see her at der corner of der street gifling der congratulated eye to der young men mit nuthing to do except idleness und too much of dose. She iss all righdt.

This will conclude this series. The girls of other cities written about in previous numbers of Broadway Magazine were those of New York, Boston, Chicago, New Orleans, Philadelphia, Providence, San Francisco and Baltimore.

Jolly Della Pringle.

Photo by Marceau, N. Y.

MISS DELLA PRINGLE.

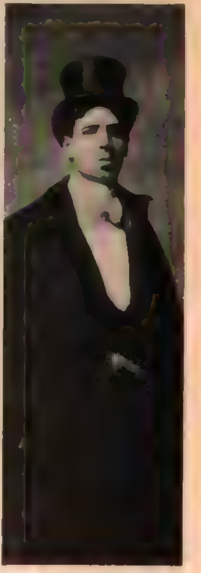

Photo by Baker, Evanston, Wyo.

MR G. FAITH ADAMS.

IT being part of Miss Della Pringle's stock in trade to have the word "Jolly" prefixed to her name, she is always referred to as Jolly Della Pringle. The word is wisely chosen, for this clever young actress possesses an inimitable fund of spirits upon which she seems to draw without being ever confronted with the ugly disclaimer, "No Funds."

Jolly Della Pringle is now starring with Corse Payton's Road Stock Company, the capable business manager of which is Mr. G. Faith Adams, a gentleman of no mean histrionic ability himself. To him are due a great degree the marked financial successes of the Corse Payton company, and one of the well-known sayings of the profession is that what G. Faith Adams does not know of the business end of theatricals is not worth printing in small type as a foot-note.

Miss Pringle's infectious atmosphere invariably communicates itself to all surrounding her, and those acting with her.

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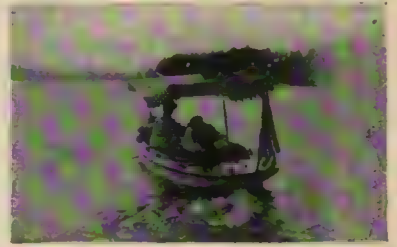
Mr. and Mrs. Hart (Carrie de Mar) drinking the waters at French Lick Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Hart and Mr. E. D. Price, the well-known manager.

Mrs. Hart shooting wild buffalo.



On their ocean greyhound, "Foxy Grandpa."

Mr. Hart toozling the foozle.

The same taking long strokes in the bounding ocean.

A WELL-KNOWN ACTOR AND HIS WIFE ON THEIR VACATION.

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Advice to Stage Aspirants.

ANSWERS TO LETTERS TO THE SUB-EDITOR ON THE SUBJECT OF FOLLOWING THE DRAMATIC PROFESSION.

SUB EDITOR BROADWAY MAGAZINE :—SIR

I am a chorus girl in "Sally in our Alley," and I want to be the leading lady. I don't care so much for the salary, for I have just inherited $180,000, but I want the fame. What shall I do?
AGGIE O'GARA.

Your letter has surprised us very much. We don't understand how you were passed over when the selection for leading lady was made. Do you think the stage manager knew what your name was? With that name you ought to have anything you asked for, with a raise of salary thrown in. Go up and speak to him some time just as he is hurrying off to lunch and demand to be made the leading lady. Be polite but firm. Something is sure to happen.

SUB-EDITOR BROADWAY MAGAZINE :—SIR.

I am a boot black but I want to be a vaudeville actor. Are there any examinations to pass? If so, please tell me where to get the books to study up on, evenings.
PIETRO TONIO.

Your English is very fine for an Italian, Pietro, and you are evidently a superior person. There are no books on the stage that are worth buying, no examinations must be passed, and no previous experience is necessary. We should imagine that you could get an engagement with Mansfield, since you are a boot-licker—we mean a boot-black. He insists upon the most abject humility from all members of his company. But you say you want to go into vaudeville. Your grammar is too good for a vaudeville actor, unless you can learn to say "I seen," "you was," "he has went," "we was threw aside," and other idiomatic expressions, to which the vaudeville actor is born. Loaf up and down Broadway for a week or two and speak loudly of all the ladies who are unfortunate enough to pass your way as "rags." Borrow money and return it not. Chew tobacco. Lean against the letter boxes when people want to drop mail in them. Wear loud, eccentric clothes and—of course—a Panama hat; wear the hat all winter. Then go to the theatre and memorize the jokes from all the vaudeville acts and those in the theatre programmes which appeal to you, and make up an "act" of your own with them. Then you may get an engagement. Join the White Rats. They have been dead quite a while, but join them just the same. All this advice is given in case you insist on being a vaudeville actor, but if you ask us for our own heart-felt opinion on the matter, we should counsel you to stick to the boot-blacking chair. It is much better to give other people polish than to lose it yourself.

SUB-EDITOR OF BROADWAY MAGAZINE :—SIR

We are two sisters on the stage, and we have a younger sister named Lily who doesn't want to be an actress. We love the life and we want her to join it, but she say she prefers to stay at home and wash the dishes. She wants to be a trained nurse, when she grows up How can we persuade her to follow the light?
GUSSIE AND ETHEL.

Your time, Gussie and Ethel, would be wasted in trying to persuade Lily. She is evidently of a blood-thirsty disposition, which she at present cloaks under the gentle practice of washing dishes. Her ambition evidently is to go to the hospitals where she can have the patients in her power, and can slap them when they moan with pain. She looks forward to banging some of them in the face with a bottle of Epsom salts and dragging their pillows from underneath their heads, threatening them meanwhile with her fist if they dare to raise an outcry. No, Lily is not cut out for the dramatic profession. She wants real tragedy, not the feigned variety. Let her alone.

SUB-EDITOR OF BROADWAY MAGAZINE :—SIR.

I write to you for sorely-needed advice. I am the dresser of the leading woman at the —— Theatre, but have ambitions to become something higher. I would like to study Shakespeare in my off hours, in order to be a Juliet or a Pauline or something, but as soon as the performance is over the leading lady insists on taking me home to her furnished flat in West 89th street and making me cook her meals. I don't mind cooking for her so much, but when a guest comes in and eats four big lamb chops it's rather wearing. Besides, I get no time for study. Am I to be a dresser all my life? I am only 47 years old, but the future seems dark.
HONORIA WORTHINGTON.

The ascent of the ladder of success, Honoria, is always a long and toilsome one, but there is plenty of time yet. You are only 47 years old.

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MR. WILLIAM COURTENAY.

The juvenile of the Empire Theatre Stock Company.

AMERICA'S MATINEE HEROES.

This series was begun in BROADWAY MAGAZINE for October, 1899, and has been continued each month since.

From a Flashlight Photograph by Joseph Byron, New York.

A PRETTY CHORUS FIGURE IN ONE OF THE SCENES FROM "THE CHAPERONS."

(See article, "The Show Girl," on page 11.)

Go gle

HOTEL
ALEXANDRIA

From a Flashlight by Joseph Byron, New York.

NINE OF THE PRETTY WOMEN WHO HELP MAKE "THE CHAPERONS" A PLEASING STAGE PICTURE.

(See article, "The Show Girl," on page 11.)

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"Biff" Hall Tells Who He Is.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE CHICAGO JUDGE AND DRAMATIC WRITER.

WHEN the late Bishop Cummings, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, took me in his arms in the Spring of 1860 and sprinkled the baptismal drops upon my bald head, christening me William Tileston Hall, I don't believe he thought for a moment that I would grow up to be called "Biff" Hall. And it was not a bishop that was responsible for the later name, either—it was a song and dance team, of the "business" variety, called Hogan and Hughes, and it came about in this wise. In the days before Chicago's great fire (from which event we Chicagoans date all things from the deluge to Prince Henry's visit), I was a devotee of minstrelsy, and at the old Dearborn Theatre I first saw Hogan and Hughes, along with Billy Emerson, Billy Manning, John Kemble, and "Senator" Bob Hart. During the progress of their strenuous act Mr. Hogan would repeatedly slug Mr. Hughes, and at each blow he would exclaim "Biff!" I caught up the word and used it on the base-ball bleachers when a batsman would smite the ball. "Biff!" I would cry at a two-bagger, and "Biff!" it was from the high-school boys about me. So "Biff" was born. I don't know the meaning of the syllable, but to many it must signify girth and baldness, as those who meet me for the first time always tell me they expected to see a fat, bald-headed man of 50. And I weigh 150 and am only in my forty-third year.

JUDGE WILLIAM TILESTON HALL. ("BIFF" HALL.)

All of these years, by the way, have been spent in Chicago, where I was born—within two hundred feet of my present office. And over twenty of them have been spent in writing about actors and actresses, than whom no more genial and loyal class of people ever lived. As dramatic writer on the Chicago *Tribune*, *Times* and *Evening Post* and as correspondent for the New York *Dramatic News* and *Dramatic Mirror* it has been my pleasure to meet about all of the actors and many of the actresses of the time, and I count them among my best friends and pleasant acquaintances. I'd rather meet a broken Lamb at any time, for instance, than the greatest social lion or the wealthiest bull or bear on the bourse.

I want to say right here, however, that I was never a success as a dramatic critic, for the reason that I had many friends who were pretty bad actors and I never had the heart to say so. I always preferred to write good-natured stories about them—and I'm glad of it.

Amateur journalism led me into professional newspaper work in 1879, though I had an LL.D. from Ann Arbor, Mich., and was entitled to practice law. The law came in later, though, when in 1895 I was named a justice of the peace for Cook County and appointed a police magistrate in Chicago. For six years I handled the offenders in the neighborhood of the Stock Yards, and during the past year I have taken care of the criminals and petty offenders at the city's principal court—the Armory. It is said to be the wickedest police district in the world, and I guess it is. I would hate to imagine anything worse. "BIFF" HALL.

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Photographs by Reutlinger, Paris.

THE PICK OF THE PARIS STUDIOS.

MINERVE CERULIÈRE. OLALA SOISSANTE. LOUISE LAVERGNE.

Google

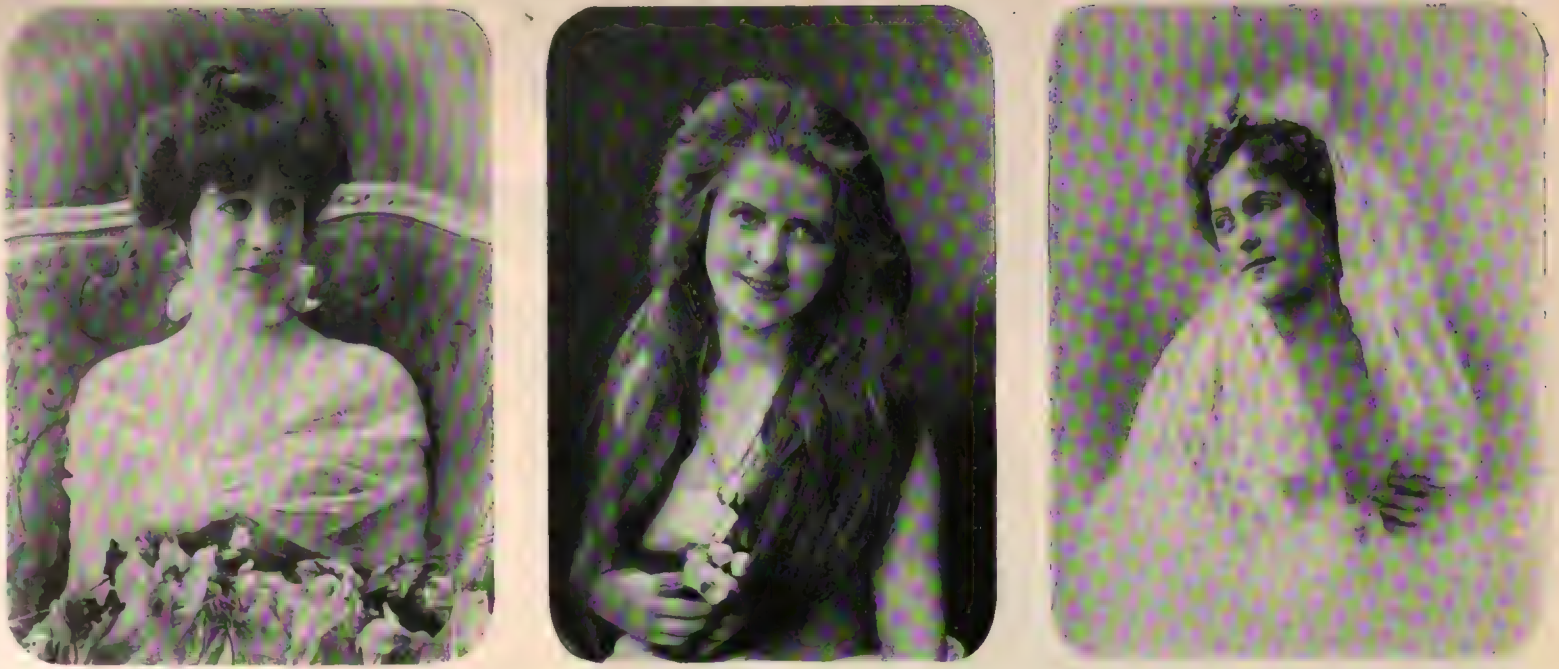
Photographs by Reutlinger and Manuel, Paris.

THE PICK OF THE PARIS STUDIOS.

OLIVE DUMAS.

LUCILE FLAQUETTE.

HONORINE DISOIS.



Photographs by Reutlinger and Manuel, Paris.

THE PICK OF THE PARIS STUDIOS.

MITZI DALTI. GERALDINE ULM VIOLET PILLEPON.

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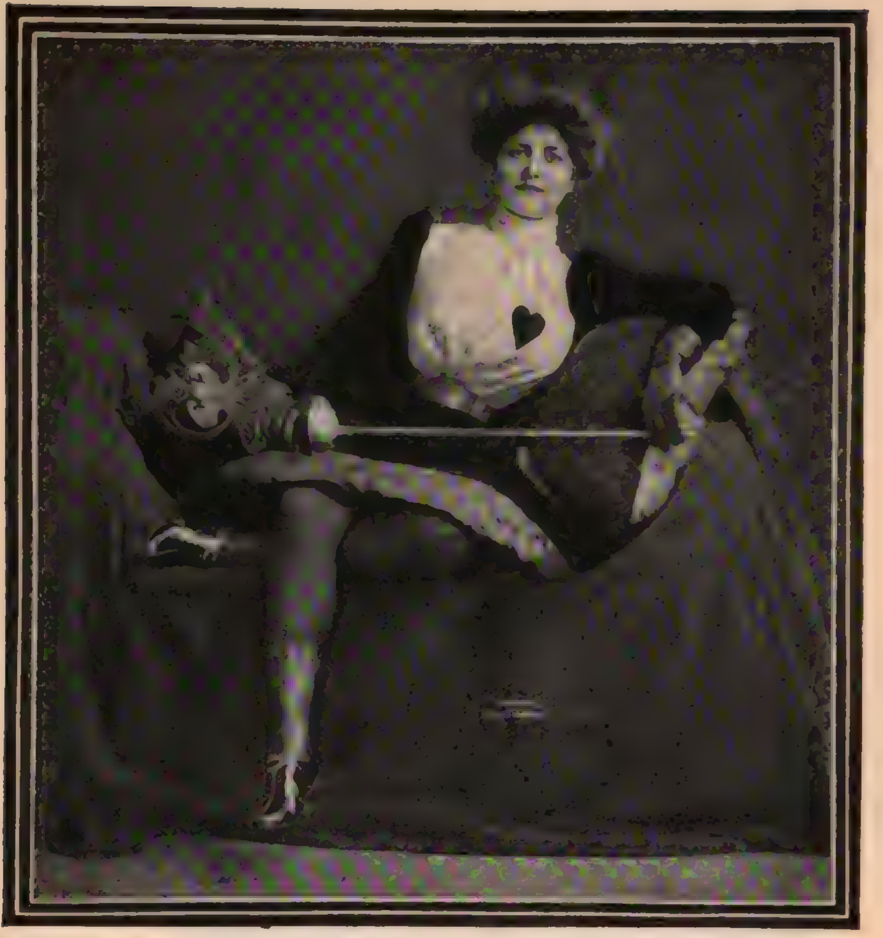

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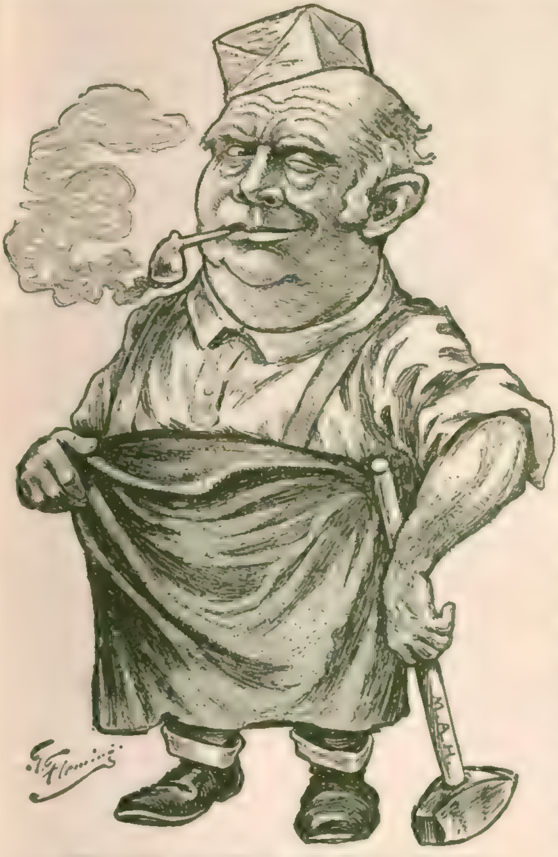
THE FENCING GIRL OF BROADWAY.

Vivian Blackburn as she has been appearing, in this costume, with Miss Anna Held, in New York.

AROUND THE CAPITAL



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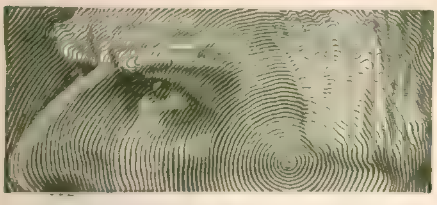
In his great character, "The Friend of Labor."



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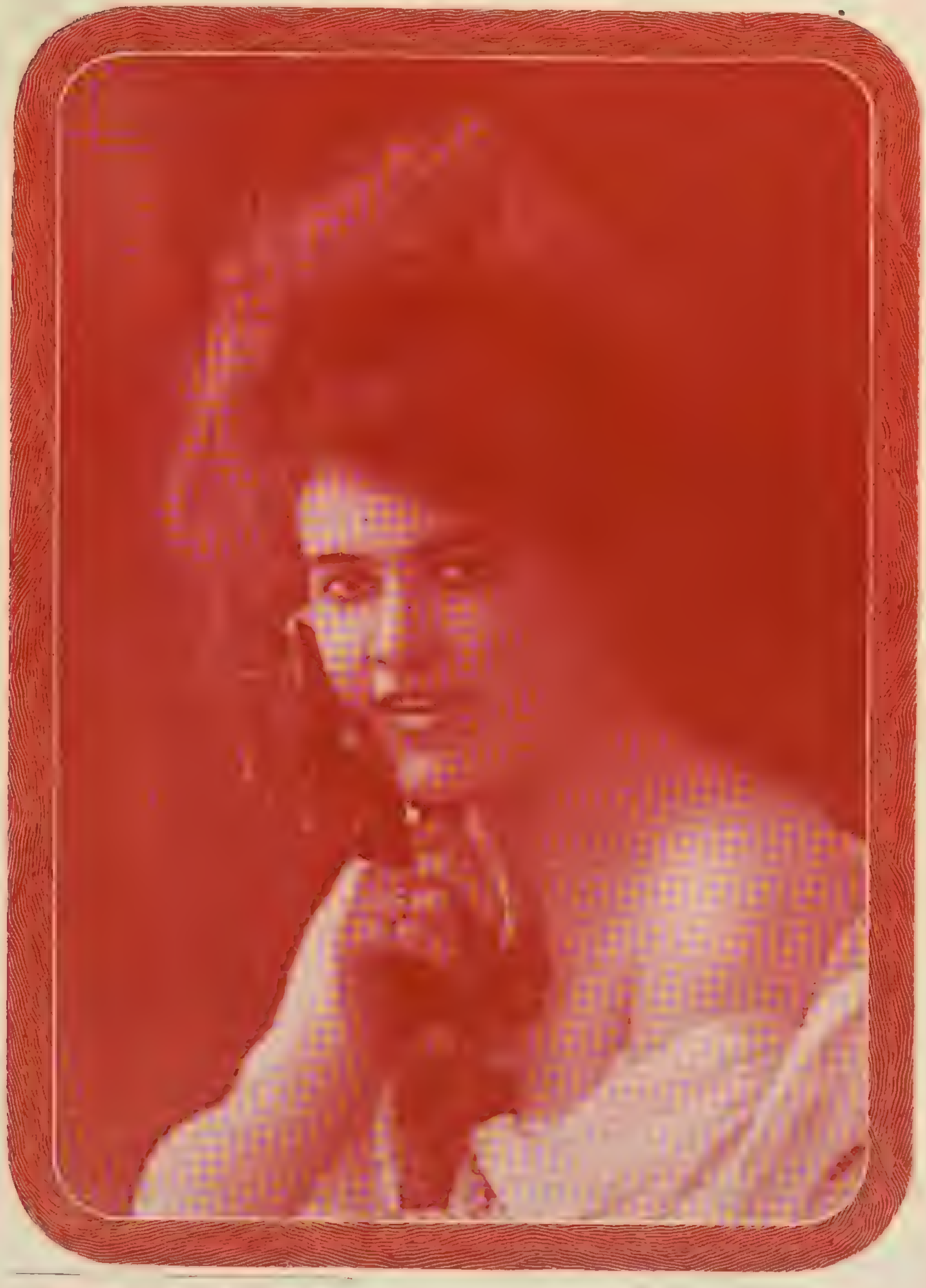

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Of the E. E. Rice Company.

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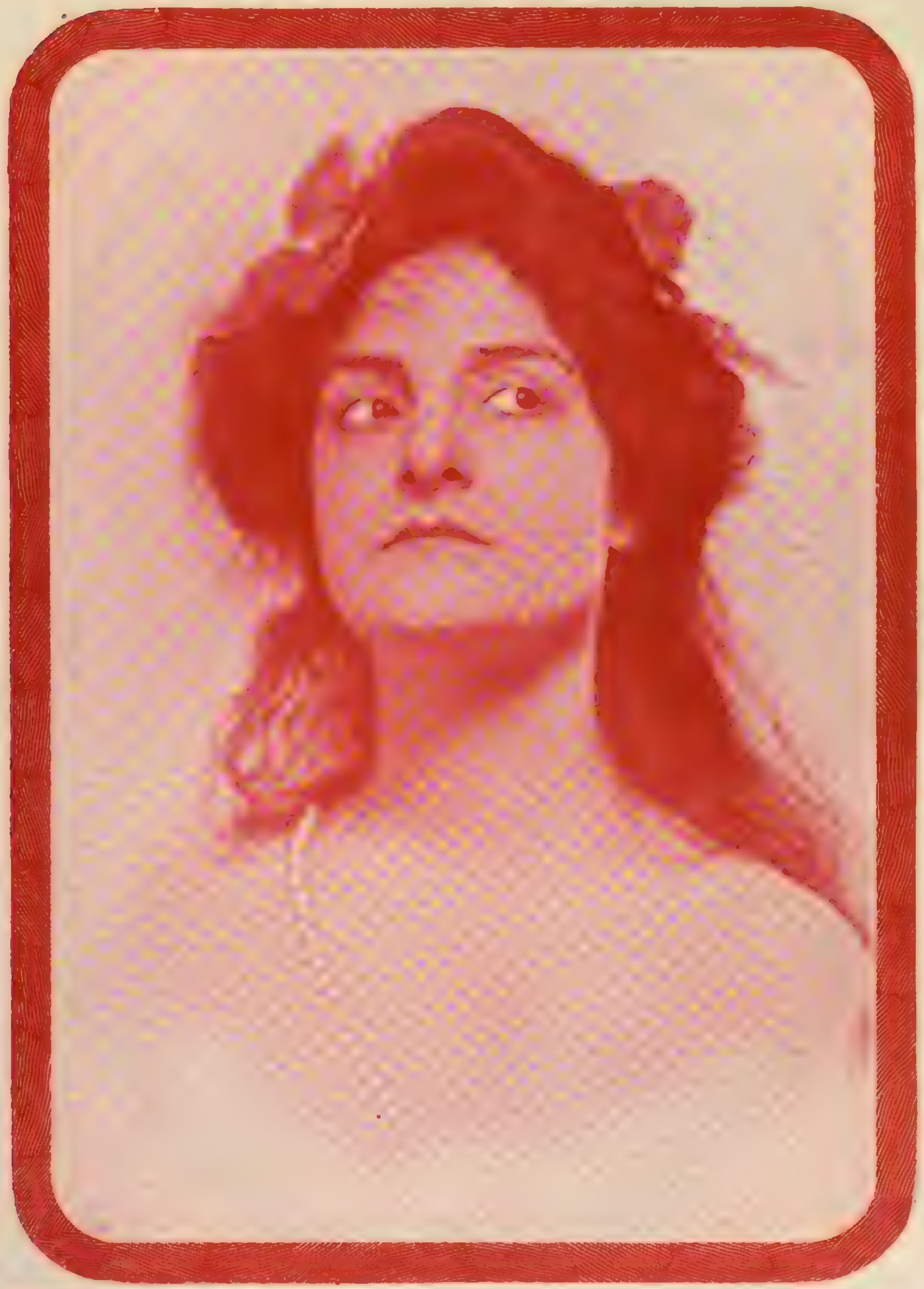

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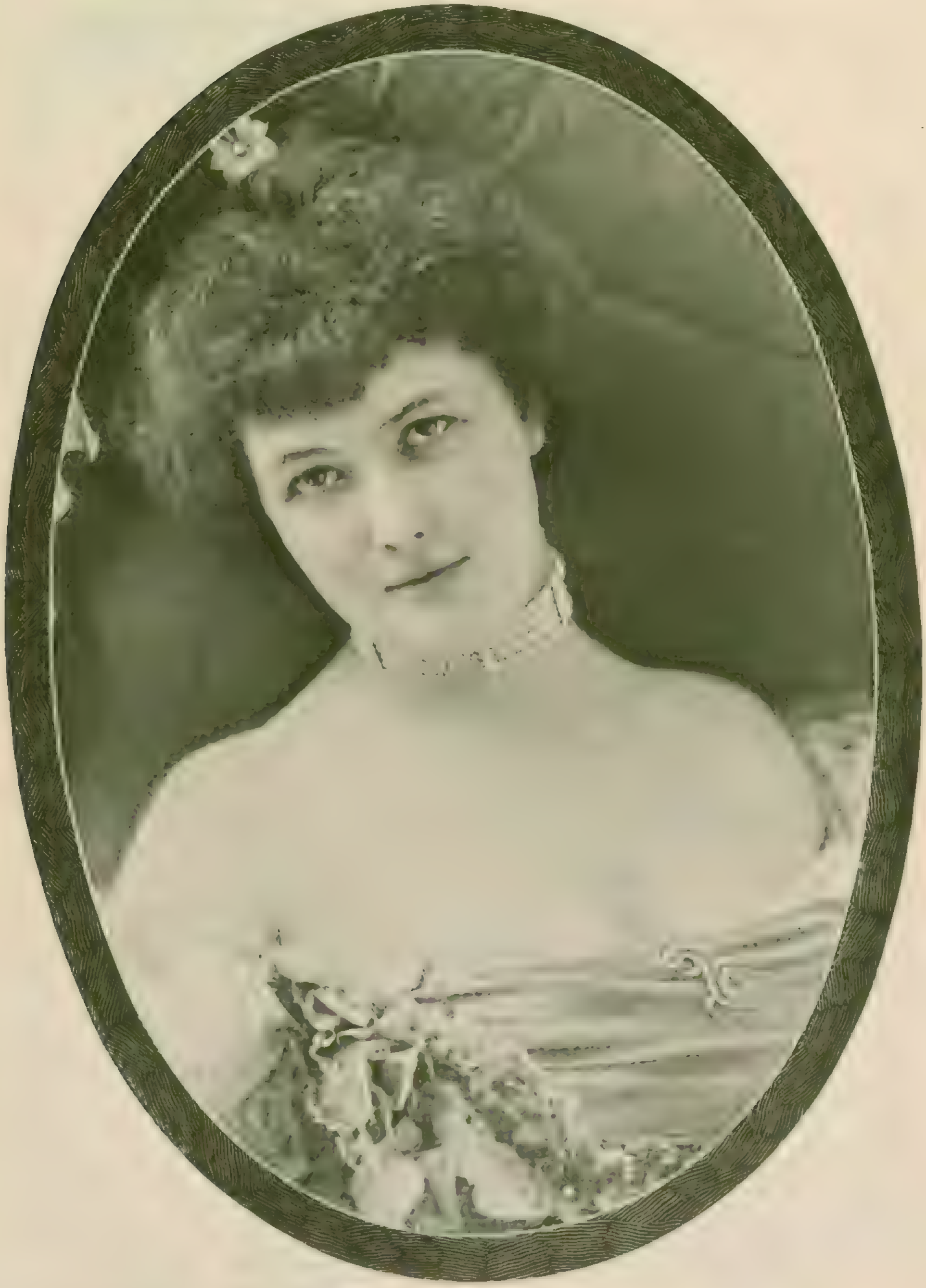

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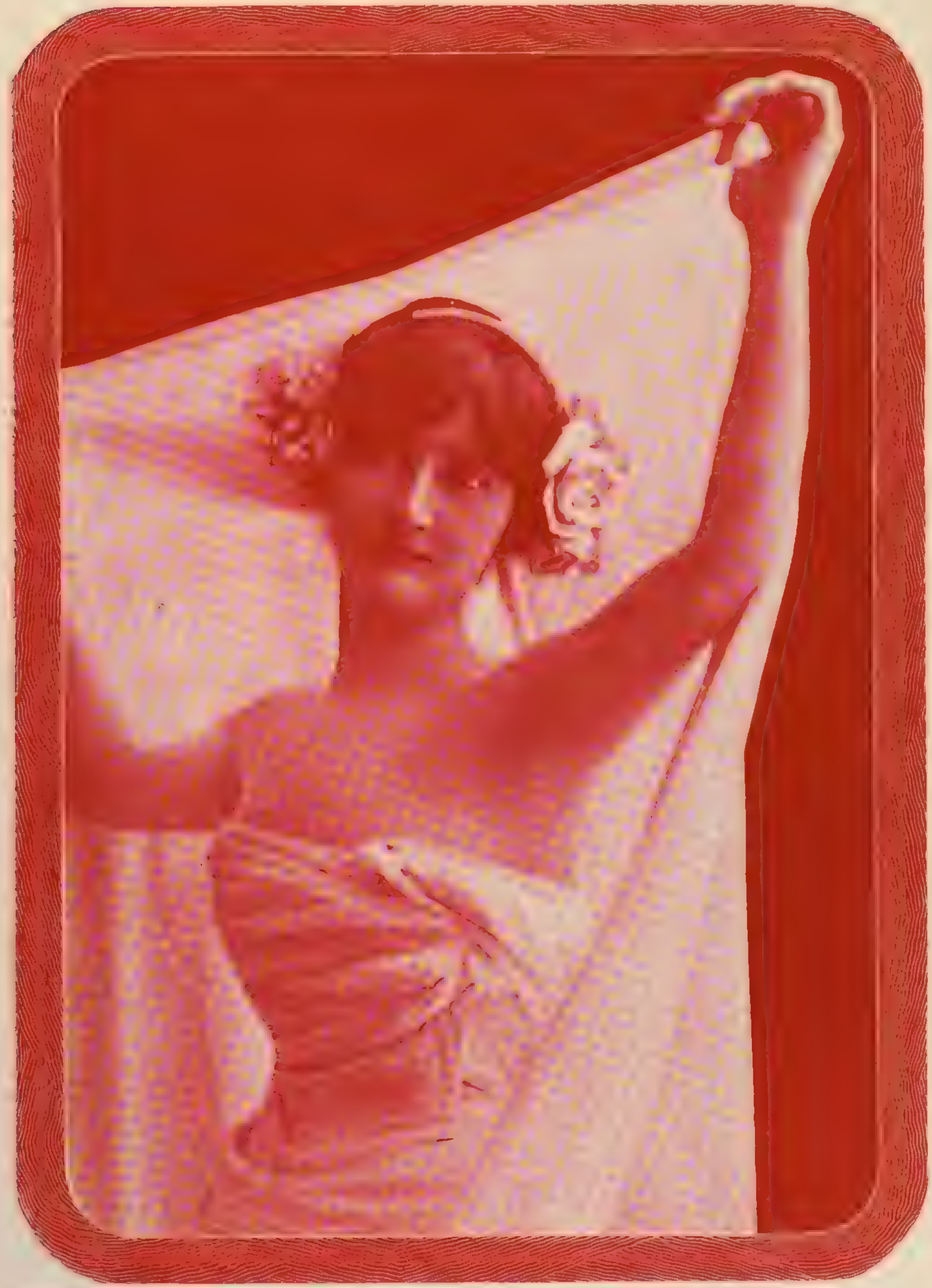

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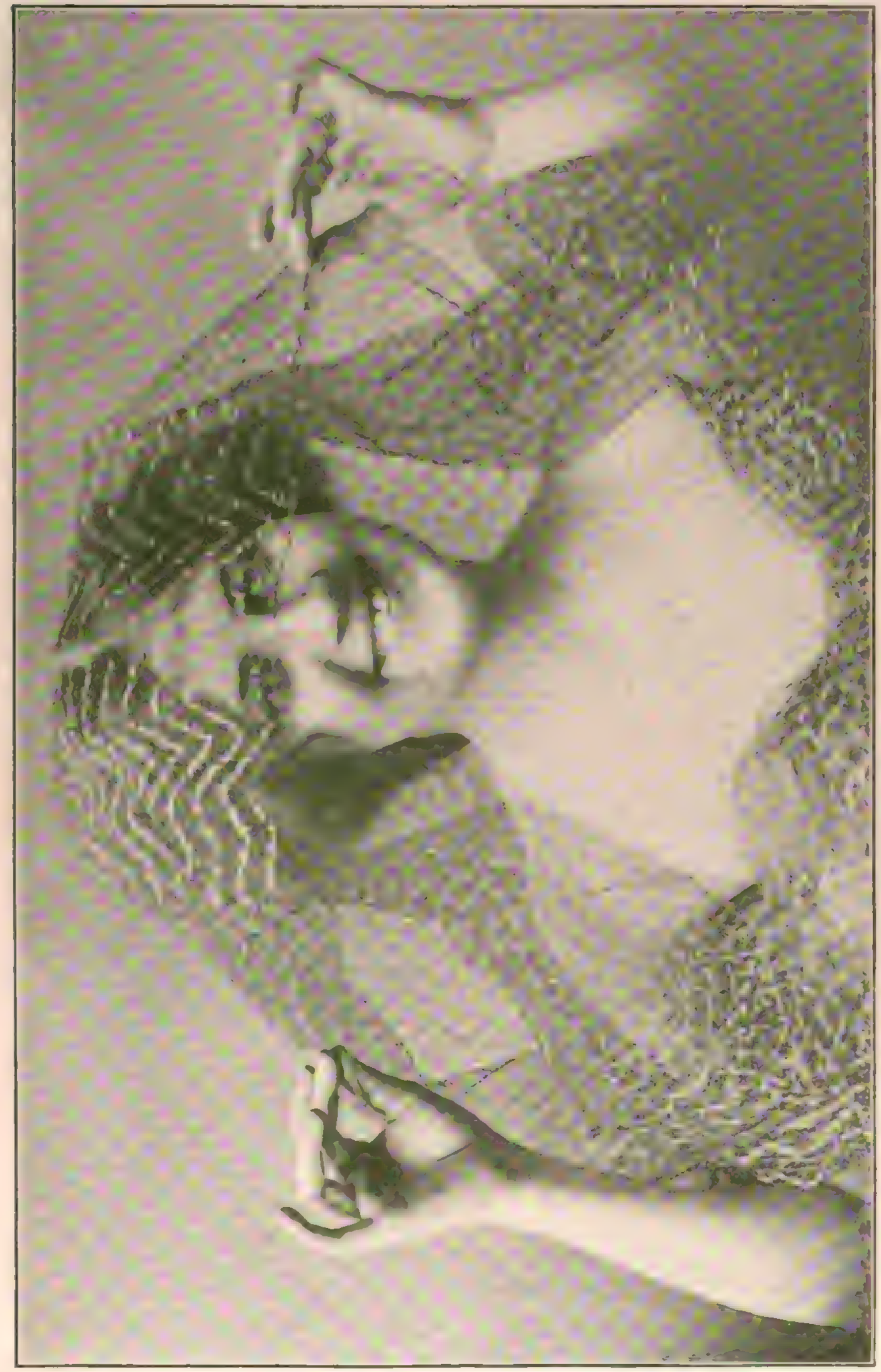

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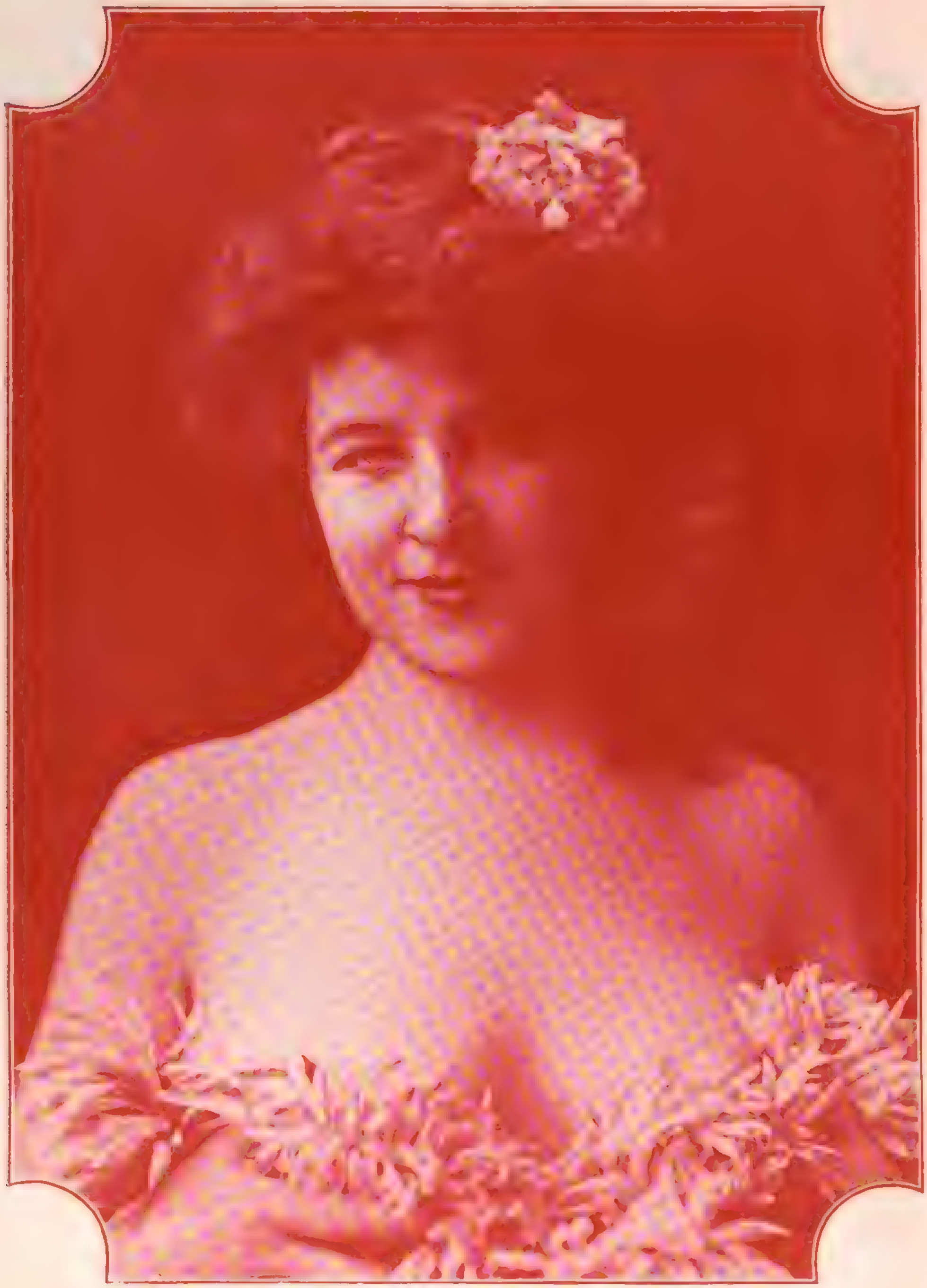

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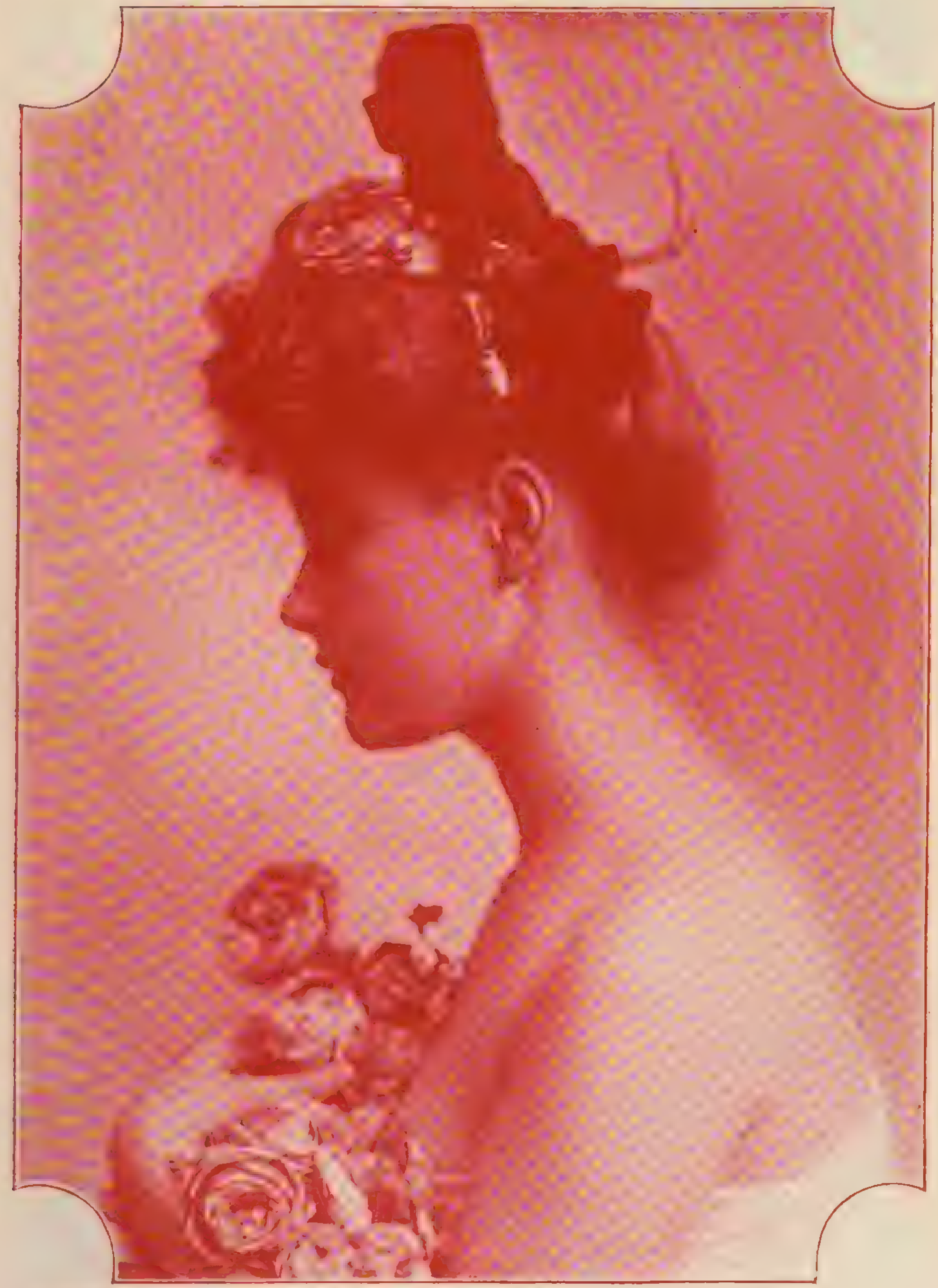

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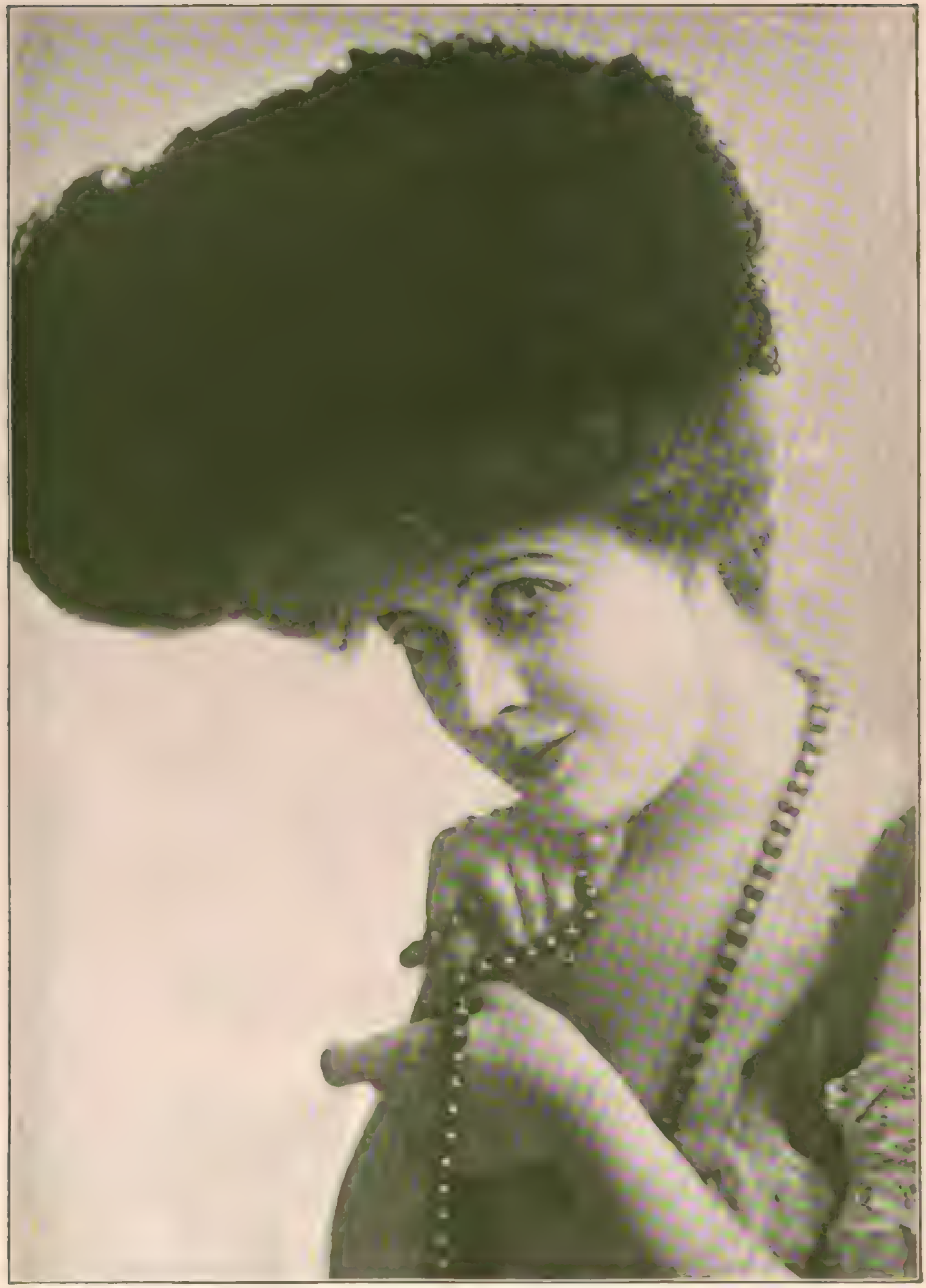

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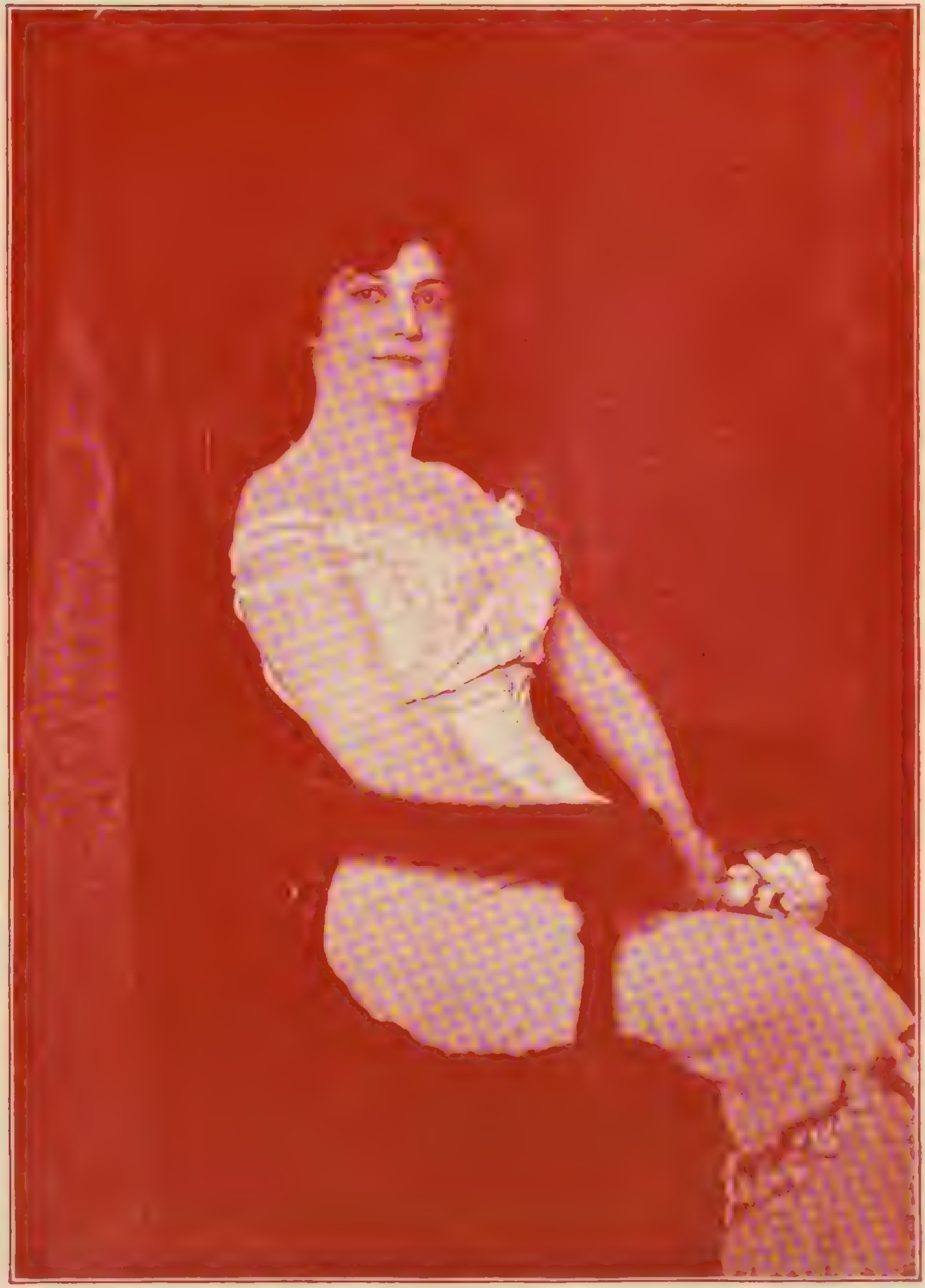

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MISS EDYTHE MOYER

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Broadway Magazine

"Stage Beauties of New York, London and Paris." *In colors.* 122-136

"In the Paris Studios," by James T. James. *Illustrated.* 139

"Some Smart Sisters of the Stage," by R. D. Wolfe. *Illustrated.* 147

"Secrets of the Make-up Table," by Francis Saunders. *Illustrated.* 151

"Is Ballet-Dancing Cruel?" by Ernestine Everett. *Illustrated.* 154

"A New Crop of Rice," by George T. Quigley. *Illustrated.* 156

"Five O'Clock Tea and Scandal." *Illustrated.* . 162

"'The Bishop's Move' to Come Here." *Illustrated* 163

"Is Beauty Really Only Skin Deep?" by Edgar T. Otis. *Illustrated.* 165

"More About the Show Girl," by Bruce Smythe. *Illustrated.* 166

"The Battle of the Automobiles," by Victor Chase. *Illustrated.* 171

"When Devery Ran for Leader." *Illustrated.* . 175

"Girls of America's Famous Artists" (No IX.—The Gene Carr Girl.) *Illustrated.* 176

"Matinee Heroes." *Illustrated.* 177

"Most Crowded Tenement in New York," by Albert Hutchins. *Illustrated.* 178

"Latest Pictures of the New Bridge." 179

"A Comedienne's Impressions of Newport Society," by Maud Le Roy. *Illustrated.* 180

"The Woman of the World," by Carolyn Lowrey. *Illustrated.* 183

"The New Yorker—Frank Tilford," by Albert Blum. *Illustrated.* 184

"New York's Woman Theatre Manager." *Illustrated.* 185

"The Stage in New York." *Illustrated.* 186

Editorial. 201

Literary Supplement, consisting of Humor, Stories, etc. . . . 202-208

Also Various other Pictures and Features. . . . . 209, etc.

November, 1902.

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Photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

A TYPICAL PARISIAN ARTIST'S MODEL.

(See article beginning on opposite page.)

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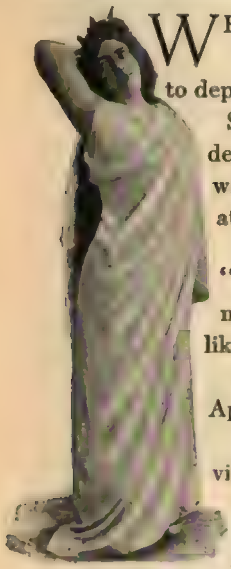
NOVEMBER 1902
VOL. X. NO. 2

In the Paris Studios.

By James T. James.

Illustrated by Photographs of Artists' Models taken by Reutlinger, Paris.



D'ALVON.

WHY does an artist use a model?

And has he any right to consider himself a good artist when he has to depend upon a model?

Should you ask an artist either or both of the above questions it would depend altogether upon his native good humor and disposition as to what kind of an answer you would get or whether you would get one at all.

If the artist be well-disposed to the first question he would reply: "Because he cannot get along without one." To the second he might say "yes," or he might say "no," but what his answer is most likely to be is "No artist is a good artist."

A model is used to make the picture as much like life as possible. Apropos of this the story of the Elgin marbles may be recalled.

"What are these marbles remarkable for?" asked a visitor of one of the attendants. "Why, sir," answered the man, "because they are so like life."

"Like life!" repeated the visitor, with great contempt, "what of it?"

There, in a nutshell, is an instance of how the entire absence of art in a person affects his views. To this visitor the close resemblance of the marbles to life was not art, but a waste of time. Had they represented something out of the way and extraordinary they might have pleased him. Such a man might be willing to place under the head of Art the dragons seen in the caverns of the scenic railway at Coney Island. These would impress him.

And yet artists need not sneer at the man without the artistic sense. "I don't like artists," said a man well known on the boulevards the other day. "Why not?" asked a friend. "Can't talk to 'em," replied the boulevardier. "I don't know anything about art, and they don't know anything about anything else."

Rather a hasty speech perhaps, but with something more than a kernel of truth in it. What does an artist say in reply? This:

"The trouble about non-artists

VERENA.

in the presence of artists is that their conversation is so infernally banel and inane. It reminds me of a story I once heard of Fuseli. He had a great dislike to common-place observations. After sitting perfectly silent for a long time in his own room, during the chat of some idle callers, who were gabbling about the weather and other topics of as interesting a nature, he suddenly exclaimed: 'We had pork for lunch to-day!' 'Dear me, M. Fuseli, what a queer remark!' 'Well, it's as good as anything you have been saying for the last hour.'"

But to get back to models.

Why models, by the way?

Well, artist's models form the most interesting feature of the studio to the general public. Perhaps this is because the general public is always excluded when the artist's model is posing, and hence curiosity is strong. It is certainly not so strong in Paris as it is in New York, because in Paris the profession of the artist's model is so much a part of the daily life of the city that it excites no especial surprise. Besides, Paris is more artistic than New York in various ways—which is not saying that it is a pleasanter place to live in, for it isn't—and such curiosity, if too general, would be considered uncivilized. Perhaps the Parisians are right and perhaps they're wrong. It doesn't matter much, anyway, so far as that goes.

THERESE.

Artists are said to be notoriously eccentric, but we do not think they err in this particular more than those who follow the other professions. Actors are eccentric enough, and so are several clergymen, for that matter. But artists are tenaciously rigid in their beliefs and opinions. It was but recently that an American artist in Paris asked me to come and look at a Rubens which he had in his studio. "It's a corker," he said, "and the real thing. Little Herbert the other day came to see it and he says it is a copy. If anybody says so again, I'll punch him in the eye. Come around old man, and give me your real opinion of it, will you?"

After such an earnest invitation and its possible consequences, it need not be said that I concurred heartily in the genuineness of the Rubens.

I was talking to a well-known teacher, who speaks excellent English, the other day in his studio, and I asked him what he thought about our American students in Paris.

"Well enough," he answered, somewhat evasively.

"Your tone is not one of admiring enthusiasm," I commented.

He smiled. "No, perhaps not, but——"

"But what?"

"Well, do you Americans come here really to work, or to see Paris?" he asked, after a slight pause.

I was not a little surprised at the

question, and said so, and then inquired if the genius of application was so very low among us as he would seem to insinuate.

"The application is certainly not high," he answered.

"And the genius alone?" I queried.

"Quite high."

"Are Americans not serious?"

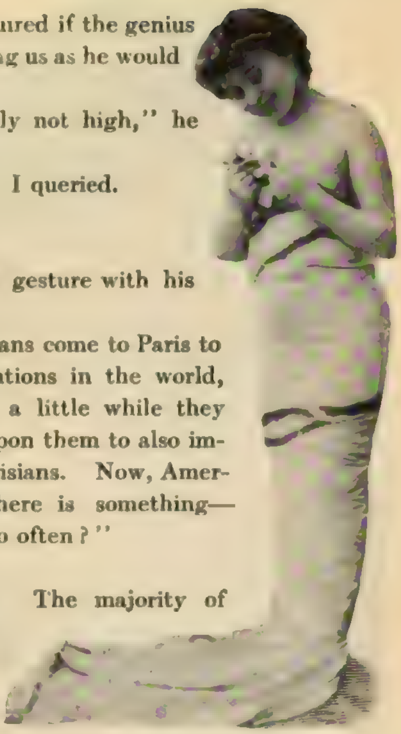
The teacher made a deprecating gesture with his hands. "I will explain," said he.

"It is this way. Clever Americans come to Paris to study art with all the best intentions in the world, but after they have been here a little while they apparently think it incumbent upon them to also impress their Americanism on us Parisians. Now, Americanism as we understand it here is something—what is that word I have heard so often?"

"Strenuous?"

"Yes, that is it, strenuous. The majority of the men students are too vivid in their display of Americanism, and as a consequence Art suffers."

D'AVRIL.


METUS.

"Animal spirits," I murmured.

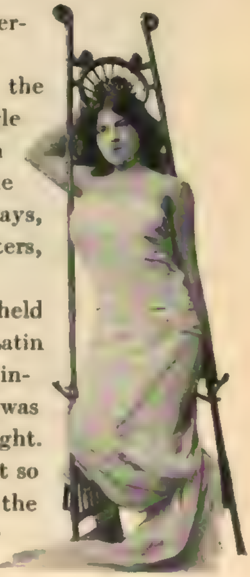
"Yes, but animal spirits and Art do not go well together. The proper spirit in which Art should be approached is a chastened one. Self-restraint, monsieur, self-restraint."

"What do you refer to especially in the display of Americanism by our boys?"

"They are too anxious to fight. They make scenes in the streets and walk along ostentatiously. They sometimes mingle with the lowest kind of rough persons in the cabarets and then there is a fight. To be sure, the Americans always, or nearly always, get the best of these encounters, but where is Art?"

Such is the conversation I held with a master in the Latin Quarter, and I am inclined to think he was pretty well in the right. But we know that so many Americans, in the aggregate, improve their time wonderfully while in

LUCIE.


POLETTE.

PORDUCIE.

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Paris, get prizes and honors and come back to the United States to reap the reward of industry that doubtless my friend somewhat exaggerated the number of the idle and the "strenuous."

American women students in Paris do not have a good time. There is an astonishingly incapable lot of them. They leave home with a little money, with an over impressed idea of the advantages to be obtained in that wonderful city. Living is not cheap in Paris, as they are robbed by their landlords, by their tradesmen, and by their janitors—a class of persons of even greater importance in Paris than in New York. "It's enough to make one give it all up and be an artist's model one's self," exclaimed a very pretty American girl not long ago, bitterly.

But our girls in Paris don't do anything like that. They come home when they find that the time is wasted. It's a big consignment of pride to swallow, but it is done. Once in a long, long while, one of them throws herself in the Seine, but such cases are rare. Not a single one of them ever goes wrong. At least, none to my knowledge.

VOLDAMES.

Artists' models in Paris are not so strikingly beautiful that they cause the beholder to faint away. Their figures are superb, however, and they are witty and entertaining creatures. Scarcely any of them are celebrated for complete perfection—that is, one is employed for an arm, another for a leg, for innate grace of body, for profile, for head, for eyes, etcetera, etcetera, but very seldom does one model combine all these advantages in herself. If she did she would not be a model. She would be an actress.

French artists are, perhaps, the wittiest and generally speaking, better read members of their craft than those of any other nationality. English artists paint the best compositions having classical subjects, but the Frenchman is unexcelled when he choses Love as the mainspring of his pictures.

DUPPARET.

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TISANE

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TIRENE.

Personally I do not care for his portraits. They are particularly objectionable to me when the originals are American women.

Coquetry is no doubt a delightful feature in its way, but it is a characteristic of the gentler sex that can be easily overdrawn, and I think there is too much of it in the faces of the women whom the French artists draw. It may be all right with Frenchwomen, but when I see a portrait of a young American matron or even a middle-aged one, whom we all know or believe to be a model of domestic virtue, leering out of her eyes in a *maison rouge* manner, I am inclined to be indignant. Our American girls are too good to be insulted in any such manner.

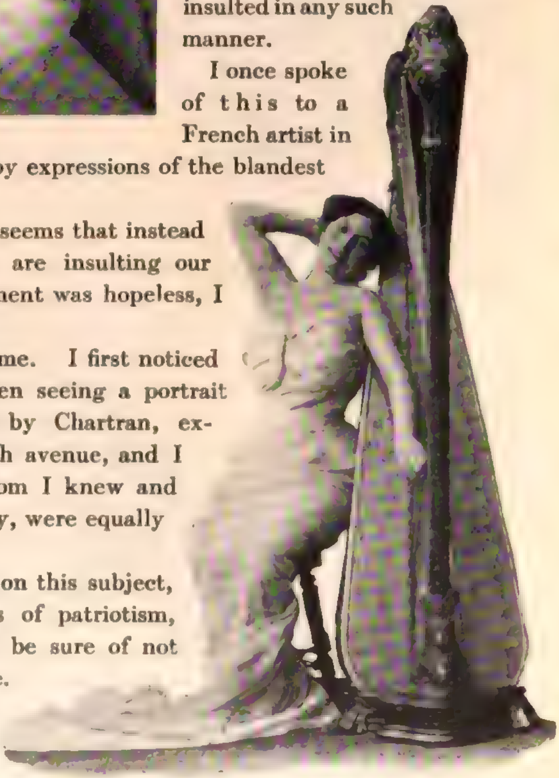
I once spoke of this to a French artist in a remonstrant tone which he met by expressions of the blandest surprise.

"My dear fellow," he said, "it seems that instead of our insulting your women, you are insulting our artists." Whereupon seeing argument was hopeless, I retired baffled.

Nevertheless, I still think the same. I first noticed the thing some few years back when seeing a portrait of a well-known society woman by Chartran, exhibited at a picture dealer's on Fifth avenue, and I found that several art critics whom I knew and whose opinions are final in their way, were equally jarred.

If women were to ask my advice on this subject, I would say: Follow the dictates of patriotism, patronize home talent and you will be sure of not being made to look like a cocotte.

But this is the only animadversion that I have to make against French artists, who are a delightful set of fellows.



PAILLETTE.

is of course, a familiar one, and the fact that she has a sister on the stage is also well known to theatre-goers. The name of that sister is Miss Jane May. But that she has a still younger sister is not so well known, and the picture that we publish, of the actress and her little sister Marguerite, shows that a strong likeness exists between the two.

The three Howard Sisters are pretty girls, with a distinct likeness to one another in their faces and in their deportment. They shine in vaudeville, but have appeared in other more or less coherent productions classed under the general term "legitimate."

The Beaumont Sisters are English girls, but are so closely associated with the American stage that they may be regarded as native products. They still speak, however, with a slight English accent which betrays their nationality. They are capable singers and dancers and quite graceful in spite of the fact that they cannot be regarded as sylphs, each of them weighing from 140 to 160 pounds, more or less.

In "The Beauty and The Beast" one of the favorite features of this pantomine is the singing of the Hengler Sisters, May and Flora. They have a delicate beauty of the spiritual type, are small in body but bright in mind, exceedingly self-possessed and very fond of one another. They frequently appear at private entertainments given at Newport by the "400," and also at Fifth avenue mansions in New York.

Just why sisters on the stage should be a popular feature of dramatic entertainments it is not easy to decide. It may be that if one is good, two of the same kind are twice as good. Or it may be that similarity of face, figure and gestures lend a certain piquancy to an act which the public appreciates on account of its comparative rarity.

There are so many different kinds of pretty American girls and they differ so widely in the characteristics which stamp

Photograph by Baker, Columbus.

EDNA AND STELLA LEIGH

Photograph by Reutlinger, Paris

VIOLETTA AND ELEANORA ROMA.

them as beautiful, that when two of them come on the stage together attention is directed to a comparison rather than a contrast, and the mind is attracted at once.

Photograph by Chickering, Boston.

ROSE AND NELLIE BEAUMONT.

Certainly the best known sisters of the stage have nothing to complain of as far as average success which they attain is concerned.

It is chiefly in the realms of vaudeville that the professional sister idea is most prominent, as they appear then on the stage alone, and attention is drawn to them uninterupted by anything else. Sisters in a comic opera, for instance, or in a drama, simply have their names down on the programme, and it is merely a passing and casual interest that attaches to the similarity of name. Indeed, we frequently find sisters under such circumstances taking different names.

Very often, however, girls who are known as sisters are nothing of the kind, being even less so sometimes than the Seven Sutherland Sisters. This is particularly the case with the five lively young persons known as the Barrison Sisters.

The Barrison Sisters, if we remember rightly, gave a performance on the New York stage which was more remarkable for its absence of restraint and decorum than its artistic excellence, and the engagement did not last a great length of time. Only two of this quintette were actual sisters, the other three being engaged at different times by their manager, who was the husband of the younger of the two real sisters.

The Barrison Sisters attained a great deal of notoriety and they showed, perhaps, some business judgment in multiplying the attractions which first put them forward in the public eye, but their performance was not quite suitable for New York. Nevertheless they made a pleasing picture, always dressed in similar costumes, and their technique was not inartistic.

It will be found, by the way, in nearly every case where sisters have undertaken the professional stage together, that they came from a theatrical family. Perhaps this may explain things.

Photograph by Marceau, N. Y.

MAY AND FLORA HENGLER.

fifty years of age can plead not guilty to the soft impeachment of indulging in some form or other of fictitious aids to beauty. A little dab of powder, a slight touch of rouge, a thin layer of lip salve they consider harmless enough, and that, without doubt, they are. But the thing can be overdone, and as we have intimated, to overdo it is fatal. Just so soon as the boundary line is reached or over-stepped, the excess becomes obvious and in the mind of the beholder the necessity for the use of these aids is exaggerated. When a woman is, say, thirty years old, and she makes the unsuccessful attempt to look as if she were twenty-five years old, the failure immediately leads people to suppose that she is at least thirty-five, or more probably, forty. It cannot be too strongly impressed upon her that a rigid and artistic caution must always be observed.

"Lip salve should be applied with the finger."

We do not mean to speak in this article of stage women. Outside of the question of age, there is a stern necessity in that profession to use rouge on the face. The glare of the footlights on the untouched face makes it sallow and throws shadows upon it emphasizing the height of the cheek bones and the hollows of the cheeks. It makes the face look gaunt, weird and cadaverous, and rouge, lip salve and powder only can remedy this. Still, even on the stage, facial make-up must be applied with great care. That part of the audience which sits in the front rows of the orchestra and in the boxes is not made up entirely of gentlemen with a paucity of hair upon the brow and a favorable impression must needs be made upon these. Especially is this the case on first nights, for the dramatic critics are usually near the stage.

"Powdering the face is easily overdone."

Is Ballet-Dancing Cruel?

By Ernestine Everett.

THE average theatre-goer, watching the marvelous gyrations of the ballet dancer, or, as she is sometimes called on the programme, première danseuse assoluta, is probably only interested in the dynamics of the dance, and only a few stop to wonder whether there is any physical inconvenience in performing the said gyrations.

It may be said without hesitation that there is. In fact, the education of a ballet dancer is a series of sufferings which in reality never stop, and which do not become to any extent innocuous through constant practice. Even those who have been dancing for ten or fifteen years are only able to seek relief in constant motion, for if they cease for one moment to sustain some pose, it is likely to cause acute anguish. This is particularly noticeable when the dancers pose for the camera.

A collection of photographs, kindly loaned to Broadway Magazine by Professor Alviene, illustrate conveniently the points to which I wish to draw attention.

A very difficult exercise, with a strain on the instep.

The same strain on the insteps with one foot raised.

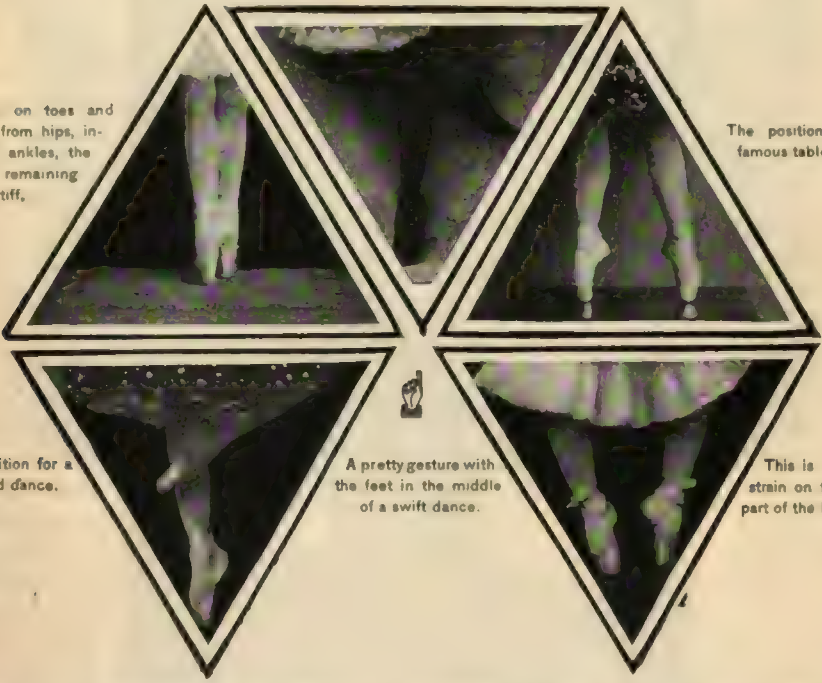
This position is called the "Polonaise"

Balancing the body on the instep and toes of one foot.

Google

It will be noticed that the pictures do not show very graceful attitudes as a rule. This discloses the fact that ballet dancing, after all, is but a series of galvanic, one might almost say cataleptic, movements, succeeding one another so rapidly as to form a species of kinetoscopic pictures.

However, the emoluments from ballet dancing are so gratifying that the pains and penalties are gone through cheerfully by pupils, and even young children in normal conditions of health will refrain from uttering any complaint or protest. A ballet dancer may receive a weekly salary of anywhere from $40.00 to $100.00, and when it is considered that the work lasts only five or ten minutes in a performance, the payment seems very generous.



Standing on toes and working from hips, instep and ankles, the knees remaining entirely stiff.

The position for the famous table dance

First position for a whirlwind dance.

A pretty gesture with the feet in the middle of a swift dance.

This is a great strain on the upper part of the legs.

In mitigation, it may be said that the training of a ballet dancer commences at a very early age when the limbs are supple and more capable of being trained for unusual attitudes than they would be in later years when the muscles become hardened and a strain upon them results in greater suffering.

Probably one of the most difficult positions to sustain for any length of time is that seen on the right-hand lower corner of the preceding page, where the head is thrown back and the body is supported on one foot. There is a strain all along the foot on the ground and on the abdominal muscles. This position cannot be kept up, save for a very few minutes.

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By George T. Quigley.

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Photograph by Browniny, N.Y.

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There is no real independence in the theatrical profession any more than there is in any other vocation. The manager depends upon his company, and the members of his company depend on him to select good material in which they can best exploit their various talents.

Miss Katherine Hutchinson represents the new type of Rice actress very conveniently in comparison with, say, Miss Yolande Wallace, who may stand for the —not old kind, but the *former* sort, for Miss Wallace has retained her youth with surprising staying power. Indeed she is still in one of the manager's companies and he thinks very highly of her histrionic ability.

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To my dear Manager
With sincere regards and
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"After three months he gave it me back. I don't believe he ever read it.

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THREE OF MR. RICE'S MODERN SHOW GIRLS

them as beautiful, that when two of them come on the stage together attention is directed to a comparison rather than a contrast, and the mind is attracted at once.

Photograph by Chickering, Boston.

ROSE AND NELLIE BEAUMONT.

Certainly the best known sisters of the stage have nothing to complain of as far as average success which they attain is concerned.

It is chiefly in the realms of vaudeville that the professional sister idea is most prominent, as they appear then on the stage alone, and attention is drawn to them uninterupted by anything else. Sisters in a comic opera, for instance, or in a drama, simply have their names down on the programme, and it is merely a passing and casual interest that attaches to the similarity of name. Indeed, we frequently find sisters under such circumstances taking different names.

Very often, however, girls who are known as sisters are nothing of the kind, being even less so sometimes than the Seven Sutherland Sisters. This is particularly the case with the five lively young persons known as the Barrison Sisters.

The Barrison Sisters, if we remember rightly, gave a performance on the New York stage which was more remarkable for its absence of restraint and decorum than its artistic excellence, and the engagement did not last a great length of time. Only two of this quintette were actual sisters, the other three being engaged at different times by their manager, who was the husband of the younger of the two real sisters.

The Barrison Sisters attained a great deal of notoriety and they showed, perhaps, some business judgment in multiplying the attractions which first put them forward in the public eye, but their performance was not quite suitable for New York. Nevertheless they made a pleasing picture, always dressed in similar costumes, and their technique was not inartistic.

It will be found, by the way, in nearly every case where sisters have undertaken the professional stage together, that they came from a theatrical family. Perhaps this may explain things.

Photograph by Marceau, N. Y.

MAY AND FLORA HENGLER.

fifty years of age can plead not guilty to the soft impeachment of indulging in some form or other of fictitious aids to beauty. A little dab of powder, a slight touch of rouge, a thin layer of lip salve they consider harmless enough, and that, without doubt, they are. But the thing can be overdone, and as we have intimated, to overdo it is fatal. Just so soon as the boundary line is reached or over-stepped, the excess becomes obvious and in the mind of the beholder the necessity for the use of these aids is exaggerated. When a woman is, say, thirty years old, and she makes the unsuccessful attempt to look as if she were twenty-five years old, the failure immediately leads people to suppose that she is at least thirty-five, or more probably, forty. It cannot be too strongly impressed upon her that a rigid and artistic caution must always be observed.

"Lip salve should be applied with the finger."

We do not mean to speak in this article of stage women. Outside of the question of age, there is a stern necessity in that profession to use rouge on the face. The glare of the footlights on the untouched face makes it sallow and throws shadows upon it emphasizing the height of the cheek bones and the hollows of the cheeks. It makes the face look gaunt, weird and cadaverous, and rouge, lip salve and powder only can remedy this. Still, even on the stage, facial make-up must be applied with great care. That part of the audience which sits in the front rows of the orchestra and in the boxes is not made up entirely of gentlemen with a paucity of hair upon the brow and a favorable impression must needs be made upon these. Especially is this the case on first nights, for the dramatic critics are usually near the stage.

"Powdering the face is easily overdone."

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Is Ballet-Dancing Cruel?

By Ernestine Everett.

THE average theatre-goer, watching the marvelous gyrations of the ballet dancer, or, as she is sometimes called on the programme, première danseuse assoluta, is probably only interested in the dynamics of the dance, and only a few stop to wonder whether there is any physical inconvenience in performing the said gyrations.

It may be said without hesitation that there is. In fact, the education of a ballet dancer is a series of sufferings which in reality never stop, and which do not become to any extent innocuous through constant practice. Even those who have been dancing for ten or fifteen years are only able to seek relief in constant motion, for if they cease for one moment to sustain some pose, it is likely to cause acute anguish. This is particularly noticeable when the dancers pose for the camera.

A collection of photographs, kindly loaned to Broadway Magazine by Professor Alviene, illustrate conveniently the points to which I wish to draw attention.

A very difficult exercise, with a strain on the instep.

The same strain on the insteps with one foot raised.

This position is called the "Polonaise"

Balancing the body on the instep and toes of one foot.

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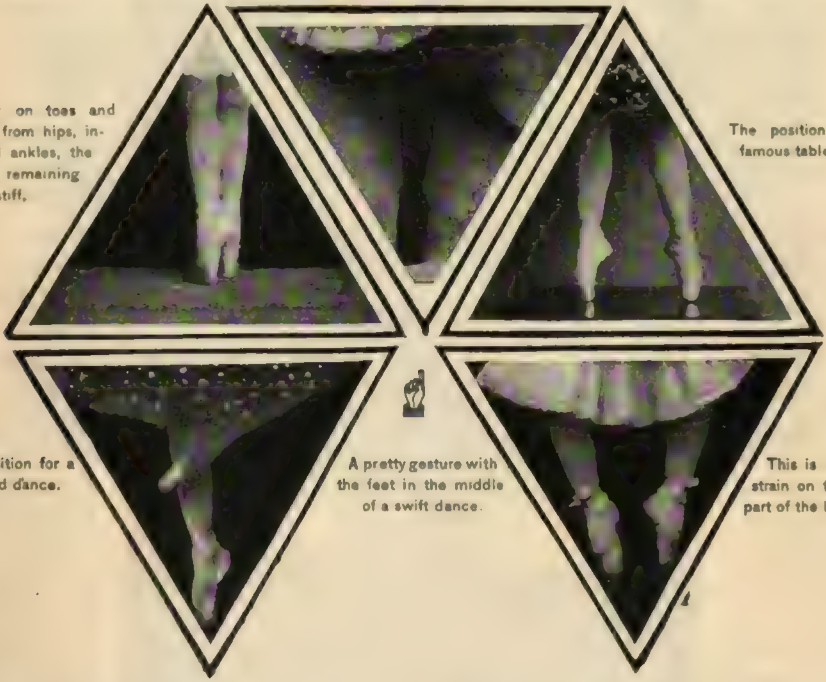
It will be noticed that the pictures do not show very graceful attitudes as a rule. This discloses the fact that ballet dancing, after all, is but a series of galvanic, one might almost say cataleptic, movements, succeeding one another so rapidly as to form a species of kinetoscopic pictures.

However, the emoluments from ballet dancing are so gratifying that the pains and penalties are gone through cheerfully by pupils, and even young children in normal conditions of health will refrain from uttering any complaint or protest. A ballet dancer may receive a weekly salary of anywhere from $40.00 to $100.00, and when it is considered that the work lasts only five or ten minutes in a performance, the payment seems very generous.



Standing on toes and working from hips, instep and ankles, the knees remaining entirely stiff.

The position for the famous table dance

First position for a whirlwind dance.

A pretty gesture with the feet in the middle of a swift dance.

This is a great strain on the upper part of the legs.

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Nevertheless, there is an element of arrival in Mr. Rice's latest entry into New York theatricals which it would be absurd to ignore, especially in regard to the members of his company.

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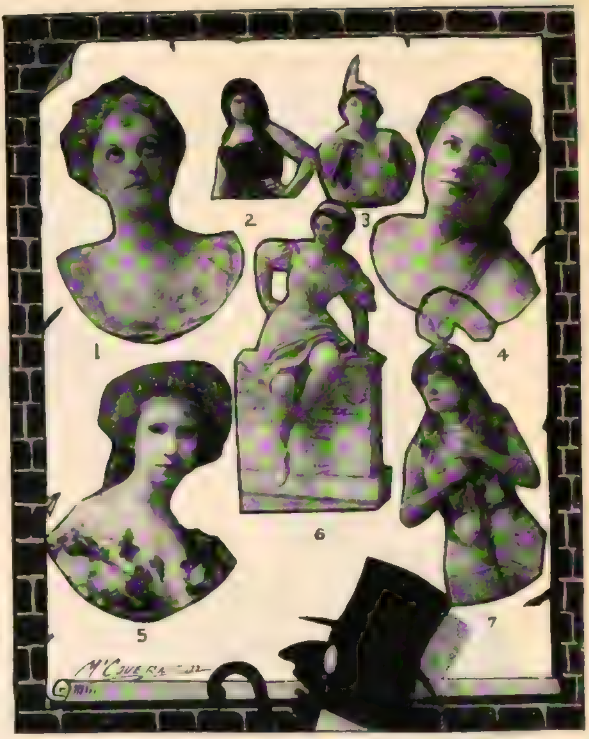

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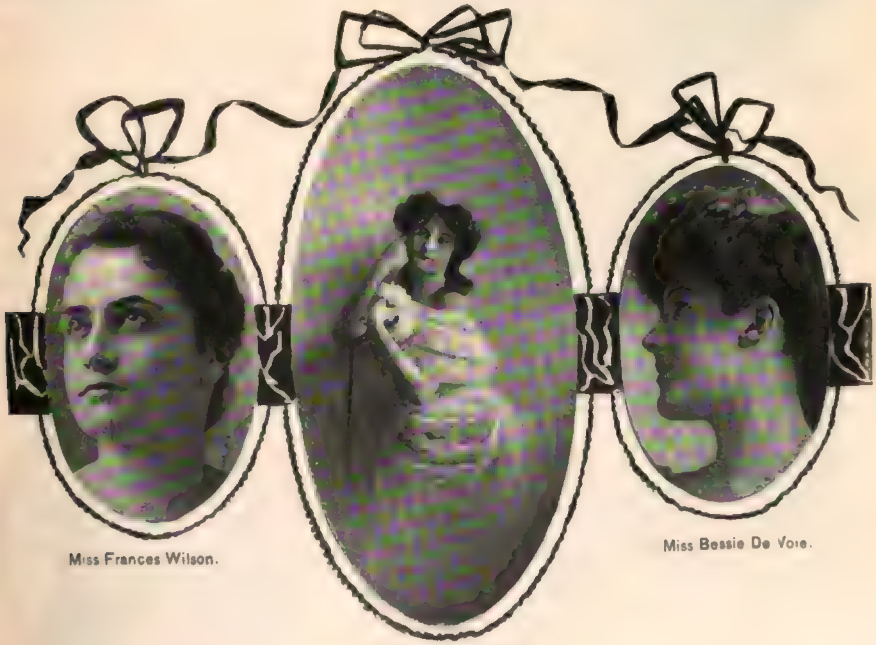


Miss Frances Wilson.

Miss Bessie De Voie.

Miss Paula Desmond.

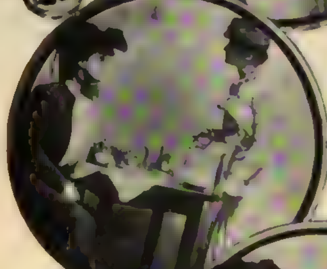
THREE OF MR RICE'S MODERN SHOW GIRLS

Five O'Clock Tea and Scandal.

Illustrated with Special Poses taken by Roe & Biehler, New York.

By Loomis Moreland.

1. This style of handshake has not yet gone out of existence, unfortunately.



2. "Tea? Certainly; and a delightful chat, also."

3. With the pouring of the beverage the visitor pours out her confidences about mutual friends.

ISN'T it curious that we rarely consume liquids to relieve our thirsts?

In regard to tea, for instance.

Now, for some reason or other, tea has from time immemorial been associated with gossip and scandal. A cup of tea is the excuse for and the accompaniment of the tattering of reputations and the crumpling up of characters.

Observe the ladies pictured herewith. The occasion is an afternoon call with the incidental serving of tea by the hostess. With the pouring of the liquid she begins her "Of course I can hardly credit it, dear."

And so on, and so on. Reputations? Nothing left of 'em!

4. Plenty of cream but not much of the milk of human kindness.

5. Sugar, but not sweet things about Mrs. Smith or Miss Brown.

6. And alas, for reputations of all mutual friends!

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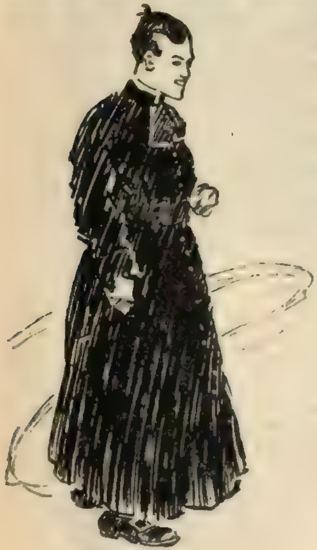
"The Bishop's Move" to Come Here.

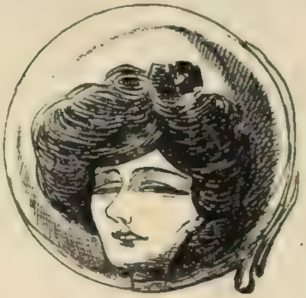
By Frank Gardiner Clarke,

Special London Representative of Broadway Magazine.

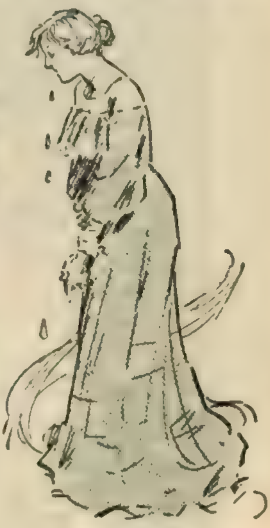
"THE Bishop's Move," the English comedy that is to go to the United States, and the rights of which, it is said, have been taken over by Mr. James K. Hackett, is a curious little play, but one which is likely to arouse a good deal of interest in New York.



Mr. H. B. Warner, as *Francis Hericourt.*



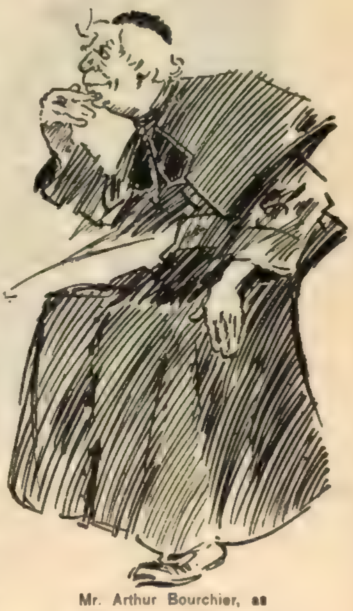
Miss Violet Vanbrugh, as *The Duchess of Quenten.*



Miss Jessie Bateman, as *Barbara Arreton.*

The story is of a not over-young *Duchess* who is in love with the nephew of the *Bishop* who is himself in love with another young girl to whom he has given already a half promise to marry. The sprightly *Duchess* is a widow, and if she should marry again most of her property leaves her and goes to the church, and as the *Bishop* needs a new roof for his church very badly, it is his interest to encourage the match between the *Duchess* and his rather green young nephew. But as, likewise, he is somewhat affected by the emotion of *Barbara,* the young girl whom his nephew loves, it will therefore be seen that his "move" is a matter of importance to the plot. All comes right in the end as in a story of this character it should do, and there is much quiet and chastened fun throughout the three acts.

The play is by John Oliver Hobbes (Mrs. Craigie) and Murray Carson. It has been very successful in London, some of the critics, however, attributing this not so much to the real excellence of the production as to the fact that there was so little of interest in the dramatic world at the time it came out that it was bound to draw theatre-goers!



Mr. Arthur Bourchier, as *The Bishop of Rance.*

PREPARING TO GIVE THE FACE A THOROUGH SHAMPOO WITH SOAP AND WARM WATER

(See article beginning on opposite page.)

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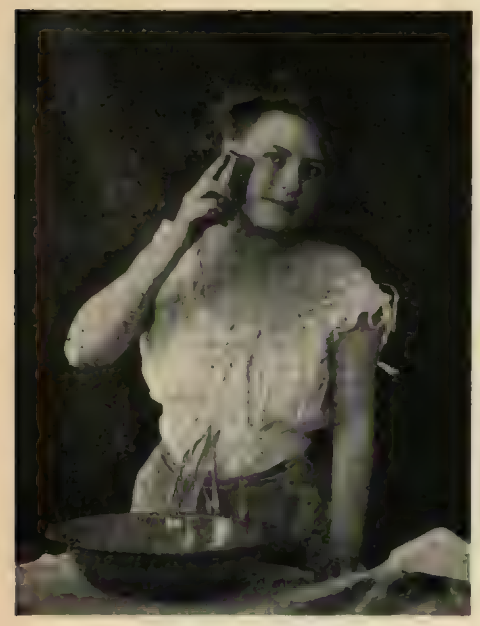
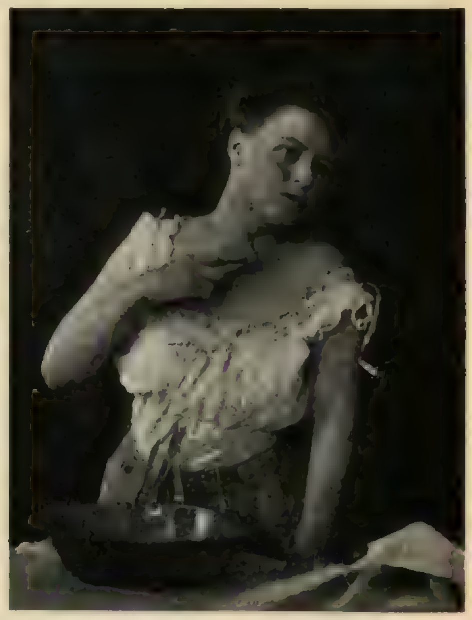
Is Beauty Really Only Skin Deep?

By Edgar T. Otis.

Illustrated with Photographs Taken Especially for Broadway Magazine.



"With gentle pressure go over every inch of the face with the complexion brush."



"The neck and shoulders should receive as thorough treatment with the brush as the face."

AMERICAN women have greater pride in themselves than those of any other country, and with just reason. They are more beautiful, more graceful, more intelligent and more fascinating than the women of any other country, and while the average city-bred women in the United States may not possess the rugged health of those who live in the mountain districts, they are strong enough to raise families of fine American boys and girls. And what more can be desired?

The appearance of health which the young girls of the day carry in their faces is largely due to the care which they take. The importance of this cannot be overestimated, for the means of continuing it are so very simple. It is little beyond a question of soap and water and a brush.

A complexion brush, of not too hard bristles—but not too soft, on the other hand—should be used night and morning, especially in the morning. To start the day with a vivid circulation of the blood is good for both the body and the mind.

After washing with warm water and soap, with gentle pressure go overy every inch of the face with the complexion brush, not so violently as to make the cuticle sore, but by no means in a lackadaisical manner. Do not stop at the face. The neck and shoulders should receive as thorough a treatment as the face, and with the same pressure. The result will be a delightful tingling sensation and an invigoration which will last throughout the entire day. Do this every day.

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More About the Show Girl.

By Bruce Smythe.

SO recent is the arrival of the Show Girl from the ranks of the mere chorus and so little, comparatively, is it known by the general public that she exists as a separate entity that a further article on this subject in Broadway Magazine will be found interesting.

The Show Girl is taking on by degrees a professional, almost a social, dignity on the strength of her new position which

Photograph by Eddowes, New York.

MISS LUCILE EGAN.

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employment. Miss Hamilton was at one time called "the prettiest chorus girl in New York." This the young lady always denied being, but the air with which she seemed to reject the honor was never one of violent indignation. She is a shapely young person with a fine head of hair, as much as possible of the latter being shown in the picture of her on page 167. She is a pretty girl with an Irish type of face.

Miss Edith Whitney is a Show Girl in "A Chinese Honeymoon," stately and statuesque and of jovial disposition. She is a great friend of Miss Dessa Gibson, for whom she wished to act as bondswoman when the latter was incommoded by the absurd charge of hypothecating some gimcracks belonging to a young man who sought to be her admirer, unsuccessfully.

Another well-known figure among the Show Girls, and also in "A Chinese Honeymoon," is Miss Gertrude Douglas who, as our illustration will serve to show, makes an ideal figure for a Show Girl — as indeed does Miss Whitney. The two make an excellent pair, needing no further draw to get a full house. (This, in the estimation of their friends.)

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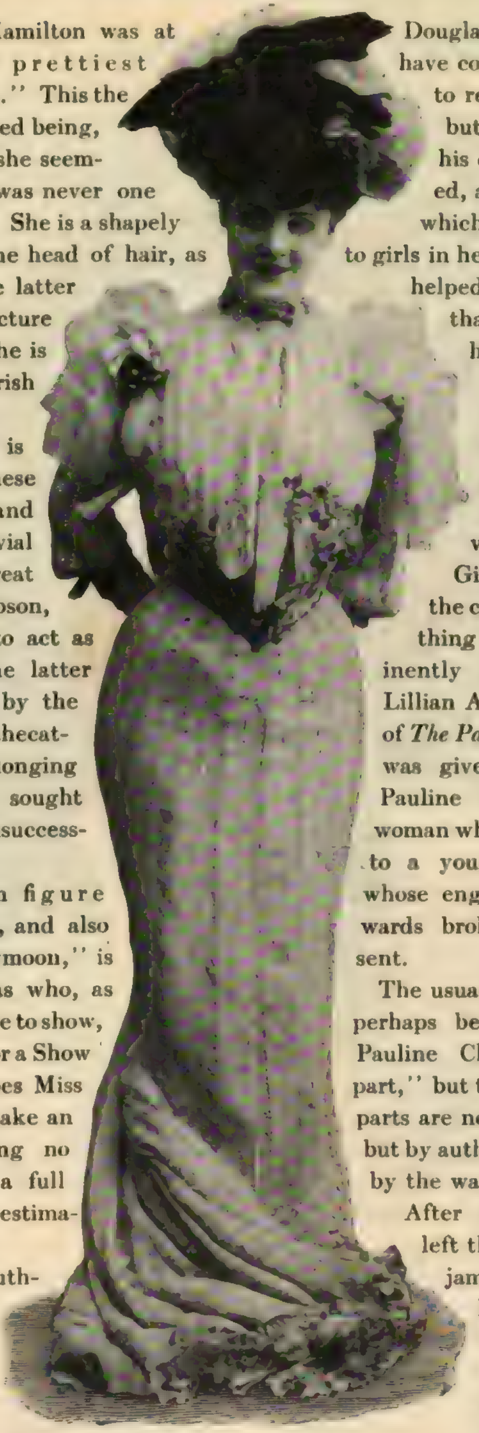

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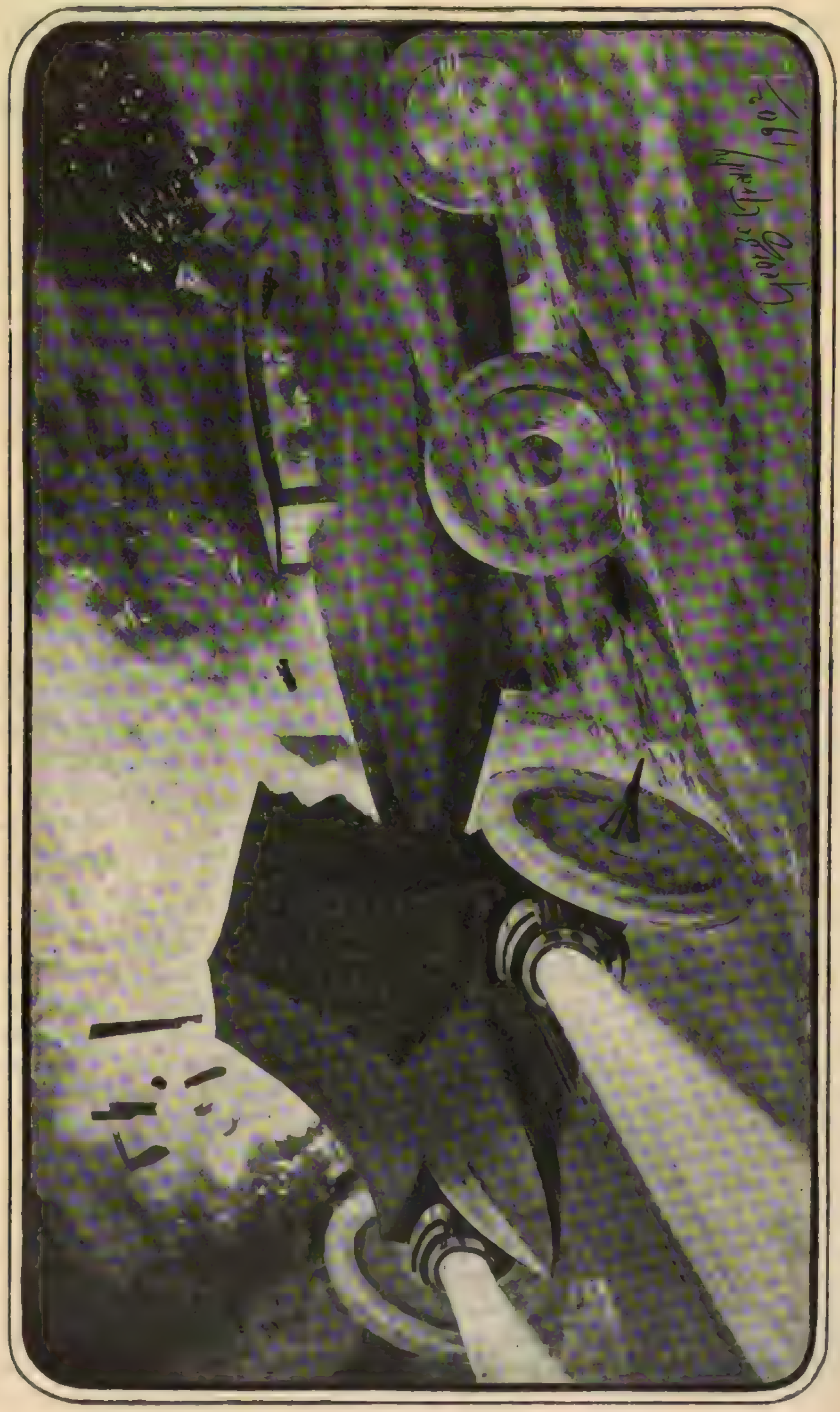

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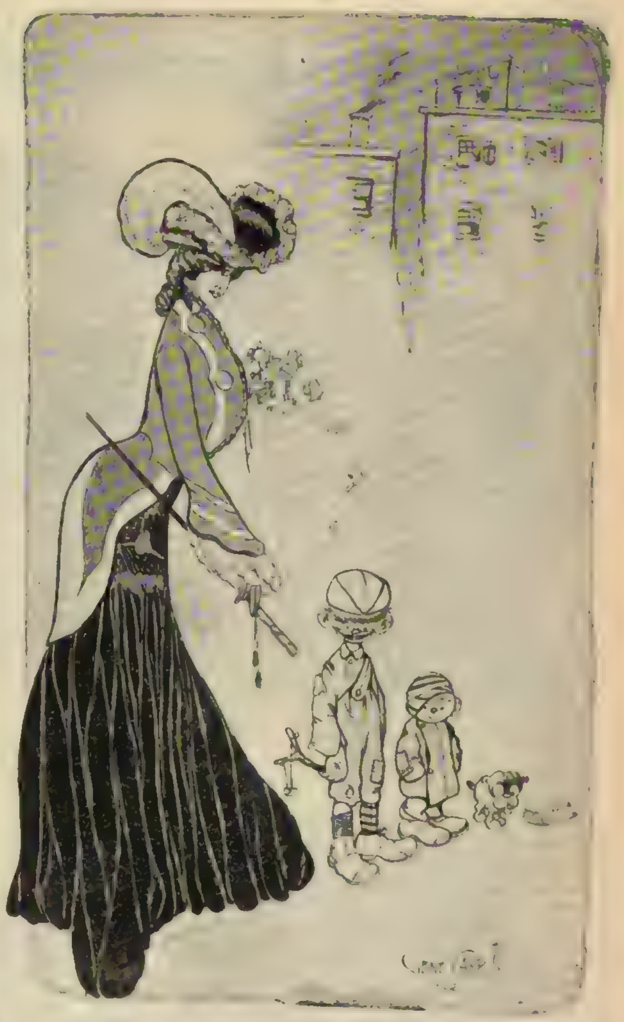

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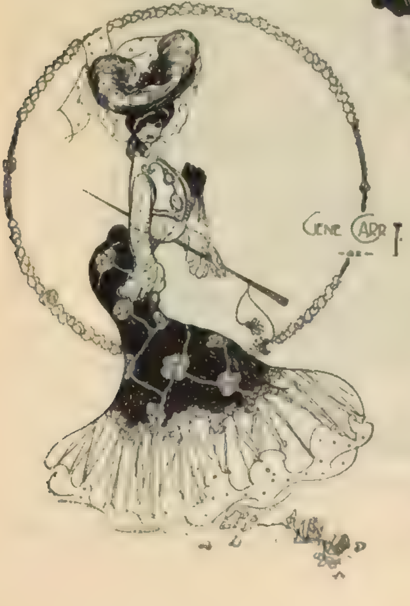

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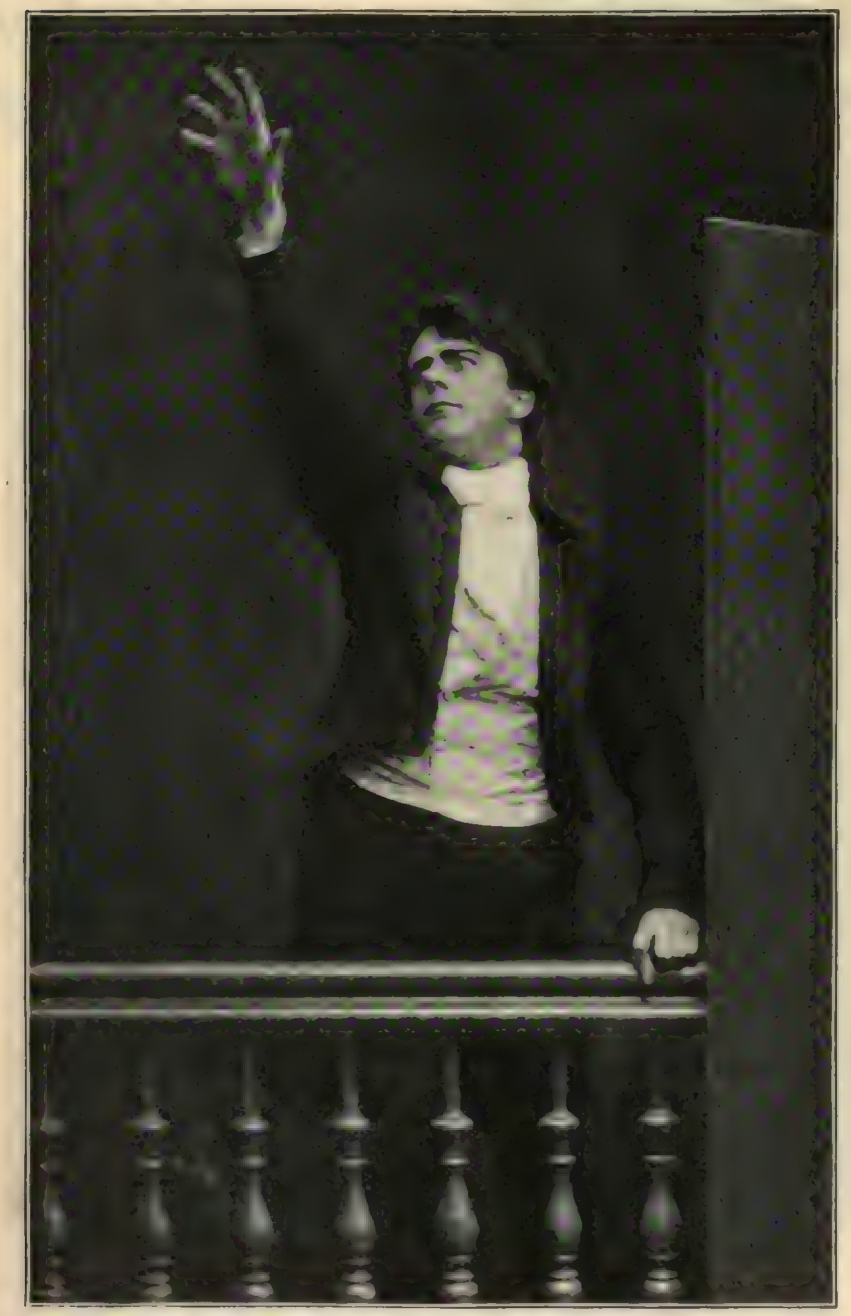

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More About the Show Girl.

By Bruce Smythe.

So recent is the arrival of the Show Girl from the ranks of the mere chorus and so little, comparatively, is it known by the general public that she exists as a separate entity that a further article on this subject in Broadway Magazine will be found interesting.

The Show Girl is taking on by degrees a professional, almost a social, dignity on the strength of her new position which

Photograph by Eddowes, New York.

MISS LUCILE EGAN.

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employment. Miss Hamilton was at one time called "the prettiest chorus girl in New York." This the young lady always denied being, but the air with which she seemed to reject the honor was never one of violent indignation. She is a shapely young person with a fine head of hair, as much as possible of the latter being shown in the picture of her on page 167. She is a pretty girl with an Irish type of face.

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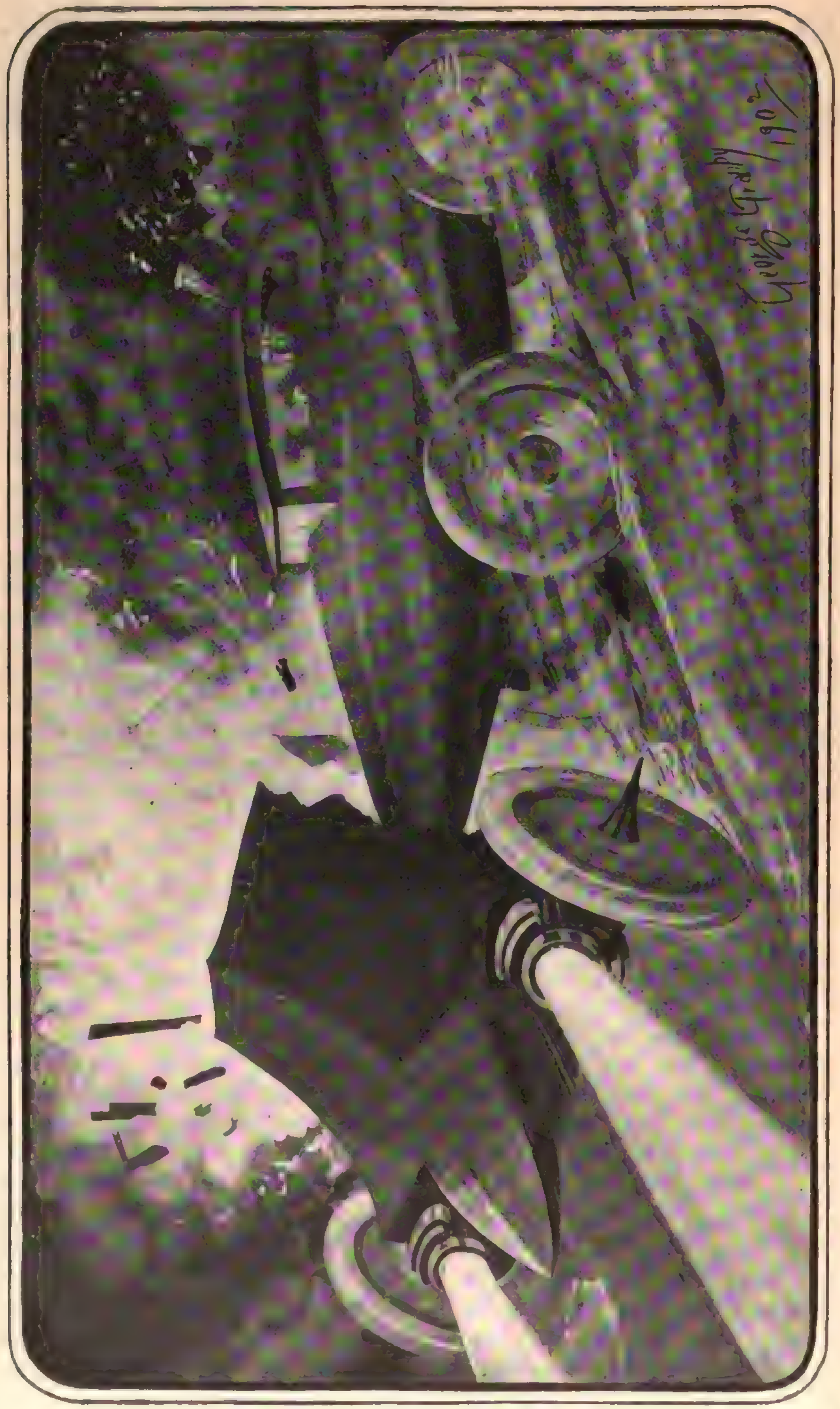

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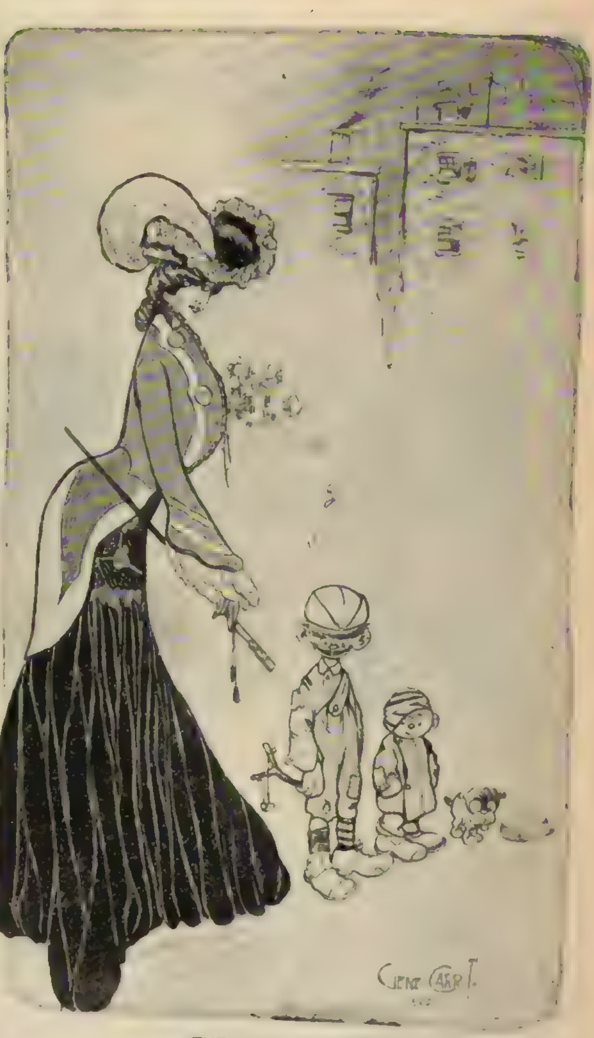

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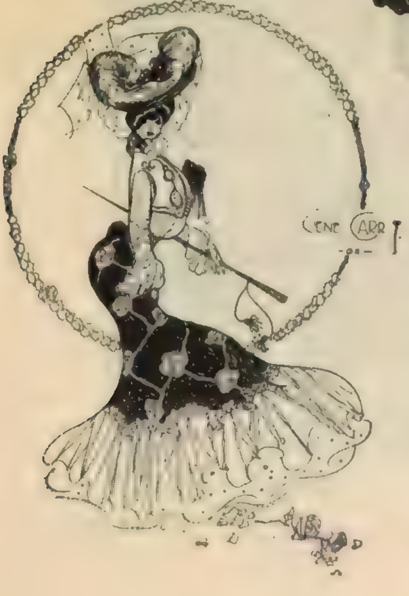

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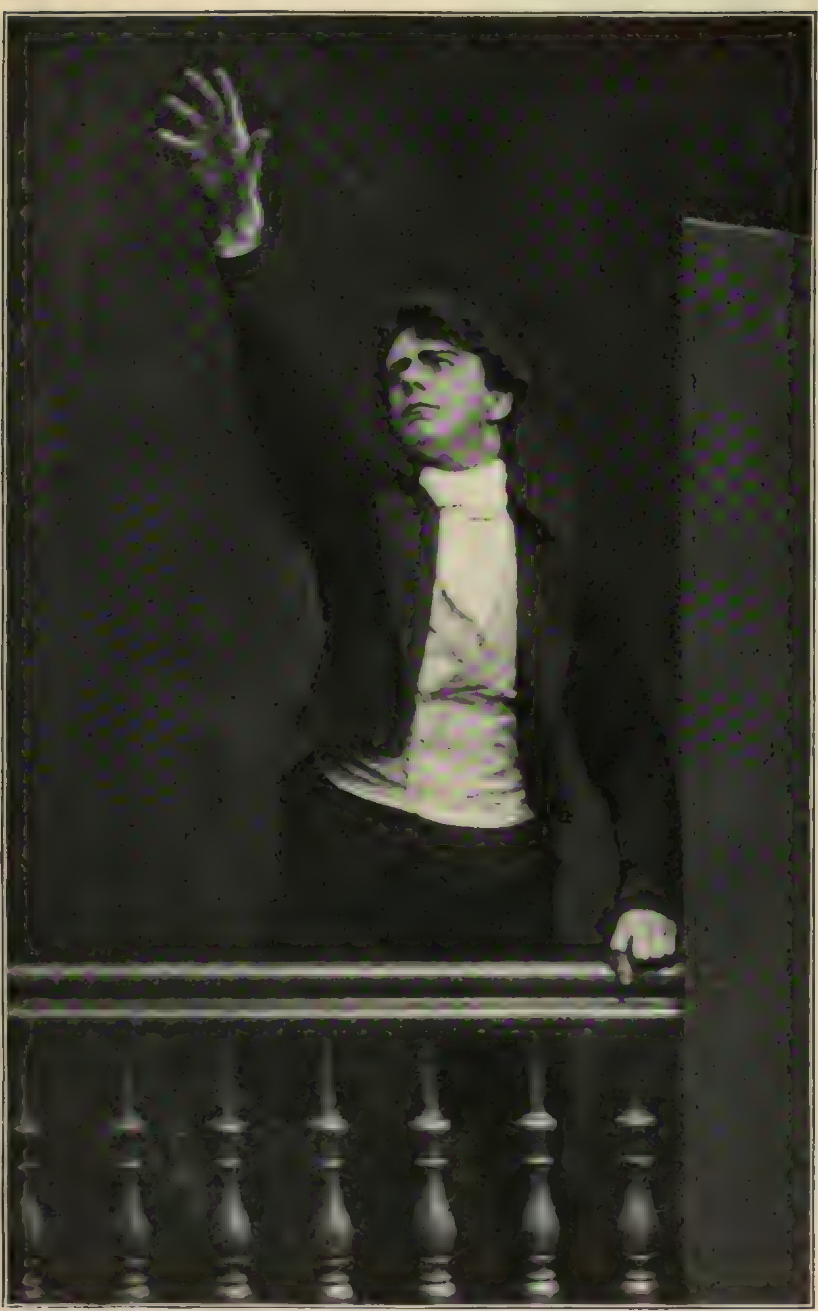

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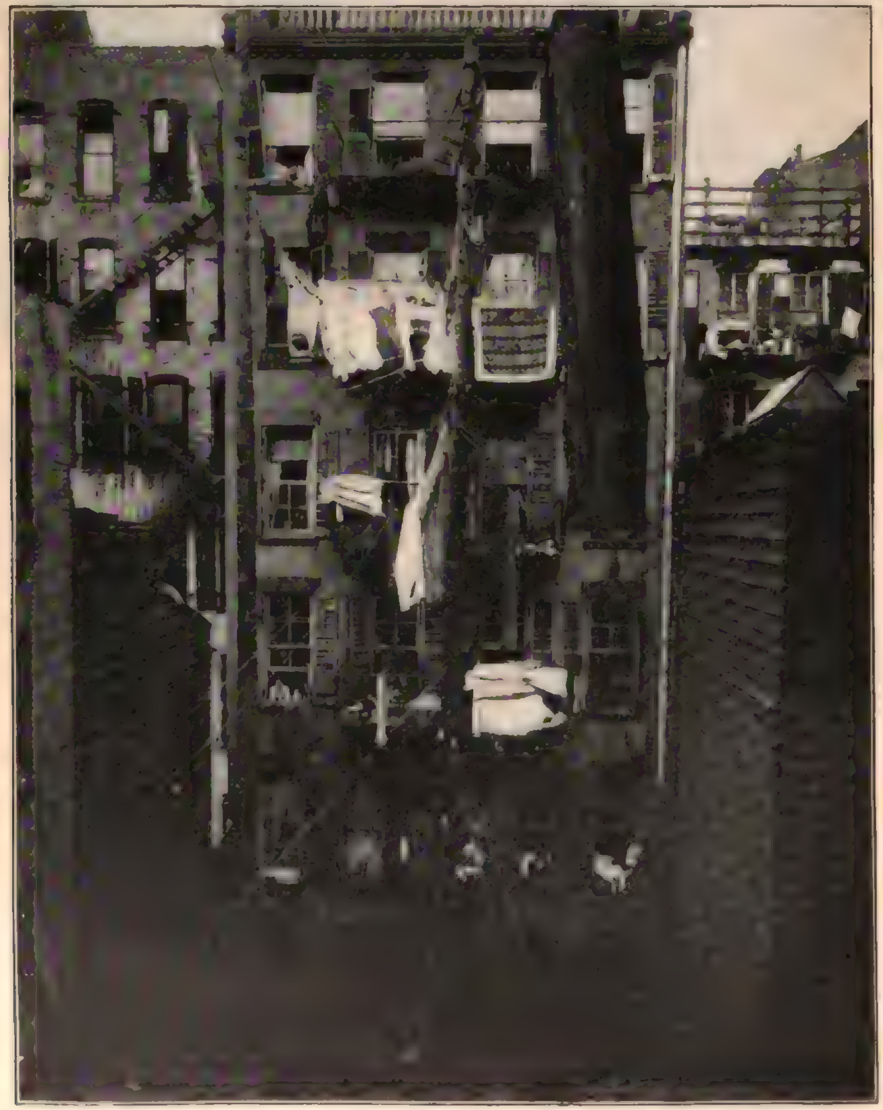
Most Crowded Tenement in New York

By Albert Hutchins.



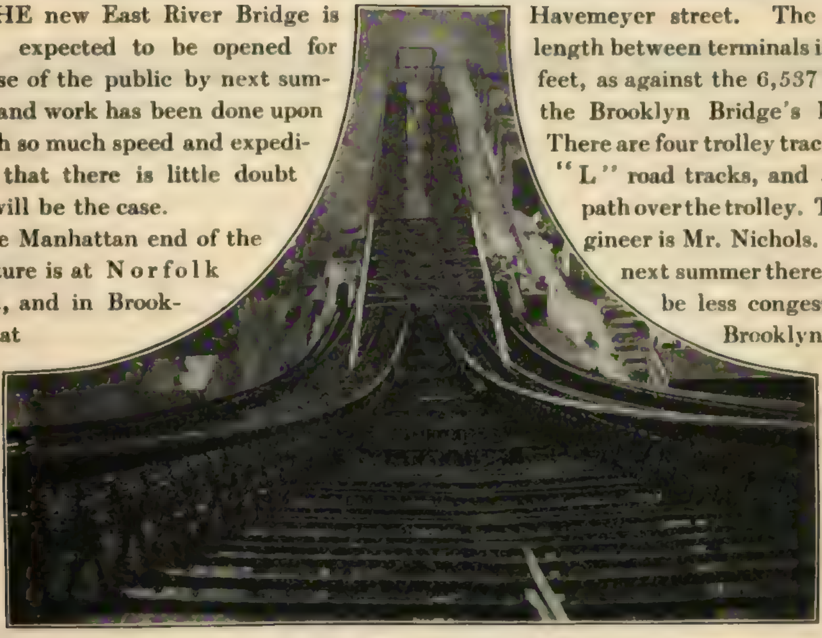
IN this flat-house, of five floors and a basement, situated in Elizabeth street, New York City, live 650 souls.

It is not an ideal method of existence. There are certain features about it which might not attract the man and woman desiring a certain modicum of privacy. Sleeping, eating and living, four or five in a room, may be regarded as brilliant when the purpose is to save on rent, but from a sanitary point of view there are other arrangements much superior and more to be sought after. Still, there it is. Think over it.

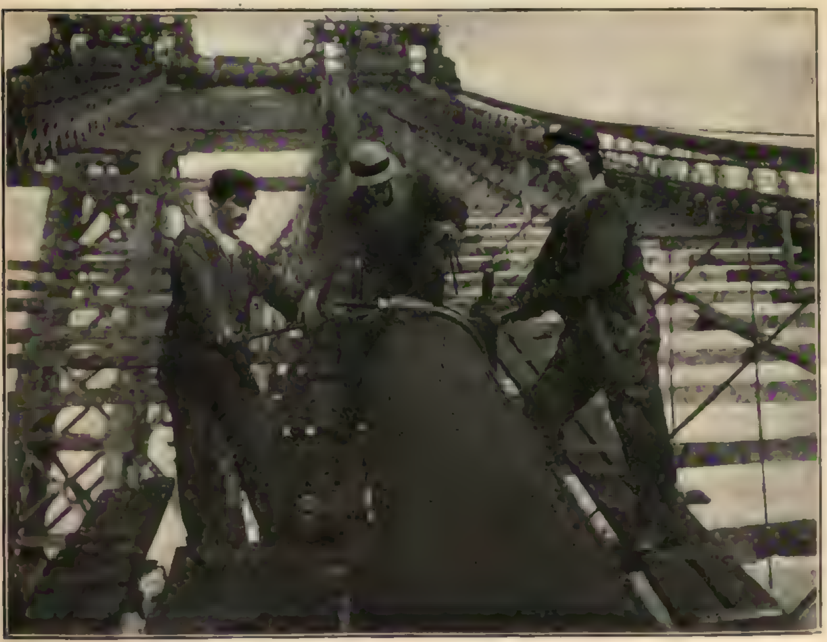
Latest Pictures of the New Bridge.

THE new East River Bridge is expected to be opened for the use of the public by next summer, and work has been done upon it with so much speed and expediency that there is little doubt this will be the case.

The Manhattan end of the structure is at Norfolk street, and in Brooklyn at Havemeyer street. The entire length between terminals is 7,200 feet, as against the 6,537 feet of the Brooklyn Bridge's length. There are four trolley tracks, two "L" road tracks, and a footpath over the trolley. The engineer is Mr. Nichols. After next summer there should be less congestion in Brooklyn traffic.



View of the New East River Bridge looking towards Manhattan.



Winding the Cables on the New East River Bridge.

A Comedienne's Impres=

Recorded by a Member of the Extravaganza Company which Appeared as a Unique Feature

OH! Oh! Oh!

For the first time in my life I've seen swagger society at close range; seen it under a flood of sunshine, and again under the fairy glow of a glorious moon, beside a shimmering sea, embowered in a paradise of flowers; seen it without, at night, in the shadows that framed the Beaulieu Villa of young Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt at Newport in a violet haze, and, within, under myriads of vari-colored lights, amid scenes of opulence that my wildest dreams could never have anticipated.

I had seen society at the Holland, at Sherry's and at the Waldorf, in spots; but here I saw it massed solidly for a grand féte.

My pulses still leap, my head aches, and my heart burns with the wonder of it all.

My, what a playground for the writer of plays!

I shall never, never forget the twenty-four hours involved in the experience, During all that time my sensations tripped along chromatically, Every tint and color, from the blinding brilliancy of glittering white, symbolizing gayety, to the gray tones of grief, were mine.

If Pinero and Clyde Fitch have unrestrained *entrée* to this world of which I was privileged limited freedom only for hours, I can imagine "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and "The Climbers" as productions practically self-written in a night.

From the saturation even my brief observation gave me I think I could write a "The Way of the World" between meals.

Dramatic atmosphere! Well, I should say.

It's all subtle, of course—veiled, but my, what a splendid series of brilliant life plays—light comedies as gay as gossamer; tense, burning poems of passion; dramas of envy, jealousy, hatred and desire, are all there aplenty.

Oh! the surprise of it! And I had thought I was living and knew life.

How do I know this?

I saw it—saw it with my own very eyes. Listen!

Years ago, in my bib-and-tucker days, I had a strange dream, one that made a deep impression on me—one I've never forgotton. It was of a man suspected of murder. There was sufficient evidence to hold him as a prisoner, but not enough to convict. The authorities jailed him—placed him in a dark cell. This keep had a tiny peep hole, through which its captive could be watched without his knowledge. Under examination before incarceration, the prisoner conducted himself coolly; answered the most embarrassing questions without a show of discomfiture. Altogether, he conducted himself like a positively innocent man. His subsequent imprisonment in the dungeon was a trick of a zealous Sherlock Holmes.

Well, after watching the man secretly, noting his conduct when he fancied himself free from espionage—the officials were easily able to play upon the knowledge thus gained to extract a confession from him, and, of course, convict him. During the time in the cell when he considered himself unobserved he had revealed to his watchers that he was one man under public scrutiny and quite another when he thought himself alone.

Alone, he dropped his mask!

I caught Newport society on Monday night without its mask.

I had first seen it file into the theatre which young Mrs. Vanderbilt had erected at Beaulieu Villa; saw it first under the white lights of publicity, with its many dramas undiscoverable even by faintest suggestion, behind studied faces.

Later, I saw the same faces relaxed—unmasked!

My discovery was a stunning surprise!

Through an opening at one side of the Turkey red portières that served as a curtain between the auditorium and the stage, I had first seen society nonchalently seeking its seat, talking, laughing, lounging. The scene was impressive, but conventional.

Later, when society was seated, I returned to my observatory to catch a glimpse of the splendor in repose.

The change in the expressions of the faces—these now facing the curtain, and so, faced in that direction, free of the observation of

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sions of Newport Society.

Of the Recent Lawn Fête of Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., at Beaulieu Villa.

neighbors, as against those earlier under public review—was strikingly dramatic.

At once, my dream of the prisoner observed through the hole in his cell returned to me!

I wish to say right here, and I wish to shout it from the housetops, and be heard far down in the valleys, that the sweet domesticity of the young Vanderbilt couple will ever remain in my memory a treasured picture.

In all my experience on the stage, and even in my home life, I have never felt a kindlier presence than the harmonious one of these two.

Imagine this brilliant young social matron worrying at once on our arrival whether we were hungry or thirsty, and herself going, and all but personally carrying the refreshments that some of us, under the warmth of her cordiality, admitted we would enjoy.

Fancy her again climbing upon the stage, after the performance, and thanking the company, with a throb of gratitude in her voice, for the professional services for which we were all being liberally paid.

Photo by Chickering, Boston.

MISS MAUD LE ROY

The pretty woman who is the author of the accompanying article

Picture this handsome young society leader doing these things—talking with a delightful absence of ceremony to a principal here, a chorus girl there, or a stage hand en passant, during the afternoon rehearsal that preceded the performance at night.

My, I can scarcely convince myself even yet that the whole experience wasn't a dream. Yes, I can, too, for I've seen the valuable silver presents she gave several of the principals as souvenirs.

And that husband of hers! Well, he's just a brick!

I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw him carrying down the aisle of the little tented theatre one after another, and lifting to the stage himself right into the hands of the players, the floral gifts.

But to the peep-hole dramas.

Of course being a woman, I could give names of the men and women who gave me my sharpest impressions of souls unhappily leashed or altogether astray—these, with other names whose owners proved to my intuition that even not torturing wealth may stay the imperial claims of love.

I might surprise you with names of one or more young women unhappily companioned matrimonially—young Gibsonian Venuses rebelliously linked for life to Baron Chevrials.

I might also name a matron or two, and young débutantes also, who proved to me that flirtation in society differs only in environs from the goo goos of the chorus.

I could give these names, as I've said, but absolutely and positively I shall not. No, not if ten thousand horses were to be chained to my poor body to drag the secret from me.

Oh, my head!

And Oh! my heart!

I saw young women, who, under general gaze, showed rapt attention and beaming faces to aged escorts, hide their ennui behind scented fans, when seated.

I saw a beautiful young bud, seated beside her fiancé, probably, turn her head languidly and carelessly, apparently in a general and entirely listless review of the people behind her. I say apparently listlessly.

From my point of view I noted that this particular young beauty, after repeatedly sweeping the assembly with her glances, returned her gaze to one particular chair, a seat occupied by a good-looking youth, whose own warm and expectant glances liberally exchanged her ocular caresses.

I saw men and women who had smiled cordially upon one another in meeting in the Midway and along the promenades, turn covertly when seated and stare with expressed feelings that were not cordial.

I caught faces that told me as plainly as could spoken words that their owners were fretted by the rasping chains of society's restrictions.

One or two young, sweet faces psychically revealed to me hidden yearnings; one for a honey-suckle simple dove cot in the country, near the sea, perhaps, where a young bronzed fisher lad should come some day and woo her for herself alone, along quiet shores, or up and down sheltered lanes, far from society and chaperons, and the clutching dread that money was the real magnet of the wooing.

I'm told the affair cost more than fifty thousand dollars.

I could easily believe it cost a hundred.

Fifty thousand dollars! Fifty thousand dollars for a laugh!

The theatre was built where a day before had been an open air conservatory.

A half acre of flowers that graced the shore lane, back of the Beaulieu mansion, died that day that a theatre might live for a night!

Oh, Society!

You tingled the sensuous part of my being with your pageantry, blazed my eyes in your private theatre with gems that would buy a kingdom, gave me a supper that cost more than my board for a week.

I thank you. I am not ungrateful.

I appreciate your favors.

But, you're out of tune.

Poor Henry George!

Had he lived, perhaps he would have succeeded in getting the situation studied seriously by you who might do so much to clear it.

Oh, the pain of it!

There were sisters of my chorus at table, at supper, stricken dumb and bitter with the stupifying irony of it all.

Fifty thousand dollars laughed away!

And only a handful of already well-to-do tradesmen enriched.

We players were feasted to satiety; yet, some of us of the chorus didn't have enough in our purses to pay more than a week's rent for hall rooms.

But, I'm glad I went.

Despite the pain of some of it, I wouldn't have missed it for the world!

Through a hole that I made in the cheese cloth side of the theatre I saw society dancing a cotillion after the performance.

I saw that the best of human impulses are the same in society as elsewhere; friendly glances no warmer; affectionate fan pats no less frequent or playful.

In the supper room to which we were escorted after the performance—the same garden in which society had been served earlier and at the same tables—I saw that the young men of society do not differ from our common selves when we are indiscreet in our judgment of just how much or how little champagne should accompany our terrapin.

To these same tables where my sisters were being inwardly refreshed, I saw young society notables come and seat themselves beside us; listened to their talk—post prandial chatter mostly—some of it inane; saw their sisters and mothers come down the be-rugged lawn of the Midway in which we were; noted the general glances of indulgence with which society's femininity viewed this freedom of their boys with the stage girls; observed that more than one society maid and matron didn't like it at all; saw some of the women pause after passing, pause after their ballroom trains had brushed the skirts of us, we of the seated houri, pause and look us over critically—critically, but in the main, kindly.

At these tables talking to us, laughing with us, quaffing with us, were some husbands, whose wives were within the tented ballroom a good block away.

At some of these things I marveled.

Some of my impressions will make me unhappy whenever they recur to me,

But youth is elastic, and I suppose I will get over them.

And besides I shall ever have as my buoy the memory of sweet, young Mrs. Vanderbilt and her democratic husband.

The Woman of the World.

By Carolyn Lowrey.

HARRY LEHR'S DOUBLE.

NAUGHTY nature has played a prank on Harry Lehr which will help him amuse the four hundred more than all his strenuous efforts in the past, yet he seems most ungrateful for the trick.

It has been a case of doubles at Newport this season between the social leader and the valet at the Berkeley, who attends to the wants of the foreigners making this their headquarters.

The twins met at the Casino one Sunday night, and when Mr. Lehr realized that it was not a reflection from mirrored walls, he almost had an epileptic fit, but the crowning blow came, when Mrs. E. Moore Roberson during her drive, drew close to the curb, and awaited the coming of the supposed Mr. Lehr

When her mistake was discovered, she very unselfishly refused to keep such a delicious bit of news to herself, and so has helped to make the life of this leader miserable.

The strangest part of it all is, that the valet does not seem to relish the resemblance.

MR. DEAN'S TOO TRUSTING NATURE.

JOHN DEAN, who is playing with Brandon Tynan in "Robert Emmet" is wearing a band of mourning around his arm over the loss of fifty dollars and too much trust in human nature.

His motto for the future will be—"beware of strangers." He met one to his sorrow a short time ago in a café on Broadway.

With the spirit of "hail fellow well met" the attractive stranger invited Mr. Dean to have a drink, offering a fifty dollar bill in payment.

As the bill could not be changed by the man, Mr. Dean politely offered to pay for the drink, but the stranger said he would have to get it changed any way, and would very much appreciate the gentleman's courtesy if he chanced to have so large an amount with him.

Mr. Dean with a proud heart immediately produced his week's salary, and the stranger after another round at the actor's expense, disappeared.

One of the chief ornaments adorning the walls of Mr. Dean's abode, is a counterfeit fifty dollar bill—framed.

WHEN MILLIONAIRES DINE.

ONE of the waiters at Rector's has retired from service for a time and is to travel, through the unintended generosity of one of New York's rich men.

Miss Sylvia Lynden, successor in "Sapho" to Olga Nethersole, was being dined at Rector's by two millionaires, one of whom gave the waiter a bill of high denomination in payment of the cheque.

Upon receiving the change, he quickly took it from the salver, perceiving that he was the center of all eyes, ignored the waiter, and patronizingly laid the whole amount in Miss Lynden's dainty hand.

Miss Lynden quickly recovered from her astonishment and embarrassment, and gracefully handed the entire sum to the waiter.

The little incident was highly enjoyed by the crowd present.

An ovation was tended the dazed waiter in the kitchen of Rector's.

MISS BATES KNOCKS A MAN DOWN.

BLANCHE BATES tells this story at her own expense. One night upon leaving the theatre accompanied by her maid, she was insulted by one of the loiterers.

Miss Bates, being somewhat of an athlete, showed her resentment by a right-hand blow, which sent the offender in question to the ground with undue haste.

Towering above him she indignantly said, "How dare you insult a defenseless woman!" and wrathfully passed on.

The brute looked up and simply murmured: "Defenseless!"

"STRAWBERRIES, STRAWBERRIES!"

ONE sad man was seen walking home silently. He was sad as the result of lunching a girl with a dainty appetite.

This small appetite was easily appeased with a few things, amongst which were strawberries at eight dollars a piece.

The man in question has grown wise in his generation, and is now looking for a girl with a normal appetite that will encompass roast beef without having fruit out of season.

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The New Yorker—Frank Tilford.

By Albert Blum.

THERE is never any mistake about the New Yorker. You can always pick him out, especially in a crowd of foreigners, and even among men from all over the United States. There is something distinctive about him, setting him apart from other people. It is not easy to describe exactly what are the qualities which make up a typical New Yorker, but they may be said to embrace a suggestion of easy *bonhomie*, a general atmosphere of mastery, a knowledge of when to make graceful concessions, and a readiness to adapt himself to surroundings. Whatever the characteristics are, however, they always make it easy to pick out a typical New Yorker.

Photo by Pach, N. Y.

MR. FRANK TILFORD.

Such an one is Mr. Frank Tilford, who might without exaggeration be described as one of the best known men in New York City. A thorough history of our commercial New York and of New York clubdom could not be written without repeated references to Frank Tilford, whose energy, remarkable business acumen, and personal popularity have contributed to place him in an enviable position in the community.

Mr. Frank Tilford is probably best known to the general public as a financial man; that is, as the president of the Bank of New Amsterdam and the vice-president of the corporation of Messrs. Park & Tilford, the famous grocery house which stands pre-eminent among establishments of its kind throughout the United States.

The bank was founded in 1889 by Mr. Tilford, he being elected vice-president. It was then called the Bank of New Amsterdam, and started with the highest auguries of success, which have since been amply fulfilled. Mr. Tilford was elected president in January, 1896, and it is interesting to note the result of his incumbency between that date and three years later, when he resigned the office. When he became president the deposits were a little over one million dollars, and its stock was quoted at 150 per share. At the time of his resignation, in 1899, the deposits had increased over seven million dollars and the stock had risen to seven hundred and twenty-five dollars per share. The Bank of New Amsterdam was bought over by a syndicate at an enormous price, and the name was changed to the New Amsterdam National Bank.

A brief mention of the grocery business with which Mr. Tilford is so closely connected is not without interest, as it embraces a portion of his family history.

The Tilford family lineage can be clearly traced back for nearly one thousand years, from Guilliaume de Taillefer, who succeeded Wilguinn, the chief of a powerful race mentioned in Norman-French genealogical work. The first of the family came to this country from Scotland during the reign of George the Second and settled near Albany, His great-grandfather served throughout the War of the Revolution, and his grandfather, James Tilford, was a Captain in the War of 1812. His father, John M. Tilford, came to New York from Albany in 1835, and founded in 1840, with Joseph Park, a fellow clerk in the grocery store of Benjamin Albro, the famous house of Park & Tilford.

Frank Tilford, the subject of our present story, became on the death of his father, vice-president of the grocery firm of Park & Tilford. But these influential positions, which, one would think, might naturally engross Mr. Tilford's whole time and absorb his entire attention, are numerically speaking only a fraction of his many prominent and highly profitable enterprises. He is the president of the Standard Gas Company, president of the New York and Queens Electric Light and Power Co., president of the Newtown & Flushing Gas Company, president of the College Point Gas Company, and a trustee of the Consolidated Gas Company of New York. He is also a director in many other gas and electric companies throughout the country, and president of many industrial corporations.

During the progress of years, it is more than likely that the style of the typical New Yorker will change, just as it has changed from the days when Charles Dickens visited this country, but the type is well-developed as we now find it.

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New York's Woman Theatre Manager

Photograph by McIntosh, New York.

MRS. ROBERT OSBORN, NEW YORK'S LATEST WOMAN THEATRE MANAGER.

A THEATRICAL event of real importance was the announcement that Mrs. Osborn had assumed control of the Berkeley Lyceum on West Forty-fourth street and made arrangements to open it under the name of "Mrs. Osborn's Play-House." Mrs. Osborn has for some time been known as the only designer of stage gowns in this country. They are creations, making it unnecessary for stage women to go abroad, and in many ways they are superior to the production of her French sisters. Daniel Frohman was the first to pay tribute to her artistic skill, for it was at his desire that she designed the gowns for Miss Julie Opp, worn in "The Tree of Knowledge," which were so exquisite as to be paragraphed all over the world. Mrs. Osborn has the advantage of being a woman of social position, and Society is much interested in the new venture. Backed by sufficient capital, and associated with experienced people, she has made "Mrs. Osborn's Play-House" one of the smartest and handsomest theatres in New York. The house opens on October 15th with an adequate production of "Tommy Rot," a new musical comedy. This house, by the way, will be conducted in the interest of the general theatre-going public which cares for fine productions, interesting plays and capable casts, and will not be restricted in any sense to Society.

JESSIE BUSLEY AS THE BAREBACK RIDER IN "THE NEW CLOWN."

(*From a flashlight photograph by Byron, New York.*)

Miss Busley, in the ballet part of a circus bareback rider, was a somewhat remarkable revelation to New Yorkers, as Miss Busley is not at all the bizarre type of actress. As *Polly Stone*, however, in "The New Clown," she has been playing a rôle that would ordinarily fall into the hands of a born-and-bred musical comedy player—and she sings, too. Miss Busley's beautiful red hair is a fitting feature of the performance.

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The Stage in New York.

Discussed by Roland Burke Hennessy.

"THE NEW CLOWN."

THIS piece ran successfully in London, but it took New York some weeks to find that it was really amusing. The strange part of it is that in London the rôle of the circus proprietor made the greatest hit. In New York Mr. Ralph Delmour plays *Mr. Dixon*, the loud-mouthed proprietor of the circus.

He has not, however, succeeded in making a bonfire of the East River. Miss Busley, as the circus rider, in love with Jameson Lee Finney, *Lord Cyril Garston*, who becomes a clown because he believes he has killed his friend (there is the plot in a nutshell), departs entirely from her usual line of work and plays the only approach to the play's heroine in a shrinking but not uninteresting manner.

Mr. Finney, as a lord who is diffident to the point of cowardice, never loses his identity even when arrayed in pantaloons and the red and chalk of clowndom. Mr. Finney has been told that he has a striking personality, and he hates to hide it under a bushel. If Mr. Mansfield were to condescend to play a clown he would not try to be merely Mansfield, as note the amazing physical and mental difference between the latter's *Chevrial* and *Brummel*. But that's another matter.

"The New Clown" shows a picturesque and illusive scene when the curtain rises, disclosing the inside workings of the circus business. It is attractive—but not in the way that would create a feeling of envy towards circus performers.

Jameson Lee Finney in the title rôle of "The New Clown." He is really a lordling in disguise; hence his obvious discomfiture.
(*From a flashlight photo by Byron, N. Y.*)

"MRS. JACK."

GRACE LIVINGSTON FURNISS must be a Mount Pélée of conflicting emotions. When she started to write "Mrs. Jack" she probably had in mind the making of a society drama. Before ending the first act she exercised woman's prerogative, entered nonchalantly into the realm of burlesque and from that on her play became a veritable dramatic mosaic. Miss Livingston has the courage of her convictions. The trouble is she has so many of them that she must sit up nights in the endeavor to find enough emotions to go around.

Mrs. Jack Banastar is a widow who was grass long before she became real weed. The *Banastars* had not gotten along well together and had separated, but she is perfectly willing to live with his money after his sad and unexplained death. She comes East and then there is trouble. The husband's relatives were ungenerous but well-bred. The widow is generous but loud-mouthed, inconsistent, not too feminine and alarmingly unconventional. But she has a good heart and wants to keep on pensioning all the hangers-on of her late husband. This she does until she finds that she is being fooled by everybody on every occasion, and then there is an explosion. There have been previous ones on the slightest provocation, but now there is real anger of the kind that dams Niagara and makes a subway explosion a silly and futile affair. Through scenes of comedy, burlesque, straight drama, melodrama and actual farce, *Mrs. Jack* works out her destiny and finally leads the audience to believe that she will marry

THE SUPPER SCENE IN ACT 2 OF "HEARTS AFLAME," AT THE BIJOU THEATRE.

Jonathan Leigh (Herbert Ayling) has been drinking too liberally of Ruinart champagne, and is about to make a little speech to the Show Girls on the subject of love.

the man who has proposed regularly for five years—unless she stubs her toe, becomes angry again and ends the engagement by throwing a piano-stool at him.

Miss Alice Fischer is *Mrs. Jack.* Miss Fischer is a tall, slashing type of woman, with the comedy manner and an assurance that seems wedded to the Western women, if we are to believe novelists and stage writers. Even Butte, the home of the dissecting and candid Mary MacLane, would hardly acknowledge that *Mrs. Jack* is a product of the soil. The character belongs to the wooden toothpick set. Miss Furniss does not pay her star a compliment when she claims that "Mrs. Jack" was written to fit Miss Fischer's personality.

Mr. Thomas Evans as a boxing instructor, who also, for a consideration, paints the eyes that he blacks, is the most consistent and, in a farcical way, artistic performer in "Mrs. Jack." His George Ade conversation is droll, and his methods—for a person of his sporting proclivities—faultless. Mark my word, Mr. Evans is nearly ready for a starring tour. He needs only the right kind of play. He already has the manner.

THE ACTOR AND THE WIDOW IN "MRS JACK."

(*From a flashlight photograph by Byron, New York.*)

Mrs. Jack Banastar (Miss Alice Fischer) is here shown with one of the numerous proteges she considers have been left her as legacies from the late *Mr. Jack.*

"THERE'S MANY A SLIP."

IT was announced before the Earl of Roslyn arrived that he was a better actor than the Earl of Yarmouth; which is equivalent to saying that cactus is good to sit upon because nails are longer. This is not a pretty simile; but, then, the Earl is not a pretty actor.

The old Scribe play, as reupholstered, sapolioed and freshly typewritten by Captain Marshall, is a clean-cut dramatic

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A COMEDY SCENE FROM "THE EMERALD ISLE" AT THE HERALD SQUARE THEATRE

(From a flashlight photograph by Byron, New York.)

Note the colleen, the Irish soubrette and the rollicking daredevil ne-er-do-well, all at home in Irish stage life.

structure, slightly antiquated in design but admirably suited to the requirements of clever players, and virile and interesting withal.

If for no other reason than the reappearance of Miss Jessie Millward, New Yorkers should be thankful for "There's Many a Slip." This Englishwoman's well-defined comedy style, her poise in the tensity of pathos or tragedy, and her distinction, make her a dangerous companion player to a noble buck who has only his ancestors to his credit. Miss Milward as *Comtesse D'Antreval* is a lesson in dramatic art. Just to even things, it should be added that Miss Millward never tries to go back a century in her methods. "There's Many a Slip" is of the Scribe period. Miss Millward is of 1902. That's the difference.

The plain truth about the Earl of Roslyn (James Erskine on the program), is that he is a bad actor, and even that falls short without the superlative. He plays *de Fravigneul*, the intrepid, the dashing, the brave, the man who in the garb of a servant whimsically serves the official who has been sent to capture him; who outwits his enemies, serves his friends, makes all women love him and ends by carrying away the hearts of the audience. That is, he does all this when played by a real actor.

The earl is big, with a heavy chin, a lachrymose manner, a monotonous voice and no grace of person. Even his repressions might be mistaken for lazy indifference. He is unimpressive as *Charles*, the servant, and when he becomes *de Fravigneul* the lover, he is still the sodden, uninteresting, unintelligent lackey. There is not the slightest illusion when he kisses the hand of the *Comtesse*, who has saved his life. Imagine the grace of a Sothern in a scene like this!

There are fully one hundred players on the unemployed list of the Actor's Society who

The Rogers Brothers singing a Coon Song in "Rogers Brothers at Harvard."

(From a flashlight photograph by Byron, New York.)

Photograph by McIntosh, New York.

MISS FRANCES BELMONT,

Who has been selected by Charles Hawtrey, the English actor, for his leading lady.

Photograph by D'Rosser, Pittsburg.

MISS SARAH TRUAX,

Who will star this season in "Lady Godiva."

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could play *de Fravigneul* with some distinction and much finesse. The earl will not go down to history as a heart-breaker.

Mr. Charles Frohman presents a charming player in the person of Miss Beatrice Irwin. She is as pretty, fresh and simple as the proverbial primrose of her native land. She has scored an undeniable hit in the rôle of *Leonie*, who finally wins *de Fravigneul*, for her own.

Mr. Leo Ditrichstein as *de Grignon*, half his brave mother and the other and predominating half his cowardly father, plays a high-comedy rôle in a Broadway farce style and for that reason raises more laughs than the author probably expected. Mr. Ditrichstein is not one of your retiring comedians. He is no shrinking plant. But his *de Grignon* is distinctly humorous and carefully thought out.

Photograph by Tonnelé & Co., New York.

WEBB RAUM.

Who takes the part of *Sid* in "Huckleberry Finn," the play dramatized by Messrs. Lee Arthur and Mark Twain from the book by the latter.

"SALLY IN OUR ALLEY."

THE program states that this play was "personally staged by Mr. Lederer." Notwithstanding this statement, Miss Marie Cahill is excellent. We, of course, expect much girl and much lingerie and a wealth of bewildering detail in a Lederer production, but it is pleasing to note that an artiste like Miss Cahill rises superior to all handicaps of management and gains applause because she spurns the meretricious aids of vulgar Broadway suggestiveness, or lingerie looseness that for some seasons were salient features in musical comedy productions. Miss Cahill so easily walks away from the other women in the cast that it would not surprise me to see her walk away one of these days from the entire production and seek other fields for her undoubted talent.

There are no indecent costumes or suggestive lines in "Sally in Our Alley."

"THE MUMMY AND THE HUMMING BIRD."

MR. JOHN DREW in "The Mummy and the Humming Bird" has given a fine opportunity to a couple of young players, and they have availed themselves of the chance to good advantage. His new leading lady, Miss Margaret Dale, is a pretty woman, but before this season she had not given any promise of great things to come. She is charming in "The Mummy and the Humming Bird," and does so much better work as a leading lady than she has ever done in secondary rôles that we must once more make our obeisance to the shrewd judgment of Mr. Frohman. The real triumph, however, falls to young Mr. Lionel Barrymore, to whom Uncle John Drew has given a splendid opportunity to distinguish himself. In the rôle of a young Sicilian who goes to London to find the man who has ruined his sweetheart, Mr. Barrymore is fine and at all times consistent in his portraiture. As most of his work is done opposite Mr. Drew's *Lord Lumley*, who does not speak Italian, and is in pantomine, the real merit of Mr. Barrymore's acting is the more emphasized.

Mr. Drew plays the part of a scientific worm who sees his wife carried away from him bodily by an æsthetic novel-writer, with whom he temporizes instead of throwing him out of the

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Photo by Sarony, N. Y.

MISS ISABEL IRVING.
Leading lady in "The Crisis."

front door. This unpardonable complaisance on the part of the husband—the almost phlegmatic manner in which he argues with his wife's traducer—is one of the unpleasant and unnecessary blemishes on a play that has much to recommend it.

Photo by McIntosh, N. Y.

MRS. GENEVIEVE HAINES.
Authoress of "Hearts Aflame."

"AUNT JEANNIE."

I HAVE always claimed that Mrs. Patrick Campbell was a very much over-rated woman. Her portrayal of the title rôle in the "Dodo" Benson play at the Garden Theatre has not changed my mind.

Mrs. Campbell has been a much discussed woman in London for many years. Her joint appearance with Forbes Robertson, one of London's best-liked players, served to place her on an eminence, which she would scarcely have reached aided only by her own efforts. It is curious to note that last year her foolish little Pinky-Pank-Poo and her much heralded idiosyncrasies were more discussed than her art. In this connection it is quite refreshing to note that sterling players like Miss Maude Adams, Miss Viola Allen and Miss Julia Marlowe are not obliged to become eccentric in order to gain the attention of the public. But then it's all a matter of taste, as the man said when he came down stairs head first.

As might be expected from "Dodo" Benson, "Aunt Jeannie" is very talky. As a woman who makes love to her maid's affianced and runs the full gamut from gayety to pathos Mrs. Campbell has plenty of opportunity for the display of her much-vaunted powers, but only in a few instances does she rise to the full significance or possibilities of the best scenes Mr. Benson has given her. The best that can be said of her work is that it is never uninteresting. There is a weird fascination about this woman with the mop of hair, and rail as we will at her methods and lack of the divine spark we cannot ignore the great strength of her personality.

It must be admitted in justice to Mrs. Campbell, that her *Aunt Jeannie* is vastly superior to her *Mrs. Tanqueray* of last season. Even those who had wept over the impossible *Mrs. Tanqueray* of Mrs. Kendall left the

Photo by Bieck, Washington.

MISS ANNA FRANCES.
Of Mrs. Fiske's Company

Photo by Schloss, N. Y.

MISS ELLEN BURG.
Who takes the part of leading woman this season with her husband, Robert Edeson, in "Soldiers of Fortune."

Campbell performances sad and disheartened, and fully of the mind that to get several dollars for an orchestra seat one has only to be foreign and self-satisfied.

Photo by Hall, N. Y.

MISS GEORGIA KELLY,
The wife of Dan McAvoy and with him in "Sally in Our Alley."

"HEARTS AFLAME."

THIS play, dramatized by Genevieve G. Haines, from the *Smart Set* story of the same title by Louise Winter, opened its second season at the Bijou Theatre for what promised to be a long run. Mrs. Haines had changed the cast of her play somewhat, and the production itself was far superior to that seen last spring at the Garrick. Mr. Aubrey Boucicault as *Paul Charteris* was not an improvement on Mr. Robert Haines, who has the qualities of earnestness and manly good looks to recommend him.

Miss Dorothy Dorr has improved as *Mrs. Harmony*. Here is an actress who has not been seen on Broadway often enough. She has grace, distinction of manner and a soulful womanliness that make it unnecessary for her hereafter to hide herself in the turmoil of the road.

Mr. Arnold Daly is still easily the best of the men.

Miss Bijou Fernandez plays a rôle that in the hands of some actresses would fairly scintillate.

"CAPTAIN MOLLY,"

MR. GEORGE C. HAZELTINE calls "Captain Molly" "An American Comedy in 4 acts." That's just the trouble. Americans rise at the idea of having an author take one of the glorious women of our patriotic traditions and making her into a sort of jerky soubrette with no breath of soul and little common sense. History does not tell too much about the personality of Molly Pitcher, but she was no soubrette.

It was rather a pity to have Miss Elizabeth Tyree make her entrance virtually as a star in a piece that was wrong in its foundations, and that

Photo by Schloss, N. Y.

MISS IDA HAWLEY,
in "When Reuben Comes to Town."

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no amount of tinkering in the upper stories could make quite right.

"Captain Molly" received a fine scenic dressing and much intelligence was displayed in its management; the trouble was basic, however.

For, as I have said, Molly Pitcher was no soubrette.

"KING HIGH BALL."

NEW YORK has for weeks been trying to make up its mind whether Miss Marie Dressler is too good for "King High Ball" or whether "King High Ball" is too bad for Miss Marie Dressler. It's a toss up, with the chances against your finding out.

The production is big and lavish and handsome enough. It is the paucity of idea in score and libretto writers that hampers Mr. E. E. Rice in making a really big metropolitan success out of the hodge podge. It is all about nothing in particular; this need not bury it, for in all truth the average amount of sense to be found in musical pieces is small enough. But even nonsense can be dressed in the garb of cleverness and trimmed with the dainty fluff that, meaning little, accomplishes much. For while your audience likes foolery it does not like being taken for a fool. Thus "King High Ball" falls short—and yet the town has been laughing at it because Marie Dressler comes on occasionally and plays herself. There is no necessity for her to do anything else in order to tickle New Yorkers.

Photograph by Chickering, Boston.

MISS PAULINE CHASE,

The markedly blonde young actress whose engagement to a millionaire was recently broken off by mutual consent.

What a boon to be born with a manner that is all your own, with an eye that is a wink in itself, and a mouth that says meaningless things in a meaningful manner! Those gifts of Miss Dressler's have saved "King High Ball" from being considerably less than a milk-shake.

"DOLLY VARDEN."

MISS LULU GLASER'S welcome from New York was simply transferred bodily from the Herald Square Theatre to the Victoria. This comedienne went to Paris, spent all her money—so we have gravely been informed — and returned in high spirits for the reopening of last season's biggest Broadway musical success. Miss Glaser has lost none of her naïvété, none of her archness and not a whit of that native Pittsburg assurance which, applied in proper dose, makes her an admirable antidote for the blues.

Miss Glaser is young. What a saving grace in a prima-donna. But she is both young and not bad—a true miracle not to be too lightly considered.

THE WATER BOY.

HAVE you ever noticed the water carriers at any of the Broadway theatres? The average boy who walks around between the acts at a New York playhouse, ostensibly for the purpose of serving water to a thirsty audience, is an undeniable delusion and a snare.

In the first place, he usually carries about six glasses when, on a warm night, it is perfectly obvious that about twenty-five per cent. of the

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people want drinks. He starts down the aisle to the orchestra and then walks back, hoping and praying that no one will stop him. With chin haughtily in the air and eyes cast full on the back of the house, he takes his triumphal course utterly oblivious of everything except the fact that to serve drink to thirsty patrons is really far beneath his dignity. He will probably make two of these trips between the acts, thus dispensing about twelve glasses and filling about one-tenth the demand.

The next time you go to the theatre, just note how many times you must put in your application for water before you get it. No wonder good men and true are driven to drink. But pity the women!

MR. FURST, OF THE EMPIRE.

THERE is at least one director of a New York City orchestra who believes that the average theatre-goer is a person of some intelligence. His name is William Furst, and his address is the Empire Theatre, New York City. The Empire orchestra is always well drilled, and I have been to that theatre at times when the program took on the artistic value of a chamber concert. The organ and harp in Mr. Furst's orchestra are not the only claims for its uniqueness. The men are decently drilled, the selections are sensible, and Mr. Furst is a musician.

The sawings and scrapings and bleatings of the orchestras of some really first-class New York houses are a disgrace both to music and to the intelligence. That is why I would advise Mr. Furst to open a first-class Day School for Indigent Ear-splitters.

Photograph by Eddowes, New York City.

MISS JOSEPHINE THILL.

One of the famous Thill Sisters who pose for artists as well as appear on the stage, to the everlasting advantage of Art.

"ROBIN HOOD."

THIS good old American classic—it's about as near a classic as we can boast of at present—was produced on the stage of the Academy of Music with the accompaniments of a big spectacular English melodrama.

New York has always been very fond of "Robin Hood" and believes that De Koven has done nothing better since this piece was produced years ago. For this reason it puts up with a good deal from the Ancient and Honorable Bostonians. There are still some singers in that company, but the day is passed when we can point with undiminished pride at this remnant of a one-time wonderful galaxy.

The Bostonians are living on tradition, which in other cases has not been found to be a particularly strengthening diet.

"THE DOINGS OF MRS. DOOLEY."

MR. GEORGE W. MONROE, that shrinking bud of the American stage, has for some years been on the lookout for a relief from "Aunt Bridget."

He had tried a number of pieces, with more or less success, when he produced "The Doings of Mrs. Dooley." This play was marked out, cut up and sewn together by Wilmer and Vincent. It gives Mr. Monroe, as *Mrs. Michael Dooley, formerly Rose McGee*, a chance to flaunt in the faces of Grand Opera House audiences those airy graces and svelt charms that have appealed these many

Copyright by McIntosh, New York City.

MISS ADÈLE RITCHIE,

Who has been taking the part of *Mrs. Pineapple* in "A Chinese Honeymoon."

years to close and conscientious students of the drama.

Incidentally, "The Doings of Mrs. Dooley" is very much funnier than some plays that have been pretentiously exploited on Broadway.

"A COUNTRY GIRL."

IN producing "A Country Girl" at Daly's Theatre the Augustin Daly estate has not by any means produced another "San Toy" or "Circus Girl." This piece, however, which ran successfully at Daly's Theatre in London, is one of those light dramatic nothings, of which London has given us a surprising number in the past decade. There is about "A Country Girl" that newer touch which is so utterly distinct from the old burlesque method and which has been more or less successfully copied by George W. Lederer. There is this, however, about the pieces brought over from

London: it is rare that we find any touch of vulgarity in the London theme. They are usually blithesome and tuneful affairs without any of the cheap tawdriness noticeable in so many Broadway pieces. "A Country Girl" is stage cleanliness itself.

"A Country Girl" is also unique in having a touch of sentiment which, while pretty and at least in one scene effective, is entirely out of place. Tearful sentiment has no more place in musical comedy than it has in farce. In this connection it should be noted that Miss Helen Marvin, who is a country girl but not *the* Country Girl at Daly's Theatre, in love with the baritone, plays an inconsistent but somewhat pleasing part in a manner that stamps her at once as an actress who should surely be seen in more exacting work. Miss Marvin has much magnetism, a fine control of comedy and a pretty sentiment that might easily be turned into strong pathos.

Mr. William Norris as *Barry*, the sailor boy, who lies, almost steals, is an eavesdropper and a female impersonater, is the one strong unquestioned hit of the piece. In its comedy meannesses this rôle would, in the hands of some players, be made offensive, but Mr. Norris by his clean-cut method and positive cleverness succeeds in making his performance stand out clearly and to definite purpose. From the jester in "Francesca" to *Barry* in "A Country Girl," is not such a long step temperamentally, but there are few players who could make it with precision and dispatch.

Miss Minnie Ashley as *Madam Sophie*, gives a dainty performance. This slight, girlish woman has the advantage of being piquante but not in the slightest degree bizarre. Her "Chick" song with Mr. Norris must take its place alongside her pagoda ditty of "San Toy."

Mr. Melville Stewart as *Geoffrey Challoner* sings with stentorious voice and broad shoulders.

Mr. Hallen Mostyn is sufficiently reserved and unenthusiastic as the *Rajah of Bhong*, and sings the only topical song in the piece, entitled "The Beautiful Valley of Bhong." It is a bad song well sung by Mr. Mostyn.

PINERO'S "IRIS."

As a dissector of women's minds and a student of tortuous mental processes, Arthur Wing Pinero stands as one pre-eminent among contemporaneous playrights. Practically the whole town has acknowledged that "Iris," even with Virginia Harned in the title rôle, is the strongest dramatic offering of the season and the only one having the dignity of being a play that actually arouses serious discussion.

Stories of women who have loved, fallen and suffered have been plentiful, but few playrights have had the temerity to put on the stage a creature so utterly undeserving of sympathy as *Iris*, and then succeeded in having her accepted with any degree of interest.

Iris is a young widow in love with *Lawrence Trenwith*. He is penniless, and she is a bright canary that requires much expensive sunshine. Her marriage with *Trenwith* would, by a provision of her husband's will, take away her comfortable fortune from her late husband's estate. Much of the play is devoted to the psychological phenomena of a weak and selfish woman's mind. She accepts a millionaire because she loves his money; she breaks the engagement because she hates his manner. She behaves scandalously with *Trenwith*, who finally goes away to seek his fortune. She then proceeds to lose her fortune, and, for no other reason than that she likes her bread well buttered, becomes the mistress of *Meldonado*, the man she abhors.

Photograph by Newman, New York.

MISS ALICE PLEASANTS.

A charming soprano singer whose voice has been heard in musical comedies on the road and in New York.

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Photograph by
Conly, Boston.

MISS JEANNETTE
BAGEARD.
Of "Prince of Pilsen" Co.

Photograph by
Foley, New York

MISS ISABELLE
D'ARMOND.
Who has been making successful incursions into
Vaudeville.

Of course, tucked away in a corner of that anæmic organ she calls her heart, there is a love for *Trenwith.* When he finally returns to claim her, and *Maldinado* discovers that she has harbored no regard for him unconnected with his check book, she is driven, with ferocious fury and a brutal revengefulness, out into the street and to the only life that is still open to her. For by this time even the audience has become firmly convinced that she is too lazy to become a respectable washerwoman or even a half energetic typewriter, The whole play ends with an extraordinary exhibition of frenzy on the part of *Maldinado,* who smashes the expensive bric-a-brac and the furniture so that it would not do service in a second-hand store on Third avenue.

Mrs. Tanqueray was hardly the sort of person that would arouse sympathy in a normal person, and yet she was a timid, shrinking ingenue compared to *Iris.* This woman is a weak, vacillating, and exasperatingly selfish creature, but quite possible. She has not even the courage of her convictions. She has no more stamina than a Plattdeutsch servant girl, who would rather lose her job than get up early in the morning, and she possesses far less heart than a deputy sheriff.

Miss Virginia Harned, ever since she made a hit in "The Dancing Girl," has accentuated a manner which makes her eminently successful as a stage adventuress, or a lady with a past. It would seem, therefore, that she should have been exactly the one that should not have been selected for the rôle of *Iris,* paradoxical as this may appear. If there are two things required to make *Iris* a really acceptable stage character, they are clinging womanliness and a definite tenderness. Such a woman as Miss Margaret Anglin could impart these qualities to the rôle of *Iris,* while at the same time properly reaching the depths of the woman's degradation. Miss Harned is remiss in making *Iris* bad or shallow all the time.

Mr. William Courtney, as *Trenwith,* is handsome and manly, but to Mr. Oscar Asche must be accorded the lion's share of praise.

His *Maldinado* is a powerful portrayal of a vulgarian's passion, and in the last act he rises to heights that few of our very best actors could reach. He is a sort of a modern Shylock, who has been cheated of his pound of flesh, and the physical evidences of his anger are appalling,

Mr. Asche, by the way, is the player who

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Photograph by Marceau, New York.

MISS EDNA ADAMS,

Who has been posing in art subjects at Keith's Theatre.

was seen as *Maldinado* in London. He is the most blood-thirsty and effective stage villain New York has seen in many a day and when he really gets started he is about the busiest home-destroyer and general mischief maker that it has ever been the pleasure of New Yorkers to see. Breaking up housekeeping becomes in his hands a matter of life and death, and so thoroughly does he do his work that the moving man is a valueless quantity.

Photograph by Baker, Columbus.

MISS EDYTH GIBBONS

A representative Show Girl in this season's theatricals

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BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

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ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY, Editor. GEORGE A. SHERIN, General Manager.

AS TO COVERS.

A few months ago we drew attention to the fact that BROADWAY MAGAZINE covers of singular beauty, clever conception and dazzling execution were under way. The October cover created a veritable sensation on the newsstands. Nothing so striking and at the same time so dainty had previously been seen. The cover alone meant tens of thousands of extra sales, and at the time of writing this paragraph the October issue was entirely exhausted. The November cover is in your hands and speaks for itself.

Although preparations for a largely increased edition have been made, it is probable that the supply will be exhausted shortly after publication. This is gratifying. It means that not only is the cover attractive but that the inside of the magazine also appeals to a large and growing public.

OUR HOLIDAY NUMBER.

The October and November numbers give you an idea of what the Holiday (December) BROADWAY MAGAZINE will be like. Promises are like horses—not much good unless well kept. We will keep the following:

1. The Holiday Number cover will be an exquisite example of artist's and lithographer's work.

2. The color work in the Holiday Number will show the latest development in combining half tones, inks and good paper for beautiful effects.

3. The illustrations will be the best that money can buy and the finest that brains and cleverness can devise.

4. The writers represented will know how to thoroughly entertain our readers. No other recommendation will suffice.

5. There will be no article on "Christmas in Many Lands" or "Jingle, Bells" poems.

6 to 100. The Holiday Number will be the result of an experience gained in getting out fifty-six numbers of BROADWAY MAGAZINE, and no expense will be spared to get the full 100 per cent. of value out of this experience.

A SECRET.

You may not know it, but it is nevertheless true that we want you to get a copy of BROADWAY QUARTERLY No. 15. This is a sprightly and handsome book, and if you have not been a regular reader of BROADWAY MAGAZINE you should not fail to have Quarterly No. 15. Any newsdealer in the land will look pleased if you ask for it; incidentally, accompany your request with 25 cents in cash or negotiable bonds. The publishers will also mail you a copy, postpaid, for 25 cents if your newsdealer has sold out.

SPECIAL.

Go to your dealer at once and ask him how the sales of BROADWAY MAGAZINE compare with those of the other great, popular American publications. If you are an advertiser you will be interested.

FORM A GOOD HABIT.

The BROADWAY MAGAZINE habit is a good one, even if not a uniformly regular one. Why not make it so? How? By subscribing for a year in advance direct to this office or through your newsdealer. Where else can you get such a welcome and attractive monthly visitor for $1.50 a year? Get the habit for the coming year and you will never want to break it.

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Kindly Advice from the Sub-Editor.

Boston, Mass.

SUB-EDITOR BROADWAY MAGAZINE :—SIR.

I have been engaged thirteen years to a young farmer, but mother thinks I am too young to marry, I am thirty-three. Mother thinks I ought to stay at home and help with the housework a few years longer. What do you think?

BERTHA BIBBLE.

I think your mother is quite right. You are much too young to marry, but not too young to do housework. Ask the farmer to wait ten years more. If he has already waited thirteen he is a farmer and will wait ten more.

Hoboken, N. G.

SUB-EDITOR BROADWAY MAGAZINE :—SIR.

Do you think it right for one of the stage hands to make love to me? I was a chorus girl in "King High Ball" which had such a long run, and the stage hand said it was the proper thing. I have no mother to advise me, and have been on the stage only six years. How about it?

DELLA DAINTIFACE.

The stage hand is mistaken. You should have gone to the comedian and asked his assistance. He wouldn't make love to you, because comedians never do, but he would tell you what to do.

Granby, Miss.

SUB-EDITOR OF BROADWAY MAGAZINE :—SIR.

I was asked the other day a riddle and as I can't guess the answer I come to you. The riddle is: "Why is a piece of string, and how long?" Can you tell me the answer?

MIKE MUGGE.

There are several answers to this, Mike. The best one, however, is this: "Because there are not." I don't know what it means, but it is said to be the best.

Arlie, Ark.

SUB-EDITOR OF BROADWAY MAGAZINE :—SIR.

Is Maggie Cline still alive?

PHILIPPA PHLOPPE.

Is she alive? *Is* she? Why, Maggie Cline is always alive.

Peoria, Ill.

SUB-EDITOR OF BROADWAY MAGAZINE:—SIR.

I am a young woman with an ambition to shine. What would you recommend?

SARAH PULEY.

Sapolio.

Cambridge, Mass.

SUB-EDITOR OF BROADWAY MAGAZINE:—DEAR SIR.

What do you think of my chances of getting a position as typewriter in New York? I am good-looking and can play the piano.

HARRIET HARVARD.

Never mind learning the typewriter. It's a useless accomplishment. If you merely want to be a typewriter keep on being good-looking, and don't play the piano too much.

Alimony, Dakota.

THE SUB-EDITOR:—DEAR SIR.

I am a woman with a husband and a grievance. I don't think I am very good-looking but my husband is a fright, and I want to strike an average by marrying a handsome actor I know. Would you?

ALICE J. PIERPONT.

We wouldn't. The sub-editor's given name is John.

Sunnyburg-on-Hudson.

TO THE SUB EDITOR:

Papa is to give me a coming-out party next week, I have been in retirement for three years. What is the latest style in brass knuckles?

No. 3113.

Highly polished, inlaid with stained glass; seven ounces to each knuckle and monogramed with initial of wearer. Another pretty style is made of oxydized steel, with sandbag pendant.

The Prince of Dreams.

Little girl, you must wait.
The long white road gleams dusty and straight,
Far over the hills it leads to the town,
Out over the edge of the purple down;—
Little girl, you must wait.

Little girl, you must wait,
With wistful eyes on the bars of the gate;
Over the hills is the Prince of Dreams,
Over the down where the sunset gleams;—
Little girl, you must wait.

Little girl, you must wait.
Ah! he tarries long, the Prince of your Fate,
And the gate is barred till he wins the prize,
Cold iron bars for your longing eyes,
And the breezes only to hear your sighs;
"O Prince, you are late!"
. . . Little girl, you must wait.

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"The Cat in 'Camille'"—By Clara Morris.

From "Stage Confidences," Issued and Copyrighted, 1902, by the
Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston.

IT was in "Camille," one Friday night, in Baltimore, that for the only time in my life I wished to wipe an animal out of existence. I love four-footed creatures with extravagant devotion, not merely the finely bred and beautiful ones, but the poor, the sick, the halt, the maimed, the half-breeds or the no breeds at all; and almost all animals quickly make friends with me, divining my love for them. But on this one night—well! it was this way. In the last act, as *Camille*, I had staggered from the window to the bureau and was nearing that dread moment when in the looking-glass I was to see the reflection of my wrecked and ruined self. The house was giving strained attention, watching dim-eyed the piteous, weak movements of the dying woman; and right here I heard that (—h!) quick indrawing of the breath startled womanhood always indulges in before either a scream or a laugh. My heart gave a plunge, and I thought: "What is it? Oh, what is wrong?" and I glanced down at myself anxiously, for really I wore so very little in that scene that if anything should slip off—gracious! I did not know but what, in the interest of public propriety, the law might interfere. But that one swift glance told me that the few garments I had assumed in the dressing-room still faithfully clung to me. But alas! there was the dreaded titter, and it was unmistakably growing. What was it about? They could only laugh at me, for there was no one else on the stage. Was there not, indeed! In an agony of humiliation I turned half about and found myself facing an absolutely monstrous cat. Starlike he held the very centre of the stage, his two great topaz eyes were fixed roundly and unflinchingly upon my face. On his body and torn ears he carried the marks of many battles. His brindled tail stood straightly and aggressively in the air, and twitched with short, quick twitches, at its very tip, truly as burly an old buccaneer as I ever saw.

No wonder they giggled! But how to save the approaching death scene from total ruin? All was done in a mere moment or two; but several plans were made and rejected during these few moments. Naturally my first thought, and the correct one, was to call back "Nannine," my faithful maid, and tell her to remove the cat. But alas! my Nannine was an unusually dull-witted girl, and she would never be able to do a thing she had not rehearsed. My next impulse was to pick up the creature and carry it off myself; but I was playing a dying girl, and the people had just seen me, after only three steps, reel helplessly into a chair; and this cat might easily weigh twelve pounds or more; and then at last my plan was formed. I had been clinging all the time to the bureau for support, now I slipped to my knees and with a prayer in my heart that this fierce old Thomas might not decline my acquaintance, I held out my hand, and in a faint voice, called "Puss—Puss—Puss! come here, Puss!"

It was an awful moment: if he refused to come, if he turned tail and ran, all was over; the audience would roar.

"Puss—Puss!" I pleaded. Thomas looked hard at me, hesitated stretched out his neck, and working his whiskers nervously, sniffed at my hand.

"Puss—Puss!" I gasped out once more, and lo! he gave a little "meow," and walking over to me, arched his back amicably, and rubbed his dingy old body against my knee. In a moment my arms were about him, my cheek on his wicked old head, and the applause that broke forth from the audience was as balm of Gilead to my distress and mortification. Then I called for Nannine, and when she came on, I said to her, "Take him downstairs, Nannine, he grows too heavy a pet for me these days," and she lifted and carried Sir Thomas from the stage, and so I got out of the scrape without sacrificing my character as a sick woman.

My manager, Mr. John P. Smith, who was a wag, and who would willingly give up his dinner, which he loved, for a joke, which he loved better, was the next day questioned about this incident. One gentleman, a music dealer, said to him: "Mr Smith, I wish you to settle a question for me. My wife and I are at variance. We saw 'Camille' last night, and my wife, who has seen it several times in New York, insisted that that beautiful little cat-scene belongs to the

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From the Unhappy Humorists.

DELIGHTFUL CHURCH.

Mrs. Newcome—Yes, our new church is delightful.

Mrs. Brown—Indeed! What denomination?

Mrs. Newcome—I declare I don't know, but the pews are so arranged that you can see everyone who comes in without the slightest trouble.

THE PRINCIPAL POINT.

Captain of Schooner (*in fog*)—What would our wives say if they knew where we are?

Mate—Humph? I shouldn't mind that, if we only knew where we were ourselves.

FALSE DECEIVER.

She—What is the correct translation of the motto on that lovely ring you gave me?

He—"Faithful to the last."

She—The last? How dreadful! And you've always told me before that I was the very first.

WILLING TO ACCOMMODATE.

Weary Willis—Madam, I crave your mercy! I am hungry enough to eat a dog.

Madam—All right—I'll just unchain him.

HIS REASON.

Seedy Applicant—Won't you give me a dime, sir?

Corpulent Citizen—A dime? Why do you ask me for a dime?

Seedy Applicant—Because I didn't think you'd give it to me unless I asked for it.

RATHER SUGGESTIVE.

"What do you mean by this, sir?" demanded the angry advertiser.

"What's the matter?" inquired the publisher.

"This advertisement of 'our delicious tinned meats from the best houses'—you've made it read 'horses'!"

UNNERVING.

Experienced Husband (*to bridegroom*)—Now, just as soon as you are married, the life insurance agents will be after you in droves.

Bridegroom (*paling*)—Is matrimony so dangerous as that?

SYMPATHETIC.

Old Gent (*rising angrily to let late-comer pass to his seat in the orchestra*)—This eternal getting up is very annoying.

Late-Comer—I know it is. That's the reason I never come in myself until the curtain is well up.

BUSY.

"You say she is a business woman. What business is she interested in?"

"Everybody's."

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

She—How many men owe their success in life to their wives!

He—Yes; and how many more men owe their wives to their successes in life.

THE DEAR GIRLS.

Young Wife—I'm so unhappy.

Girl Friend—Why, dear?

Young Wife—I'm beginning to realize that my husband married me for my money.

Girl Friend—Well, it ought to be some consolation to know that he isn't as big a fool as he looks.

EVIDENCE.

Wife (*reading a letter from a distant friend*)—How strange! She doesn't say whether her baby is a boy or a girl.

Husband—But doesn't she say it is beginning to talk?

Wife—Yes.

Husband—Then it's a girl.

---

play and is always done; while I am sure I never saw it before, and several of my customers agree with me, one lady declaring it to have been an accident. Will you kindly set us right?"

"Certainly," heartily replied Mr. Smith; "your wife is quite right, the cat scene is always done. It is a great favorite with Miss Morris, and she hauls that cat all over the country with her, ugly as he is, just because he's such a good actor."

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Saphead Society Notes.

COLLECTED FROM THE LAST NUMBER OF "THE FOOTMAN'S GAZETTE."

THE swell families of New York are all agog on the subject of the approaching visit of Chulalongkorn, the King of Siam. There is expected to be a great deal doing when he comes here. You know, etiquette in Siam is very rigid and "Chula" insists upon every particle of it being respected wherever he goes. Persons who are introduced to the King are expected first to kiss his foot and then to roll their heads on the ground, have their ears filled with a mixture of molasses, pepper and broken soda crackers and to scream wildly for sixteen minutes at the top of their voices. Society will gladly undergo these slight calls upon its dignity in exchange for the proud privilege of knowing the King of Siam. Sometimes when men or women are kissing his foot, the King kicks them in the face, at which they are supposed to laugh heartily. This will be all O. K. New York Society will stand for it gladly.

THERE is no truth in the report that the De Booves are to be divorced. The foolish story arose from the fact that Mr. De Boove, while in the company of Miss Millie Tiptoze, the pretty chorus girl at the Casino, at a café on West Twenty-ninth street, accidently encountered his wife, who was being escorted by Mr. Peter Slipcard, the well-known gambler, who has been a co-respondent, but only three times so far. Malicious so-called friends immediately began to make trouble, but the De Booves are too aristocratic to notice little things like that. Both husband and wife bowed with great cordiality, and the next day were seen dining together at Delmonico's. It is a healthy sign of the times when real blue blood cannot be disturbed by trifles which might arouse the vulgar passions of the common people.

MR. LARRY HAIR continues to exhibit evidences of his remarkable versatility. He invited a few of his friends to see the performance at a Broadway theatre the other evening, telling them that they would find it difficult to tear themselves away. At the conclusion of the last act when they rose to go they found that the seats of their chairs—which were in the front row of the orchestra—had been smeared with mucilage and they could not move. Mr. Hair gayly attracted the attention of the rest of the audience to their predicament and everybody enjoyed the scene amazingly. The ladies were compelled to have their dresses cut off before they themselves could cut off, but the gentlemen showed exceeding bad taste in cursing volubly. "Laughing Larry" as he calls himself, had a severe accident the next day. He knocked his face against a door and blacked his eye. So, at least, he explains the bruised optic which he is at present displaying. It seems to have depressed him a little, which is a great pity, for he has such volatile spirits.

THE November weddings continue to increase in number, and there will soon be a heavy premium on orange blossoms in Society. The romantic weddings two years ago of Mr. and Mrs. Broune, Mr. and Mrs. Smuythe, and Mr. and Mrs. Jhones will be recalled; also their subsequent romantic divorces. In the following year Mr. Broune married Mrs. Smuythe, Mr. Smuythe married Mrs. Jhones, and Mr. Jhones married Mrs. Broune. But incompatibility of temper and a disinclination for each other's society parted these couples shortly afterwards, and Mr. Broune then took to wife the Mrs. Smuythe who had been Mrs. Jhones, Mr. Smuythe wedded the Mrs. Jhones who had at first been Mrs. Broune, and Mr. Jhones engaged in the holy bands of wedlock with the Mrs. Broune, who had been Mrs. Smuythe. Last Spring three other divorces followed. Three new engagements are now announced, and this month Mr. Broune will lead to the altar the lady who is at present called Mrs. Smuythe but who before that had been known as Mrs. Jhones and before that, Mrs. Broune,—thus getting his own wife again. Mr. Smuythe and Mr. Jhones will achieve the same pleasant result, and three broken families will once again be happily re-united. And yet coarse minds cavil at Society and say that there are no home ties among the Four Hundred! The Brounes, and the Smuythes and the Jhones are all rich people, but their domestic instincts are as keen as if they had no more than $100,000 a year income.

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The Red Soubrette On the Road.

Sa—ay—.

I've been terrible busy. The star has had the croup, the manager has had suspension of the pay-roll and the ingenue fell in Pittsburgh, and broke her contract.

We ran across George Fuller Golden the other day. Mr. Golden told us a few pleasant somethings about his various hits. It gives me great pleasure to announce that this eminent comedian has not been obliged to decrease the size of his bonnet during the past year. He knows positively that Mr. Golden is nearly all right.

Up in Albany I sat at the same table with Tom Wise. His head is just as small as before he began to star and he doesn't wear insertion or Valenciennes on his note-paper.

Otherwise he's quite normal.

Peary thinks it's cold up around the North Pole. Sa—ay, he should have been with us the night we opened in Boston. Beside that reception an iceberg would look like a rum omelette. Our treasurer is still wearing ear-muffs.

The last time I was on Broadway, there was a lot of gossip about a certain very young and very pretty artist's model, who has been appearing in a big Broadway musical production. She is scarcely more than a child and this makes the conduct of her manager all the more dastardly. This man has had considerable marital trouble of his own, but if the stories I hear are true, he is about due for the liveliest time in his long and rather checkered career. In the meantime the poor little beauty's only satisfaction is that her shame enables her to take good care of a not too particular mother.

Another similar case came before New York's attention about five years ago. In that case the man made the only reparation that lay in his power, as he was a man with a wife and family. He settled a small fortune on the girl. In the first case the man is a bankrupt, so that there can be no financial balm in Gilead.

There is little doubt that at the present writing something is going to happen to somebody somewhere. Mr. Dan Daly smiled sweetly at a chorus girl who stepped on his toes recently. He didn't even look angry for a minute.

I understand that a number of his friends are seriously thinking of calling in a specialist and having his good humor removed.

I don't believe in signs. But when a ladder fell the other day in Rutland, Vt., and smashed the new hat of our leading lady, I immediately crossed my fingers and refused to walk up a dark alley with a red lantern.

Sa—ay, it's all very well for us girls to talk of not being superstitious, but when cable car No. 13 in Philadelphia knocks over your hansom and splashes real Pennsylvania mud all over your new broadcloth cape, I'm down and out and refuse to take any more chances.

I'm pretty busy now, watching the leading lady, in the hope that the bad cold she caught up in St. Paul will lay her up so that I can play her part as it should have been played all season. But if I have time. I'll have another chat with you next month.

Yours for much truth,

The Red Soubrette.

Always With Us.

The summer now is past and gone,
The leaves are drear and yellow,
The Summer Girl no more has on
The duds that "fetched" her fellow.

Now comes the cold end of the year
With snow and frost and rime,
But we'll continue still to hear
"In the Good Old Summer Time."

D.

Broadway Localettes.

Russell Sage bought a new pail of coal on Thursday.

George Considine cleaned his front door step last week.

Broadway is glad the pie strike is over. It *was* rather rough on the crust of society.

Never try to see the point of a joke when walking near the subway. Don't tumble.

The newest expression on Broadway, when looking for somebody: "Where's his collar buttons?"

It will be a terrible state of affairs when New York is finished. We won't have anything to grumble about.

November is the month of falling stars. Angeline De Puyster Blanchford, who essayed *Juliet*, fell last week.

A man strolled into Shanlemonico's the other evening and asked for a lobster. The waiter placed a mirror on the table.

Mr. James J. Corbett visited his old friends along Broadway last week. It is untrue that Mr. Corbett is to play *Little Eva* next season.

Talking about elections, what's the matter with voting for a pup catcher, his principal duties being to rope in the youth who smokes a pipe on Broadway?

A flying machine hovering over Broadway would not attract any attention. We should merely take it for a piece of the sidewalk blasted into the upper atmosphere.

If the Metropolitan Opera House is to be used as a large drygoods store, as rumor asserteth, we may expect to get Wagner marked down and to hear Jean de Reszké for $1.99.

The injunction asked for by a father to prevent his daughter marrying a man of whom he didn't approve was a long way from Broadway, but the waiters in the Broadway restaurants could mention many a marriage which needed an injunction.

Constable O'Monahan, the genial guardian of peace on Long Acre Square, believes in the power of reasoning. He drove a strong argument into the head of George Vanderwelch, the well-known *bon vivant*, the other night. He used a club in doing it.

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How to be Strong

Wash the knees carefully with iron filings.

Never count your money before dressing in the morning. It has a very weakening effect.

Practice with the bum dells—we mean the dumb bells—every half-hour during the day, thirty minutes each time.

Do not smoke more than sixty cigarettes an hour. This is an average of one a minute, which should never be exceeded. Be careful about this.

When eating in restaurants, kick the waiter in the stomach. If he doesn't resent it, kick him again. If he does, let him kick you. Both are good for the health.

To strengthen the voice, bathe freely with love songs and occasionally change this method by yelling "Ice" until the janitor throws the ash can at you. Repeat until dead.

Lifting is good for the muscles. Take a trip down to Tiffany's once in a while, and do a little "lifting" there. Do it so as to attract as little attention as possible, for attention would operate against your freedom of movement.

J. B.—We understand you perfectly. You are a weak young man and want to propose to a young woman who won the gymnasium medal at the Young Women's Christian Association last year. Very well. A bottle of ammonia. Sprinkle it over some full-grown garlic. If there is not strength enough in this for any girl, give up the marriage business and go into politics.

X. O. X.—From your initials we take you to be a college man. We don't know why you should want to have strong ears, but this is the recipe — Get your best friends, tie them in a room together and tickle their feet until they tell you what they think of you. This will make your ears tingle, increase the circulation and by the end of the third hour of candor on the part of your friends, you will be able to swing thirty-pound dumb-bells with your right ear while catching cannon balls with your left.

Cooking Receipts

Wooden toothpicks, with copper tips and the rest made of paper, are delicate dainties to eat with coffee.

First get your howling college boy on an over-night visit to town. Stir with a strong club and serve cold.

A nice strawberry ice cream is made by filling a common tumbler half full of water, and shaking salt into it for a week. Shiver slightly and imagine the rest.

A sweet morsel is made by taking an ounce of anything you can think of, and mixing it in an egg cup. Boil until you get tired. Then get mad, and eat it.

Catch your lobster. Scorch him well on all sides and serve with a little jolly sauce. Don't be afraid of doing too well. A lobster can never be done well enough.

Fricassed pompom is very toothsome in cold weather. Take a dog, pour over it seventeen sloocums, a couple of billibibs and a ton of popo. Then shosh it for an hour and leave the house hastily.

To make a nice layer cake, place some plaster of Paris on your face. Over that spread a few lizards, and on top of them drop carefully the Waldorf-Astoria, drop by drop. Then go as far as you like.

Take a ready-made egg with a white shell and yellow viscera and hold it under the kitchen tap for two hours. Then lay it down again. You can do what you like with the egg after that. We don't care.

Secure an onion from Lord and Cooper's dry-goods store. Eat it and roll the remainder into a tight ball. Drop it on the sidewalk at Forty-second street, and kick it gently down Broadway to the Battery. Be careful not to get arrested in the meanwhile. When you get to the Battery, pour a little copying ink on it—the remainder of the onion, not the Battery—and divide among the immigrants from Ellis Island. That will be about all.

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Photograph by Chickering, Boston.

MR. FREDERICK V. BOWERS.

FREDERICK V. BOWERS, who wrote the score of "King High Ball," has the distinction of being the youngest composer of a comic opera that has made its first bow to the public from a Broadway theatre. This fact alone is a tribute to the ability which has enabled him to establish a prestige in the musical world. Some time ago Mr. Bowers aroused public interest by his presentation of the songs, "Always" and "Because," two numbers that continue to hold place in the ballad cabinet of the day. These were but stepping stones to his present opera, which abounds in catchy music and comical situations.

Many of the musical numbers in "King High Ball" are striking. Mr. Warwick, who staged the ballet, was so delighted with the music, that he engaged the young composer to write the ballad music for a big Broadway production. The ballad "My Adeline" is an exquisite selection and finds nightly favor, as does "King High Ball" and "I'm a Prima Donna from the Skies." Mr. Bowers will produce within the next few weeks a musical comedy called, "The Major and the Judge," and is at present at work on a new opera. Mr. Bowers has undoubtedly a great future. He wears the laurels of the present unassumingly, being a conscientious worker who expects to win success through merit only.

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Photograph by Armstrong, Boston.

MR. JOHN C. RICE. MR. THOMAS A. WISE.

THE STARS OF "ARE YOU A MASON?"

THESE two comedians are making their joint stellar début in the Ditrichstein piece, in which they appeared last season. Manager Harris, under whose auspices they are starring, is one of the shrewd young men of the theatrical business, and in deciding to star Messrs. Wise and Rice, he has evidently not made a mistake according to the verdict of audiences on the road.

Mr. Rice has for years been known as a whimsical comedian and has appeared successfully in many plays.

Mr. Wise is a young Californian who was practically unknown in New York five years ago, but who has taken advantage of the opportunities offered him and met with signal success in all the rôles he has essayed. He made an undoubted hit when he appeared in London in "The Wrong Mr. Wright" and "The Last Chapter."

Google

A New Leading Woman.

MISS ELLA WARREN HARMON as leading woman with S. Miller Kent in "The Cowboy and the Lady" is up to the standard of others who played her rôle in the original production.

Miss Harmon plays the part with intelligence and ability, giving a convincing interpretation of the character which makes her work most creditable.

She is fascinating in comedy and powerful in her scenes of passion. One of her charms is a most musical voice.

Photograph by Marceau, New York.

MISS ELLA WARREN HARMON.

A Character Actress

THE Columbia Theatre, Brooklyn, has a new actress in Kate Jepson, who, as a character actress, is one of the best in her line, and her excellent work is attracting much attention.

She has a keen perception of dramatic value and enunciation, which characterizes all her work, and makes her reading a delight. She has played in all the "frozen dramas," her conception and portrayal of the cold, cruel nature of the Russian autocrat being a finished piece of work.

Miss Jepson has business technique as well as artistic ability. She was stage manager for three years with "Darkest Russia," and for one year not only stage and business manager but played the character part as well in the "Wooing of Mrs. Van Cott."

Her work at the Columbia Theatre this year is being watched with considerable interest as her ability is sure to bring her to the right side of the bridge.

Photograph by Baker, Columbus.

MISS KATE JEPSON

The End.

Was it but yesterday
We said goodbye where blue the harebell grows?
Where the stream's banks are sweet with bud and rose,
And the lark's song makes everything seem gay—
Was it but yesterday?

Spring was too fair to stay,
The petals of her roses fell—at last:
With trembling lips we spoke of all the past,
And Hope and Life seems gone, so far away:
We cry to youth, that passes by, so fast—
O! where is yesterday?

M. G.

Photograph by Marceau, New York.

MR. JULIUS STEGER.

JULIUS STEGER, who is the leading man of the Klaw & Erlanger Opera Co., will play one of the principal parts in "The Billionaire," which is to be one of the largest productions in the musical world this year. Mr. Steger has been associated with the best musical productions and has become a favorite with American theatregoers.

He was born in Vienna, but has long since become a full-fledged American citizen. After several years of mercantile and social prestige, he adopted the stage and met with instant success in such plays as "Led Astray," "His Excellency" "The Fencing Master," "Foxy Quiller" and many Casino productions.

Mr. Steger has a finely modulated high baritone voice of excellent range and quality, and he sings with exceptionally artistic finish.

He has that rare attribute in a singer, dramatic ability, and as an actor is full of temperament. It has been the *tout ensemble* that has made Mr. Steger's success.

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Photograph by Harbeck, New York.

MISS CLARICE VALLETTE.

ALTHOUGH of French descent Miss Clarice Vallette was born and educated in this country. Her work on the stage is full of magnetism. Her manner off is quiet and unassuming enough, but there is an earnestness in her gray eyes which carries conviction even to those who meet her casually. She has just finished a Summer season in a stock company, and the press of Utica united in praising her work. She gave a clever portrayal of *Carey* in "Alabama," the *Lisping Girl* in "At the White Horse Tavern" and *Phyllis* in "The Jilt." As a little ragged boy she is especially clever, her *Fred* in "The Black Flag" being a difficult part, but Miss Vallette handled it skillfully. One critic said two words expressed her performance—they are "witching" and "winsome." Miss Vallette's versatility is shown by a number of clever little stories usually written under a nom-de-plume.

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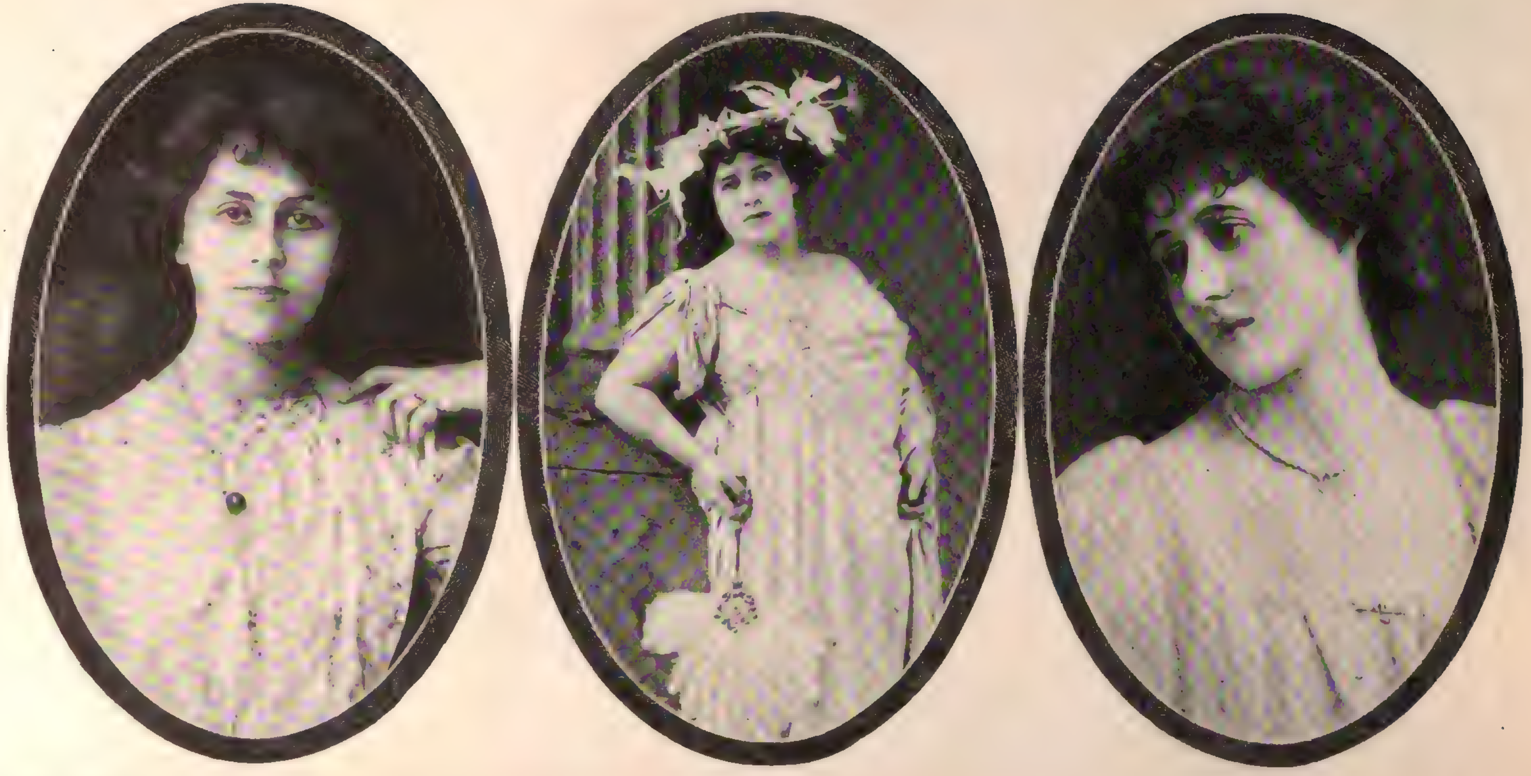


Photographs by Bassano, and Ellis & Walery, London.

THE PICK OF THE ENGLISH STAGE.

MISS DORA BARTON. MISS CONNIE EDISS. MISS MARGARET HALSTON.

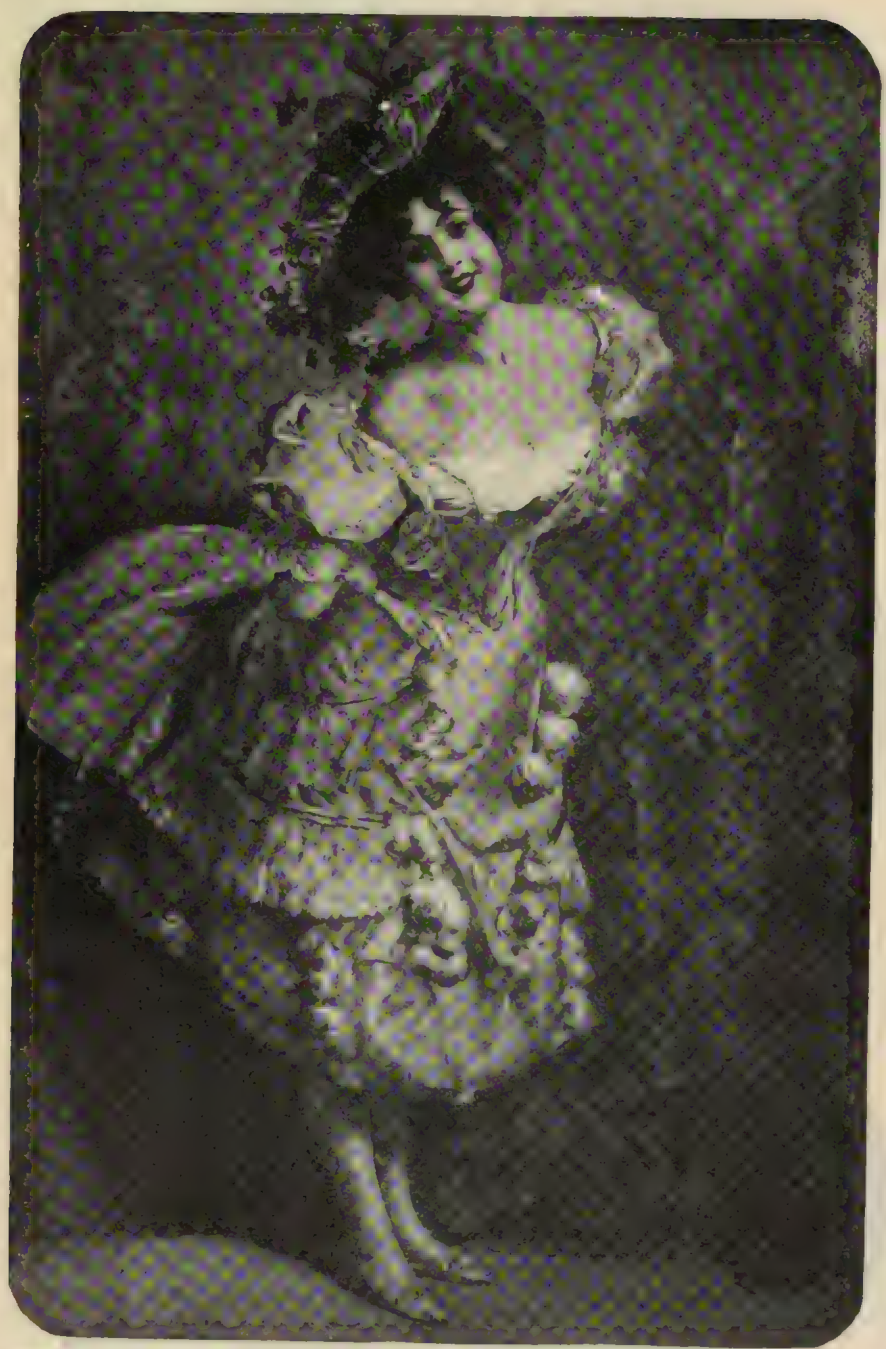
Photographs by Ellis & Walery, London.

THE PICK OF THE ENGLISH STAGE.

MISS MAUDE FRANCIS.

MISS ATTIE CHESTER.

MISS FLORENCE MONTEITH.



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COQUETRY

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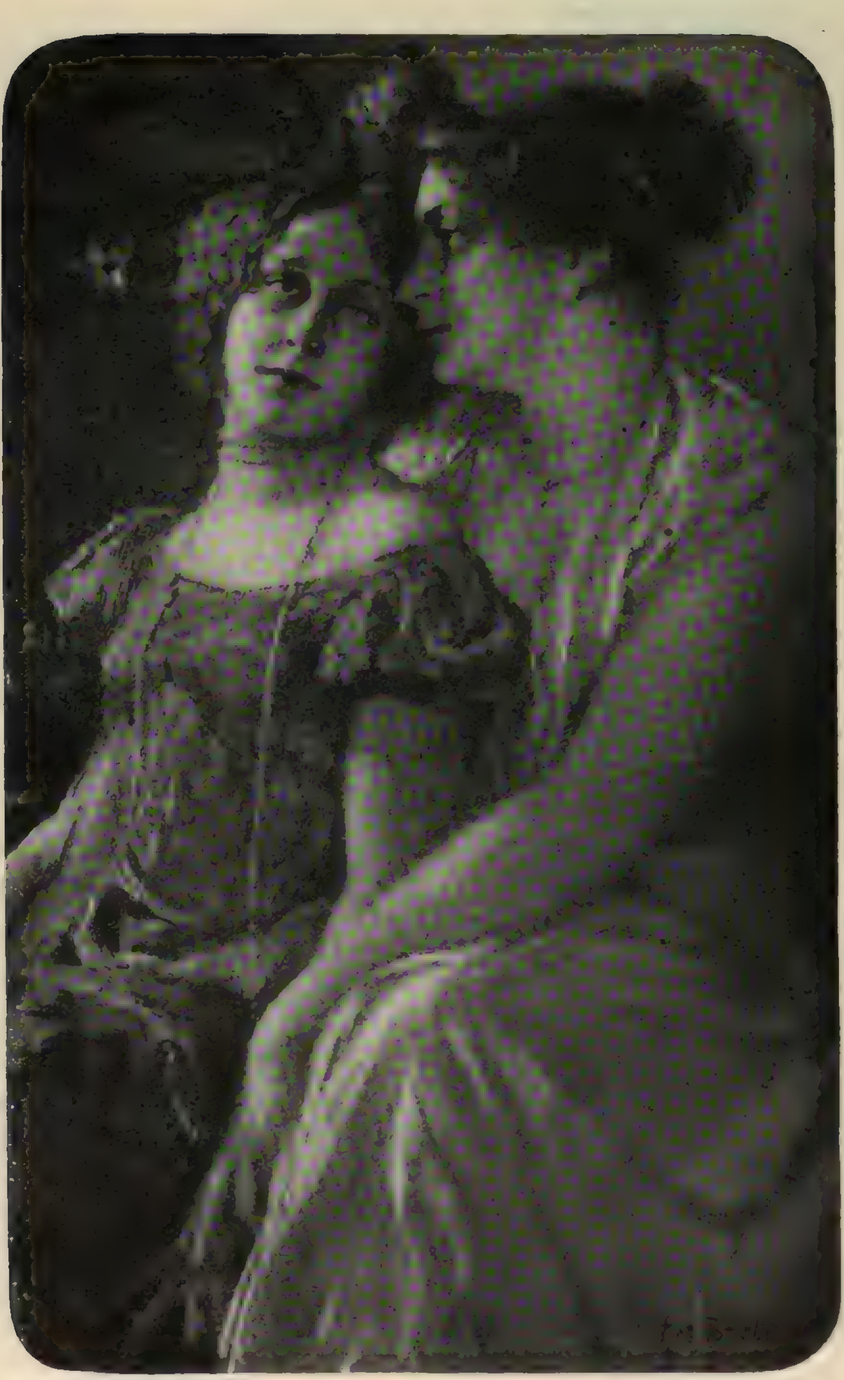

From the Painting by F. M. Brett.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

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Photograph by Marceau, New York.

MISS ELIZABETH TYREE

Who took the title rôle of "Captain Molly" at the Manhattan Theatre.

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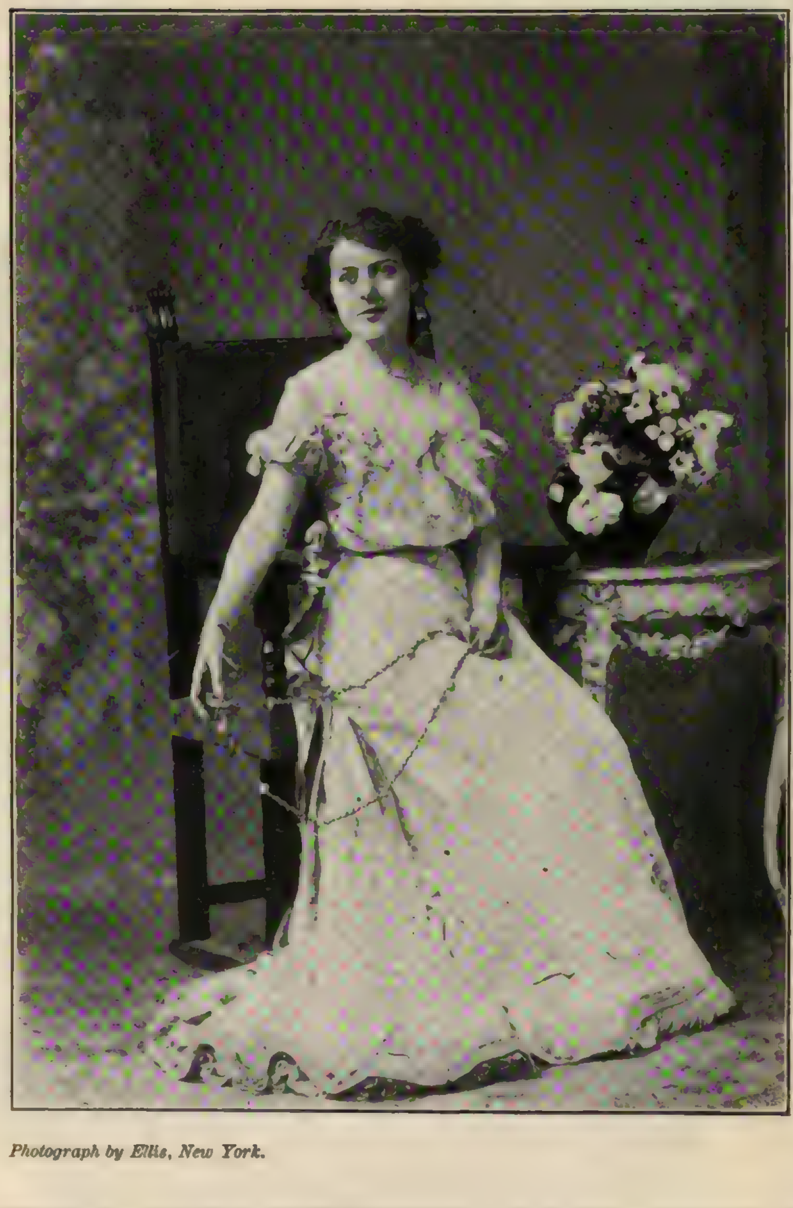

Photograph by Ellis, New York.

MISS BEATRICE IRWIN.

Miss Irwin plays the ingenue rôle, *Léonie de la Villecontier* at the Garrick Theatre, in "There's Many a Slip," the English play by Robert Marshall, which Mr. Frohman has imported. While criticism of the play and the other players has been varied, all of it has agreed on the charm of this young English actress, who seems to have won her way into the hearts of American theatregoers by her natural simplicity and naïveté of manner. New York audiences are not prepared to extend a welcome to foreign artists without good and abundant reasons, but there seems to be no reason why they will repent having received Miss Beatrice Irwin with the warmth which was shown to her.

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Photograph by Downey, London.

MISS LUCY NANON.

An English beauty who will be seen in a visiting company this season.

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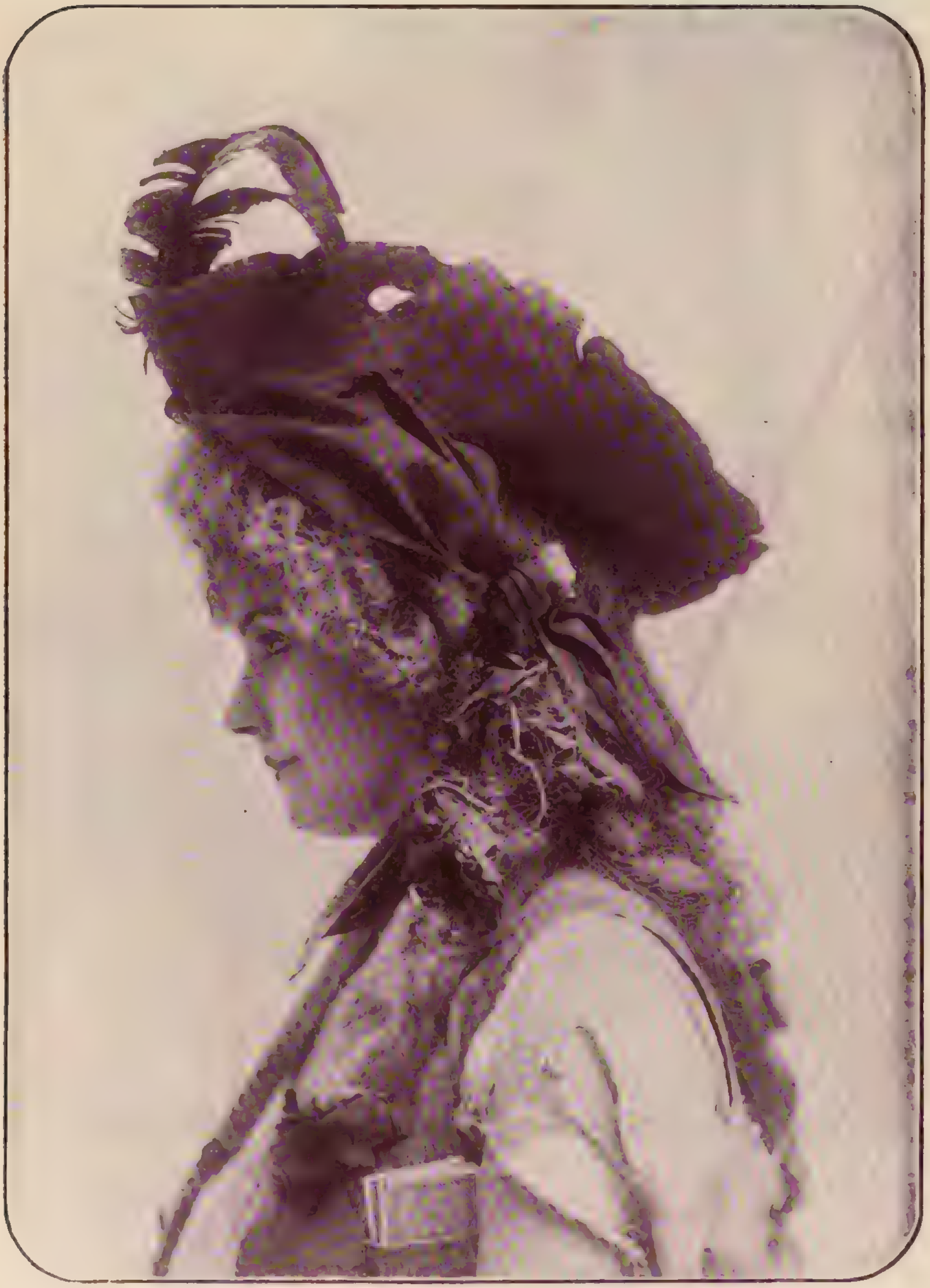

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MISS IRENE BENTLY.

Leading lady of "The Wild Rose" Company.

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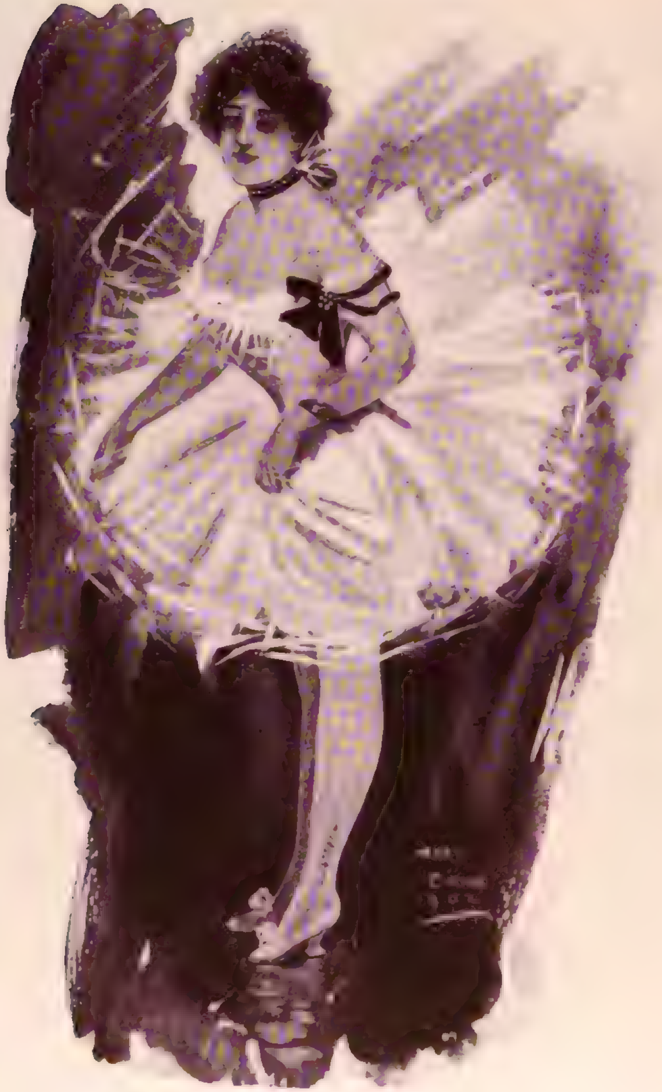
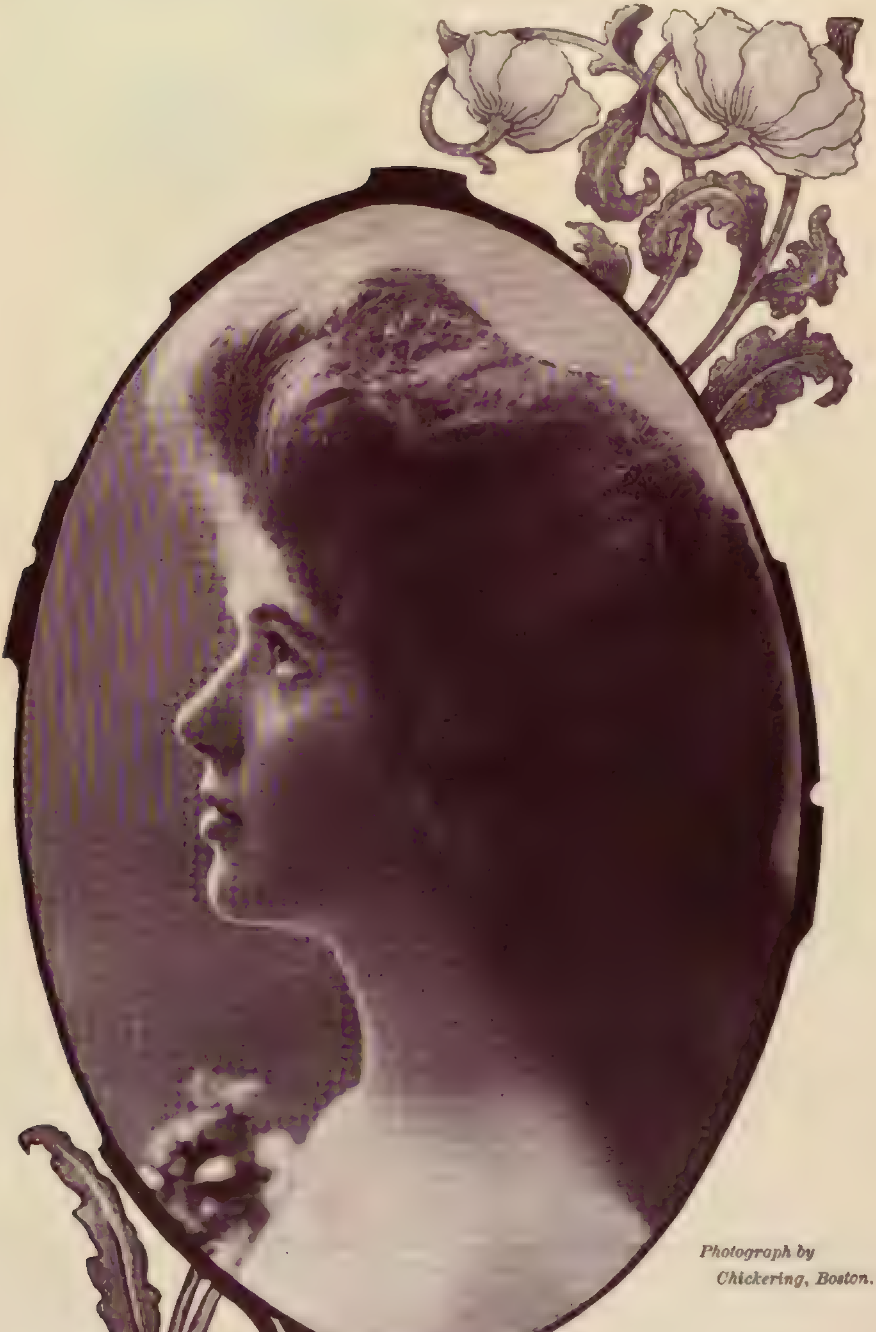


THE RIVAL

From wash drawings made especially for

BALLET GIRLS.

BROADWAY MAGAZINE by Mr. Henry Burton.



Photograph by
Chickering, Boston.

MISS MARGUERITE CLARK.

A very young actress who is a prominent member of the George W. Lederer forces in comedy opera.

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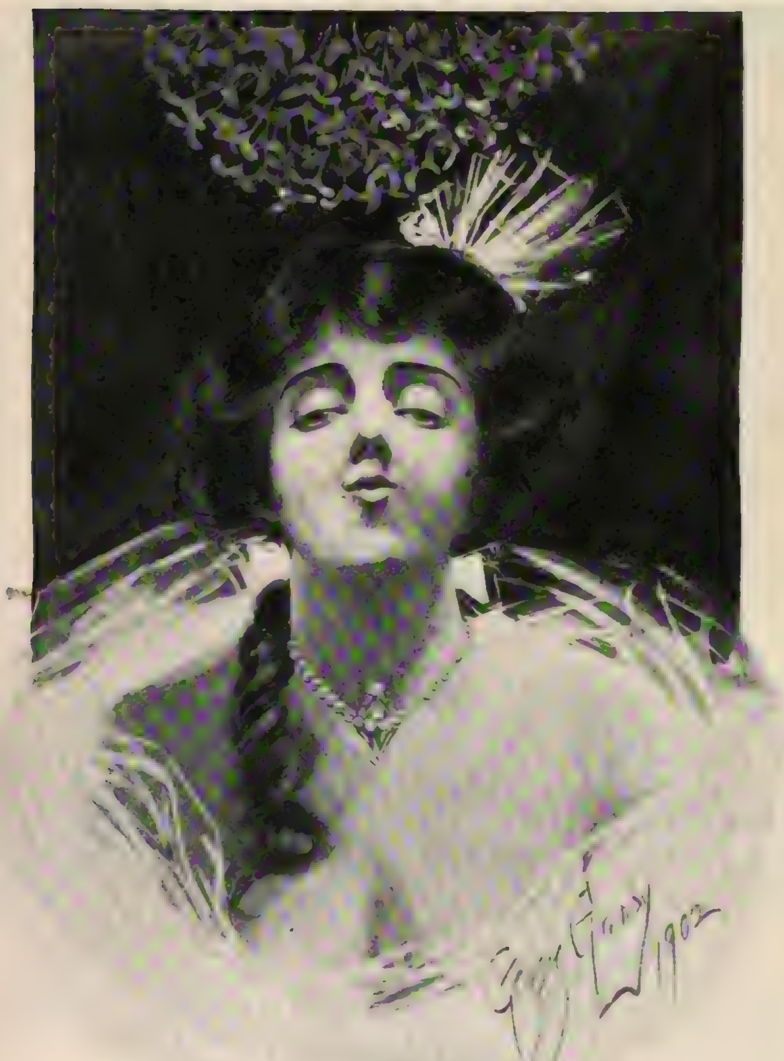

QUITE READY.

Myrtilla's face is charmingly close,
Under the mistletoe,
With the challenging tip of her cute little nose
And her mouth like a Cupid's bow.

For the moment she looks sedate with her eyes,
As tho' she were worshiping,
But her other features? They emphasize
An entirely different thing!

My senses swim as if with wine
Which is pungent, strong and heady,
But dear Myrtilla is quite benign,
For dear Myrtilla's ready.

A. Lawrence.

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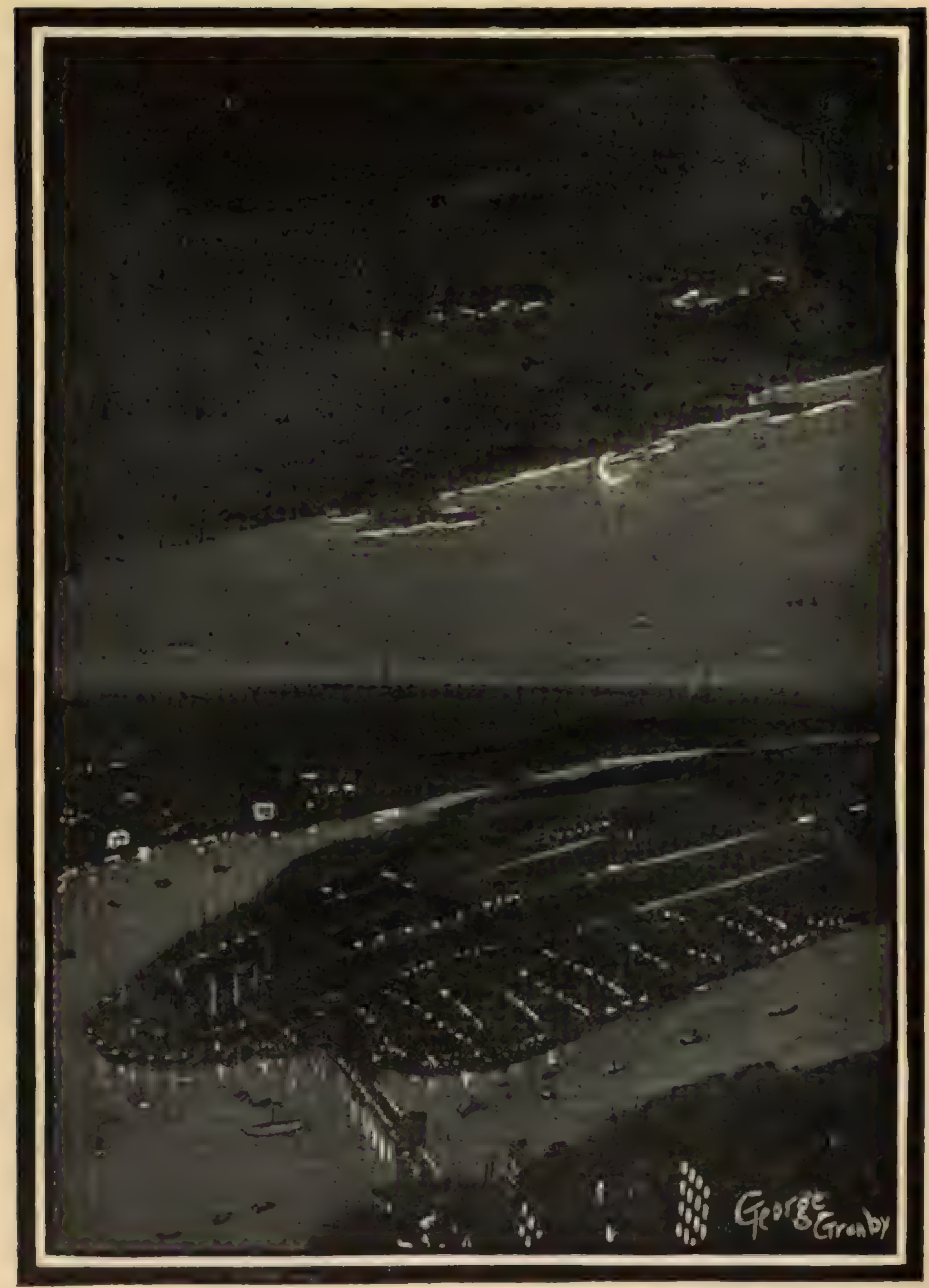
George Granby

NEW YORK, QUEEN OF NIGHT.

(See article beginning on opposite page.)

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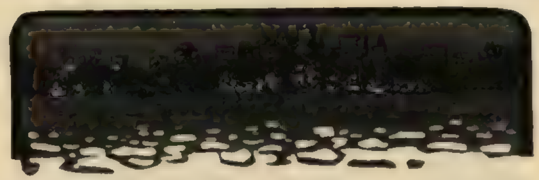
New York, Queen of Night.

Being the First of a Series of Articles (Each Complete in Itself) Depicting the Lights and Shadows of New York After Dark.

By Roland Burke Hennessy.

No. 1.—When the Lights Go Up.



NEW YORK—the marvellous, the beautiful, whose amazing story makes Americans marvel and the whole world stare! New York—the city of tremendous growth and wealth that makes the memory of Solomon excite no wonder! New York—the greatest city of the world—for, though great now, it is ever growing and growing and growing; and London and Paris will soon be traditions as the world's most wonderful places.

And if New York is great by day, it is mysterious and variedly fascinating by night! When the sun is gleaming, we see New York springing up on all sides—we see its actual physical growth, its evidence of virility and youth and enthusiasm; by day it is a strong youth of noble mein who lives and learns and grows wiser and taller and more gracious as the years roll by.

By day, New York with its stupendous commerce, its rush, crush and spasms in the various financial mercantile centres, made human as it is by the screaming noises and the trip-hammer notes of staccato civilization, is an entity unto itself. No one not fully acquainted with metropolitan life can have the faintest idea of the actual tumult that exists during the day on lower Broadway, on Madison Square, or other points of greatest activity in New York, but it is at a junction like Herald Square, where the elevated railroad crosses three lines of street cars and where trucks, cabs, and delivery wagons do their maddest, that the highest point of noisy revelry is reached. Here is found the very high C of dissonance.

But when dusk is followed by dark and the lights are lit and the whole town shines as if studded with opals, then the shadows mellow what is harsh and new, and the newly garnished is softened and hallowed and all beauty becomes an ornament for New York, the "Mistress of the Night."

New York after dark is as changeful as the colors of the kaleidoscope and yet as well defined as a bit of mosaic. From the chaste Goddess of Liberty, lighting New York's splendid harbor, to the great High Bridge, with jets marking its course across the Harlem, New York when the lights glow furnishes a joyous picture of darkness penetrated.

Starting from Staten Island in a ferry boat and heading for the Battery, where the Queen of the western hemisphere begins its life—where the sturdy Knickerbocker once smoked his pipe in peace and

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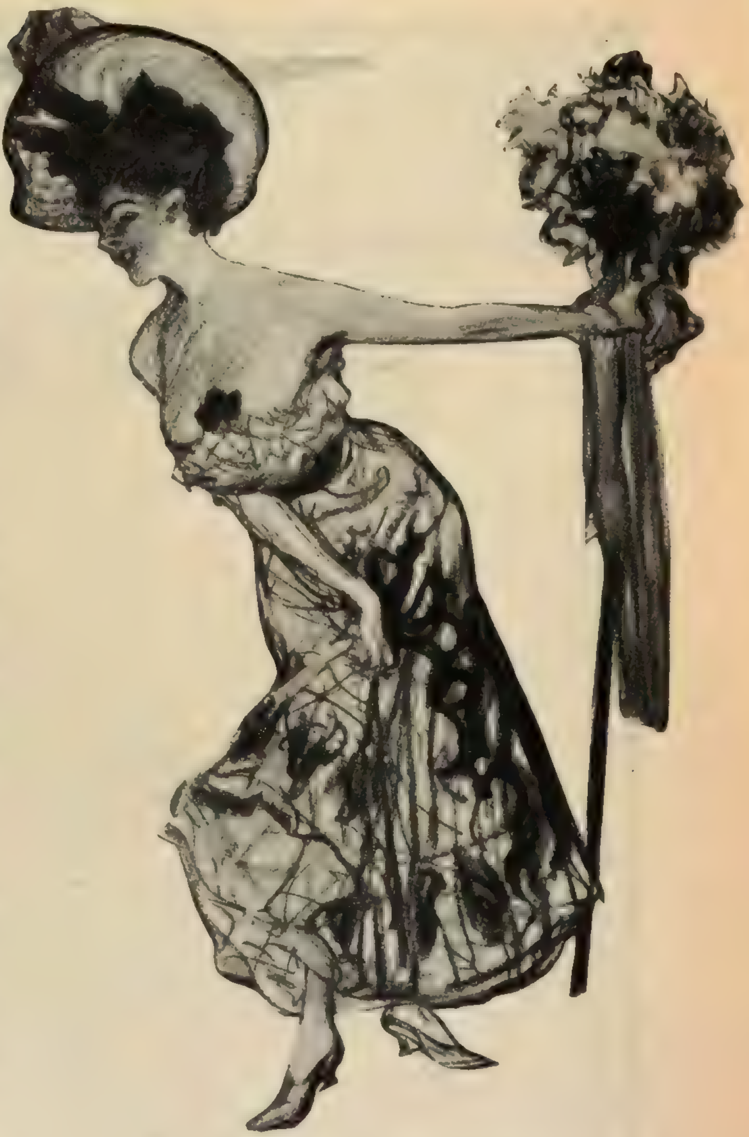

"Where the big-hatted female is still the symbol of the drama."

where Katrina listened to the old, old story from the lips of honest Jan—we behold the Island of Manhattan in the arms of night, on whose breast shine the glittering shafts of light that make darkness lose its gruesomeness. Surrounding the entire Island is a string of corals; stretching up the great avenues are rows of opalescent buttons and here and there—as, for instance, in favored Battery Park—shine glittering patches of decoration that only serve to dress the sleepy figure of the beautiful giant. Out on the bay there is little to be heard save sounds of the sea—the tooting calls of other boats, the deep-mouthed conversations between saucy tugs and bulky seafarers, and the throbbing and wheel-churning of the ferry boats making for the shelter of Manhattan.

From this point at the foot of the symbolical figure New York begins. From the Battery, famed in history and in song, New York spreads out along the water front to the right or the left, the street lights piercing a path straight to the north. To continue the simile, New York is a very thin figure from the shoulders down, as a good soldier should be.

At the very beginning, the electric cars, those signs of an advanced and noisy civilization, utter the first strident notes of life. Aside from this, lower New York is sound asleep. Great office buildings and hulking warehouses are dark and deserted, except for the eyrie lights in the janitor's rooms up in the dizzy heights near the roof. The pacing policemen have lonely times of it down here, for even the saloon—beacon of warmth at almost every uptown corner—is scarce.

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Along the wharves there is some activity. Veritable gnomes of men, looking elfish and uncanny alongside the brawny ships, carry heavy burdens aboard and make ready in many ways for the sailing of the sea monsters. Then, too, outgoing suburbanites leave the parallel lines of street and elevated cars and make quick rushes for ferries to Brooklyn or New Jersey. But these are only oases in the desert of the night calm.

"And its cheap table d'hotes where the drygoods clerk may have his Bohemia on Saturday night."

Further up near the great begrimed Post Office building and Park Row, where the daily newspapers come from, is found real, palpitant existence of the kind that wears the soul and dims the eyes; and at the very head oi Newspaper Row, and opposite the municipal buildings that gleam white in the shadows, is the entrance to Brooklyn Bridge—the pathway that is a standing menace to life and limb and a disgrace to the metropolis. Here, between the hours of five and seven every weekday, three hundred thousand human beings try to reach home through an opening not large enough to comfortably take care of fifty thousand. And here every evening are enacted scenes of violence that would make a Hottentot savage grow afraid. Men and women not merely crowd and jostle each other but actually jam and tear and gouge and swear for two mortal hours in a way that under ordinary circumstances would mean the turning out of the police reserves. Slim young girls and portly old women are compelled actually to fight their way to cars already over-crowded; strong men need all their strength to get through the toiling mass and tall policemen who manfully try to save lives find themselves but shaken reeds in the mad rush.

The Recording Angel cannot find it in his heart to consign Brooklyn people to Hell or Purgatory. They have all theirs daily between five and seven.

To the right from newspaper row stretches the great East Side with its ever-moving, busy picturesque life. To the left and northward run miles upon miles of streets that all seem to be getting away from their loneliness—on up through Broadway, with its cars still half empty—if it is after 7.30—and the side streets with life gradually ebbing away as belated workers pass quickly to their homes.

Up through old-fashioned Greenwich on the extreme left, Broadway in the centre, and uninteresting Third and Fourth avenues to the right, all roads lead us north—or as nearly so as the occasional erratic turns permit.

And on up to Fourteenth street! Fifteen years ago this was the beginning of upper central New York's night life. Now it is only on the outskirts. East Fourteenth street is still aglow, but Union square, which is its' north side at Broadway, is nerveless. Then straight up again through streets alight but not alive.

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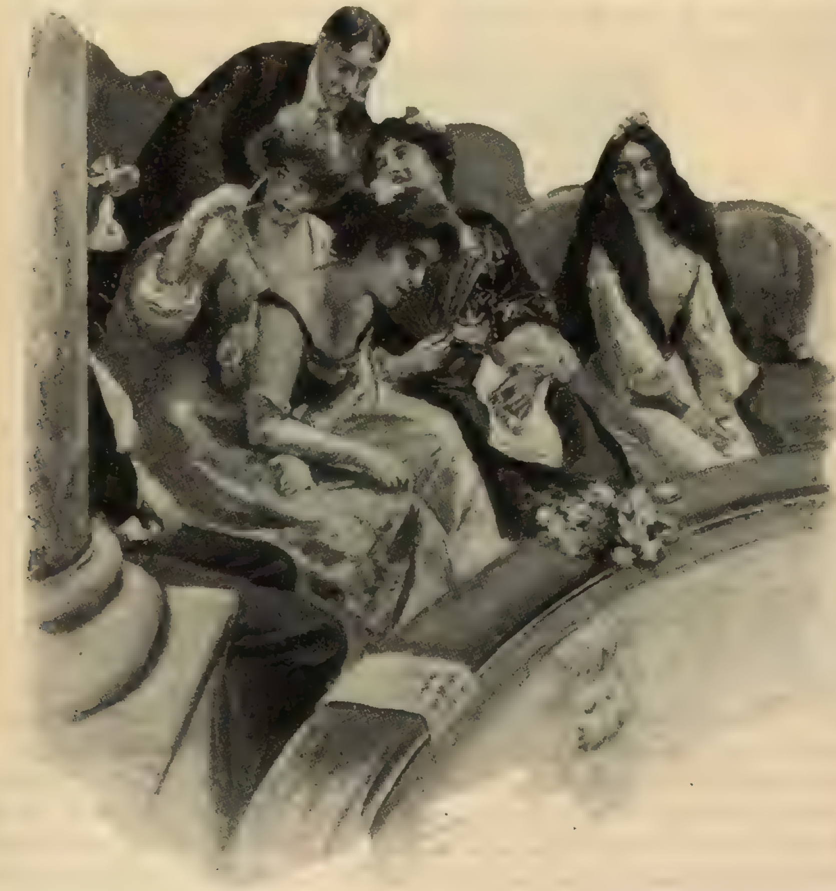
To Twenty-third street! Here is the red Gateway of the Night; not the Twenty-third street of far west, where the Pennsylvania railroad acts as Charon for its passengers who would cross the Styx to the other side; nor Twenty-third street of the East, where those who must, ferry over to Williamsburgh.



"And the millions of the lucky are reflected in dress and demeanor from opera boxes that rent for small fortunes."

It is the Twenty-third street bounded on the west by Eighth avenue and the east by Third, with its centre at the Flatiron Building, whose nose rashly breaks into Madison square. It is the Twenty-third street that has stolen the glories of Fourteenth street, now, in 1902, a nice old lady who has seen better days and retires shortly after Macy's closes its doors at 6 P. M.

At Twenty-third street begins the "life" told of in the morning papers, in current theatrical shows and in the letters to the country sent by awe-struck rural visitors. Here start the big caravansaries that are cities in themselves; the theatres, famous and infamous; music halls where the big-hatted female is still the symbol of the drama; its cheap table d'hotes where the drygoods clerk may have his Bohemia on Saturday night; the opera that is called grand, where singers sell nice voices for fabulous prices and the millions of the lucky are reflected

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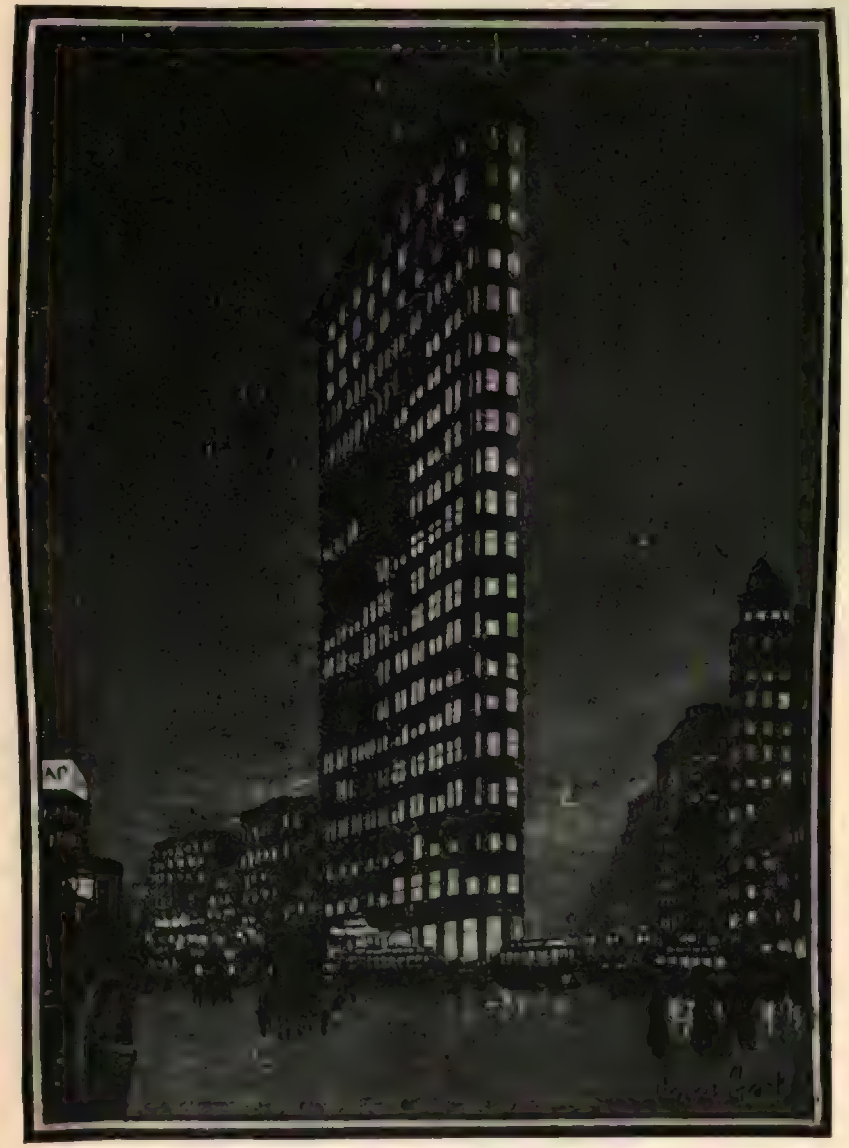
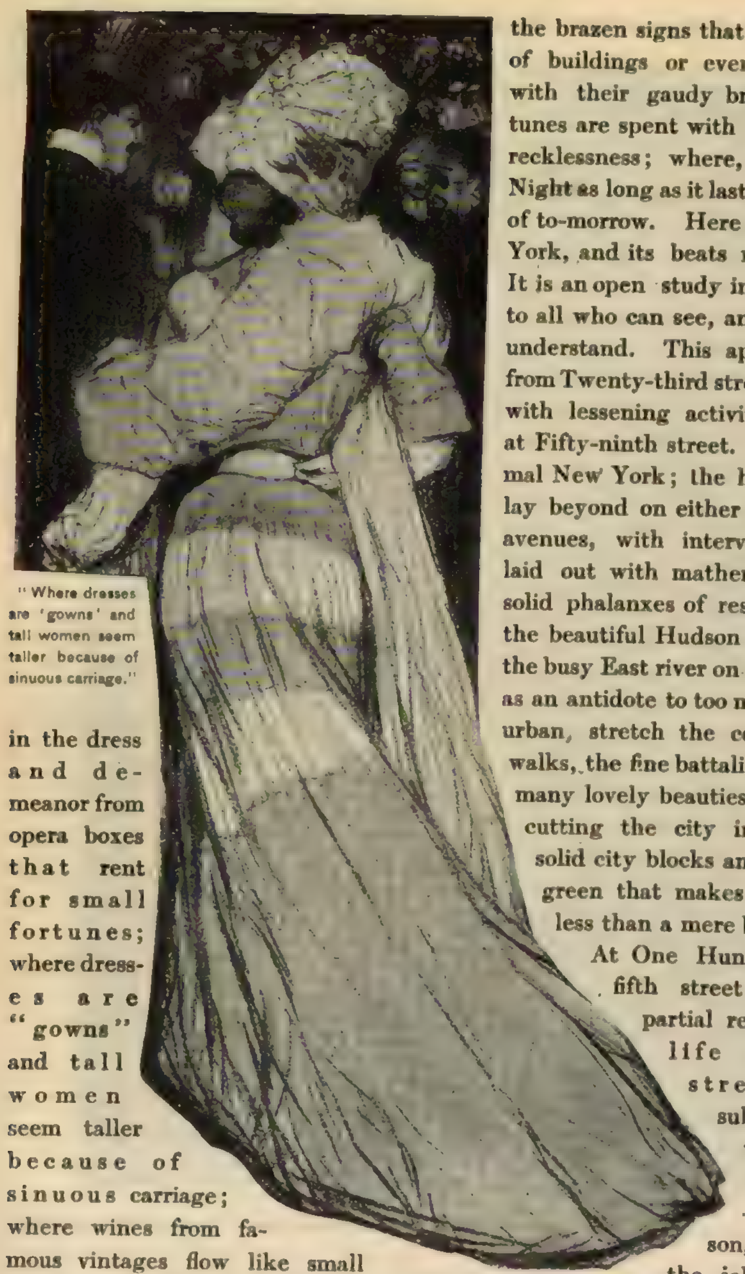


THE FLATIRON BUILDING BY NIGHT.

"It is Twenty-third street . . . . with its centre at the Flatiron Building, whose nose rashly breaks into Madison Square."



"Where dresses are 'gowns' and tall women seem taller because of sinuous carriage."

in the dress and demeanor from opera boxes that rent for small fortunes; where dresses are "gowns" and tall women seem taller because of sinuous carriage; where wines from famous vintages flow like small mountain streams in restaurants having mirrors alone costing fabulous sums; where the rich, the poor, the gay, the good and the bad hold gentle frolic or saturnalia; where the streets are light as day, and the sun is put to pallid shame by the brazen signs that cover broad expanse of buildings or even fleck the mid-air with their gaudy brilliance; where fortunes are spent with an abandon born of recklessness; where, in fact, Night is Night as long as it lasts and thoughts never of to-morrow. Here is the heart of New York, and its beats may be seen by all. It is an open study in municipal anatomy to all who can see, and having seen, can understand. This applies to New York from Twenty-third street to Forty-fifth and with lessening activity to Central Park, at Fifty-ninth street. Again begins normal New York; the homes of the people lay beyond on either side and on up long avenues, with intervening cross streets laid out with mathematical accuracy in solid phalanxes of residence blocks from the beautiful Hudson river on the left to the busy East river on the other side; and, as an antidote to too much that is flaringly urban, stretch the cool miles of shaded walks, the fine battalions of trees, and the many lovely beauties of Central Park—cutting the city in two for fifty-one solid city blocks and forming a spot of green that makes uptown something less than a mere bundle of buildings. At One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street there is another partial renewal of the busy life below Fifty-ninth street—but a mere suburban reflection of the town itself; there is Harlem—the butt of the songster, the fling of the joke writer and the theme of the cartoonist; a structural part of the great city, a town in itself and very respectable and normally very quiet.

Harlem alone set out in a Western prairie would at once call itself "Queen City of the West."

"Stretch the cool miles of shaded walks . . . . of Central Park."

Then on upward again along the continuation of downtown arteries and straight up the various roadways to the great bridges that span the Harlem—thus ending Manhattan Island, though on the other side of the bridges is the Annexed District that helps to make New York the wonderful city it is.

These are the general topographical features of "The Queen of Night." They give only a vague idea of the enormity, the mysterious aspects, the wondrous living and the compelling attraction of New York after dark.

Of these, future articles in this series will treat, in 1903, one appearing each month.

There will be special illustrations.

Under the Skylights.

By T. J. De Freece.

With Special Pictures of the Most Beautiful Models that Pose for Metropolitan Artists.

MISS LAURA OSTRANDER.

MISS JANE KENDRICKS.

As another writer has said, the public is deeply interested in the studio life of the metropolis. There is to the layman an atmosphere of mystery about studio life which appeals to him as irresistibly as the behind-the-scenes existence of the theatre. In fact, the studio is probably less familiar to the average man or woman than the theatre because less discussed, less visited, though not a whit less interesting.

As my good friend, Mr. Chase, once remarked: "Artists are divided into two classes—those who paint, and those who don't." But as truisms are not always true, we can accept Mr. Chase's remark without believing it too completely.

The New Yorker interested in artists may have very little interest in art. It is the life of the studio that appeals to him, rather than the work accomplished therein. A man who does not know whether Rubens was a sculptor or a painter may be able to talk glibly of so and so's latest canvas, or tell you confidently that his friend, the celebrated realistic painter, has just finished a stunner that will take your breath away at the next Academy, or he may inform you, with a wealth of convincing detail, that Jones never could paint a full length figure, because he never studied from the nude, or when Smith paints hands, the angels weep, and lastly—and this is accompanied by a modulation of the voice and a confidential air—that Brown's wife has been raising thunder with him because of the little black-haired model who has been somewhat indiscreet in her conversations with some other models.

All this may or may not be true. It all depends on the natural veracity of the man who tells them to you. Whether they are or

Photo by Sarony, N. Y.
MISS AMELIA ROSE.

Photo by Eddowes, N. Y.
MISS PAULINE ELLIOTT.

not, however, is the result of the more or less intimate knowledge of the gossip of the studio which is no more allied to Art than the circus is a twin sister to the drama.

There are in New York to-day about seventy-five structures that come under the general head of studio buildings, running the gamut from the magnificent "Carnegie" to the little three or four story building on a side street which has been turned over into studios because it was not good enough for a boarding house. In these seventy-five buildings there are perhaps seven hundred and fifty studios.

Photo by McIan, N. Y.
MISS BELLE ROBINSON.
Photo by Chickering, Boston.
MISS RUBY REID.

In addition to these, there are easily four hundred other apartments throughout the city which may by courtesy be called studios because artists work in them.

Thus we have between eleven and twelve hundred studios with an average of three workers to every two rooms, making about eighteen hundred artists or students. This is entirely outside of the large art classes or the art departments of the newspapers or magazines.

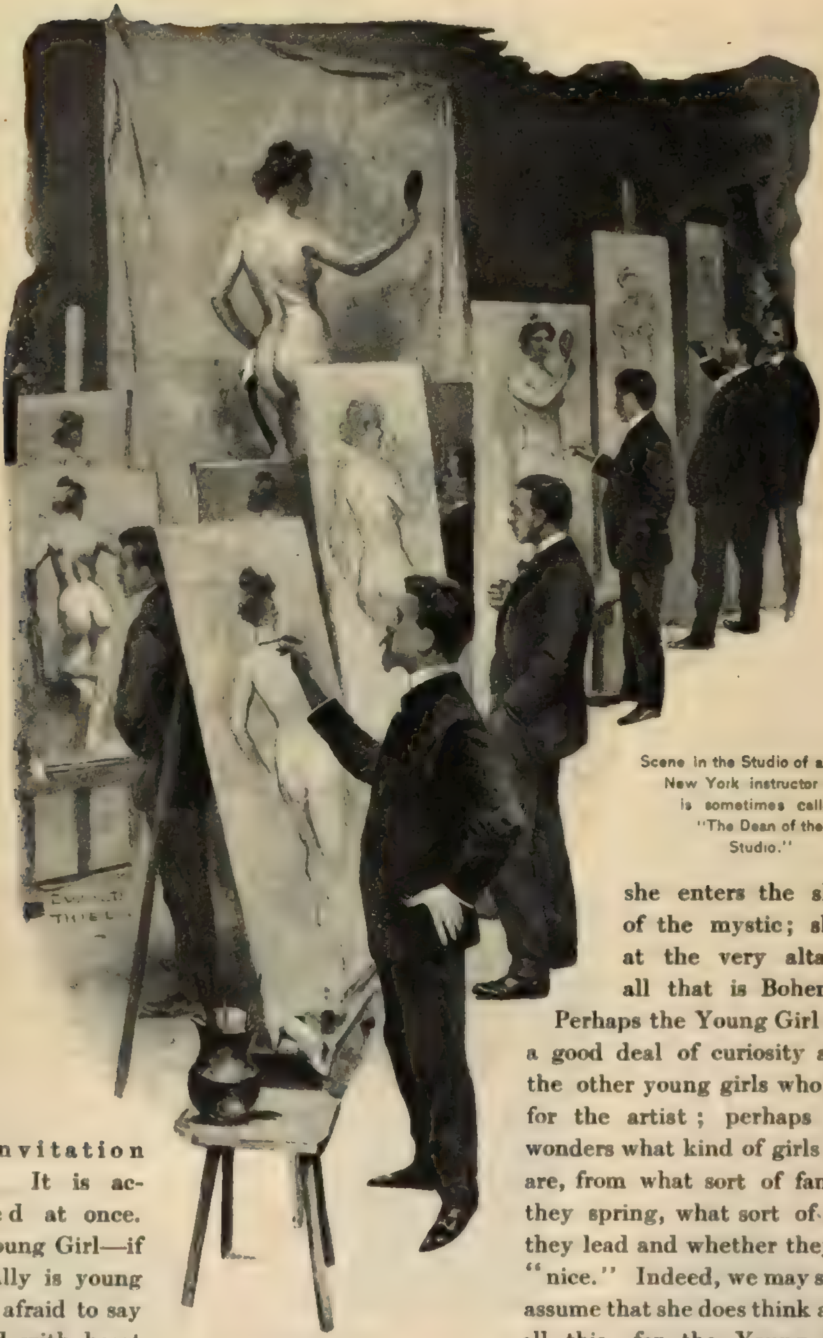
Add to this number four hundred men and women who pose occasionally as models and you have a small army of twenty-two hundred people who are notably garrulous and who have many friends, and it can be readily seen how many and far reaching are the channels for gossip and the opportunities for interesting and not always pleasant story-telling that now exist under the skylights.

Now let us consider the Young Girl who wishes to gratify her curiosity regarding studio life.

She is very romantic and not quite sure of herself. She is very pretty, very gushing and proper enough. To her the studio means the very pinnacle of Bohemianism. It is all that she has dreamed of, without being like anything she has known. She knows a girl who knows a man who paints. She lives in the hope that some day she will receive an invitation to the studio. In the meantime she is endeavoring to make life bearable by a copious application of matinee tickets.

MISS ADELE ADAMS.

MISS HORTENSE THIERROT.



Scene in the Studio of a famous New York instructor who is sometimes called "The Dean of the Studio."

An invitation comes. It is accepted at once. The Young Girl—if she really is young—isn't afraid to say yes and with heart somewhat a-flutter, caused sometimes by eager expectancy and as often by a climb up long flights of stairs—when there isn't an elevator in the building—she enters the shrine of the mystic; she is at the very altar of all that is Bohemian.

Perhaps the Young Girl feels a good deal of curiosity about the other young girls who pose for the artist; perhaps she wonders what kind of girls they are, from what sort of families they spring, what sort of lives they lead and whether they are "nice." Indeed, we may safely assume that she does think about all this, for the Young Girl, while she keeps many a thought to herself, also voices many another, and she has frequently spoken of the artist's model in ways that betray her intense curiosity.

All four copyrighted by American Lithograph Co., New York.

MISS PEARL LANDERS. MISS RAY GILMORE.
MISS ETHEL JEWETT. MISS HORTENSE JACOBSON.

She need be under no anxiety about the artist's model, who, to use rather a hackneyed phrase, is all right. The artist's model is quite an ordinary sort of girl, from a social point of view, and differs in but one point of view from the average girl who works for her living. She poses. The average girl who works for her living does not pose, but she does not have the independence of the artist's model, and so what she loses in one way she gains in another.

The artist's model becomes in time acclimated and gradually changes her personality. That this is a natural consequence of the profession she leads need not strike us with any surprise.

Take the artist's model, for instance, at the very beginning of her career. She finds herself compelled to earn a liv-

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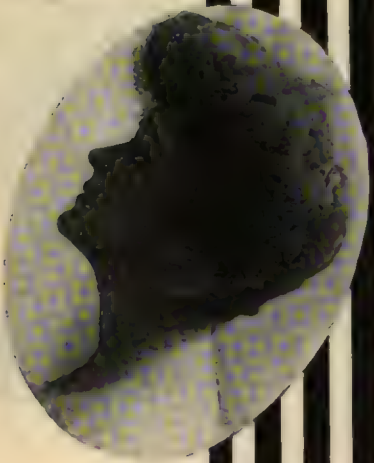

Photograph by Schloss, New York.
MISS MAE HOPKINS.

Photograph by White, New York.
MISS EVA ALLEN.

Photograph by Schloss, New York.
MISS HÉLÈNE LUCAS.

Photograph by Schloss, New York.
MISS MABEL NEUGER.

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Photograph by Schloss, New York.

MISS RUTH BAYERE.

Photograph by Chickering, Boston.

MISS VASTI HOLLIS.

Photograph by Chickering, Boston.

MISS MAUDE THOMAS.

Photograph by Wilson, Chicago.

MISS EDNA FARRELL.

ing. Her mind revolts from working in a store or from tapping the keys of a typewriter, either because she is averse to being the recipient of store and office orders or because she thinks it is too late to begin learning typewriting and stenography. She knows that she has a good figure, is reckoned passably handsome, is naturally artistic and discovers a congeniality in the society of persons of similar temperament.

Perhaps she has already posed for an artist. This was in the days when her worldly circumstances were better than they are now, and her acting in the capacity of a model was but little more than a dash of mischievous fun. Still, the artist had been pleased and had even told her that should it ever happen that she really wanted to be a model, she would have no difficulty in securing engagements.

So she decides to become one. It is all right up to this point, but it suddenly strikes her that she doesn't know how to go about it. If she has her artist friend at her elbow he can tell her what to do, but if she is thrown entirely upon her own resources, she feels at a loss. Is she expected to actually go around to the studios herself and offer her services in person? The idea seems horrible to her, but that is precisely what she has to do. And she finally does it.

Photograph by Eddowes, New York.

MISS CHARLOTTE MARSHALL

It is not so difficult, after all. Possessing as she does all the requirements of a first class model, except experience, it is only a matter of time for her to acquire that, and it is not long before she becomes well known around the studios and eagerly sought after. She poses all day, and every day, even sometimes on Sunday, from nine in the morning until the light dies in the studios—of course, with occasional rests, every hour or half hour. If she is an intelligent girl, and the artist's model nearly always is, she gets a sort of knowledge of art—a layer of technique, as it were, which serves her in good stead. We know of one young girl who, whenever she posed for a picture, enquired of the artist what the subject of the painting was, and repaired in the evening to a free library where she read up what history or literature was obtainable on the subject. There was never any question about her heart being in her work. And yet in this particular case, she was not a very good model, for her figure was too small and her face was not as bright looking as her actual intelligence should have made it. She is now on the stage, where she is making more money then she ever did as a model, and where she will make still more.

While one artist's model is very much like another artist's model—as a general rule, there being many exceptions—the artists themselves differ very materially in their characteristics. Some artists are as unapproachable socially during their working hours as the president of a billion dollar Trust, signifying their wishes in regard to the posing by the merest word curtly uttered. Such an artist does not want any conversation from his model and would quickly cause her to subside if she showed any symptoms of talking during the posing. His whole heart is in his work and he has no time nor desire for anything else.

Other artists are more urbane. While their hearts are equally in their work, they believe that the work will be better done if the models are considered as human beings rather than as lay figures, and they chat with them affably while they paint, so as to bring out their personalities.

It must be understood, of course, that there is no sentiment suggested in this connection. The young woman who, posing for an artist, discovers that he wishes to flirt with her or lead the conversation into any channel in which sentiment may figure, may make up her mind on the spot that she is practically wasting her time. Her employer is not a real artist, and is not in earnest. Her reputation will not be benefited by her posing in his studio, for such painters are too well known in the profession.

Photograph by Eddowes, New York.

MISS BEATRICE MARSHALL.

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Photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

MISS INEZ RAE.

A show girl from Weber & Fields' Company.

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When Coal was Scarce in New York.

By William Manning.

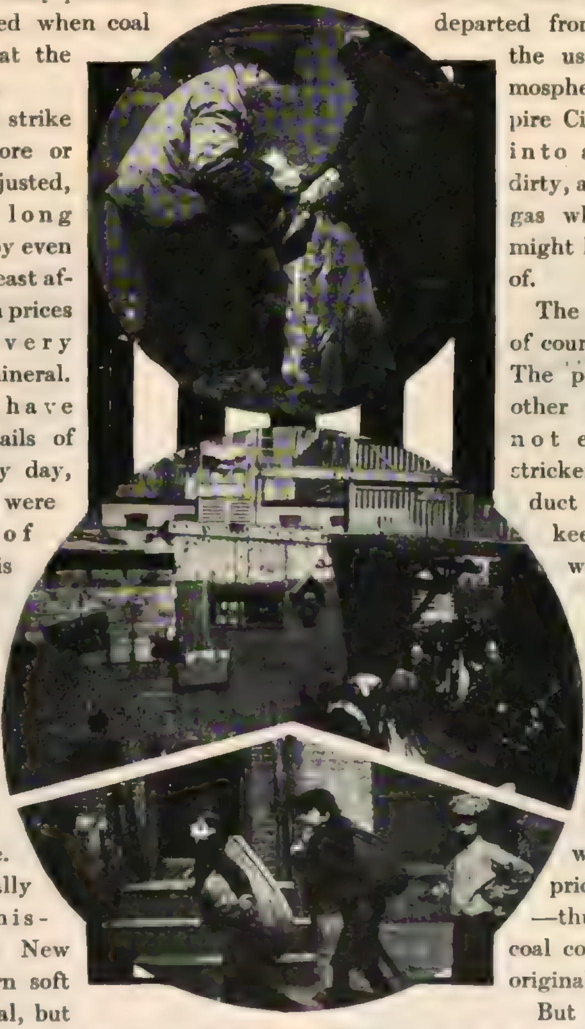
THERE are some people who pride themselves on not betraying any interest in anything, but there could not have been very many persons who remained unmoved when coal was being sold at the rate of $30 a ton.

The great coal strike of 1902, now more or less happily adjusted, apparently, will long be remembered by even those who were least affected by the high prices reached for this very necessary mineral. The newspapers have been full of details of the fight day by day, and even if there were no other signs of the struggle this fact would be sufficient to impress it on the New York citizen. Unfortunately, however, there were other indications of trouble.

As is generally known, it is a misdemeanor in New York City to burn soft or bituminous coal, but when the hard, or anthracite, variety became so expensive, New Yorkers turned to the cheaper soft coal and took chances on being prosecuted by the municipal authorities. The chief consequence of this—and one which has hardly yet departed from us—was that the usually bright atmosphere of the Empire City was changed into a foggy, sooty, dirty, and evil-smelling gas which London might have been proud of.

The worst blow fell, of course, on the poor. The poor—and many other people who are not exactly poverty-stricken, but who conduct their housekeeping in a small way—buy coal by the pailful, which in ordinary times cost eight cents, but which during the lofty soarings taken by coal recently, was sold at the price of thirty cents—thus making the coal cost four times its original price.

But the commodity has at last been reduced to a nearly normal price, and we breathe again.



SCENES AROUND THE BARBER COAL YARD, AT WATER STREET, NEW YORK.

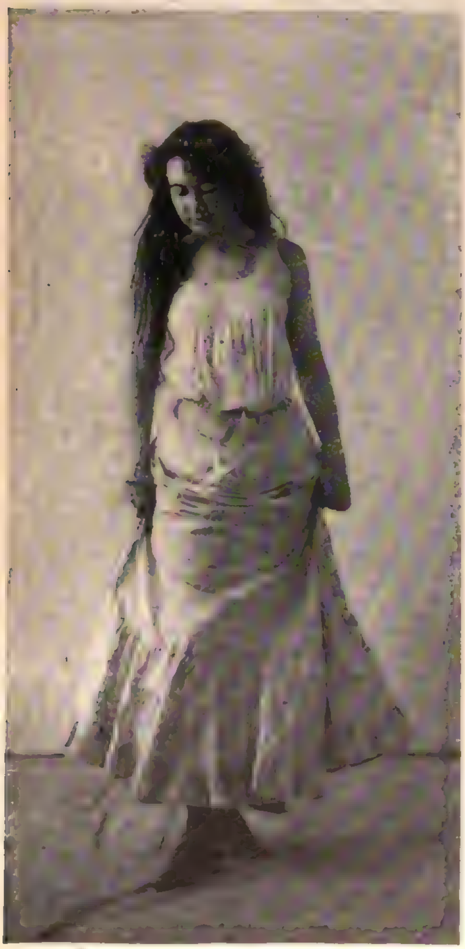
Men, women and children flocked hither with pails, boxes and sacks where they obtained the coal at cost price.

My Ladye in the New York Shops.

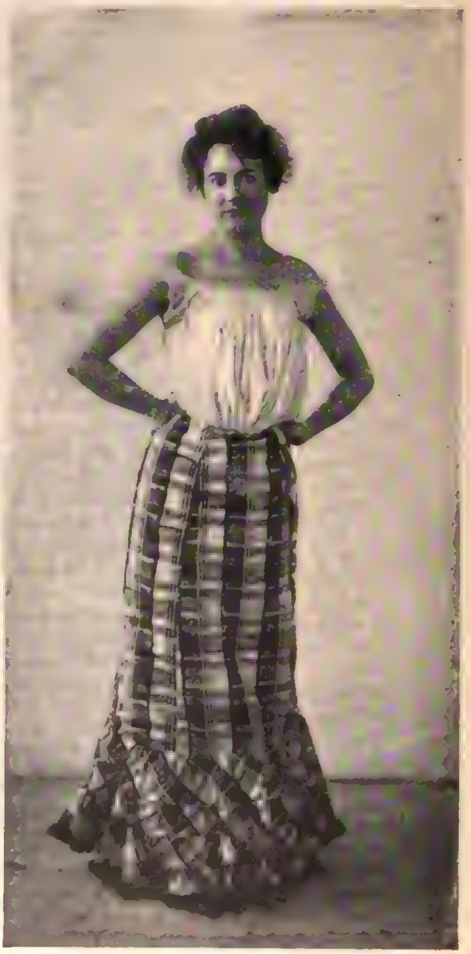
By Florence W. J. Scott.

Illustrated with Photographs taken for Broadway Magazine, by Tonnelé & Company.

WITH the making of great fortunes comes the demand for all that is most expensive and elaborate in wearing apparel, and yet it is consoling to know —consoling because good taste is always praiseworthy — that expense does not always mean rash extravagance or bizarre prodigality. Our American women are unquestionably the best dressed in the world. The proof of this is to be found in any cosmopolitan gathering where Americans are represented. In the first place, her clothes are good because they have been well selected, but above all things they are worn with a grace that invests them with a charm lacking even in the



The rage for plaid has extended to petticoats. This one is of green with a gathered flounce of the same.



A pink silk petticoat in bias folds stitched chic effects of the French, or the elegance and obvious expensiveness of the English.

A few years ago, before there was so much talk of great fortunes, all absorbing Trusts, the winning of wealth over-night and the general financial debauchery of Wall street—in fact, when there was not so much spent as there is at present—New York women displayed more extravagance in the ordering of their lingerie and laces than they do now. Then it was the rule to wear material expensive in price, pretentious in design and not altogether discreet in make.

But a glance at this year's laces and lingeries in the shops shows how much our women have improved in taste. There is much imported material, of course, and many high prices. Laces which generally sold for from two to ten dollars a yard are still to be had for the asking, but in their place is generally shown an assortment of good American laces for less than half the old prices—and they amply suit the wishes of the vast majority of women to whom good taste appeals more than mere lavishness.

A dainty and well-fitting skirt.

I know one big mill not far from New York City that is making laces as fine as anything that ever came through the Custom House, and the prices are two-thirds lower. If it were not for the thought that it might be considered in the light of an advertisement, I would give the name of the mill, but take my word for it, you can now stick to American goods for all wearing purposes and be the prettiest looking and best-dressed women in the world.

It will be noticed that the illustrations to this article, from photographs taken from New York models by Tonnelé & Company, the New York photographic specialists, show garments and material not at all pretentious in any way, yet each skirt is an expensive one, as ready-made skirts go, and are from the stock of some of New York's best stores. You may judge from the prices, which run from ten dollars to twenty-eight, that the goods are not cheap. That is why, I contend, that New York women are going in for plain worth rather than senseless showiness, which when displayed on with women's undergarments usually means nothing but vulgarity and unpardonable prodigality.

Yet it would not be wise to forget that there is much beautiful raiment in the way of lingerie that is not less beautiful simply because it can not be obtained at a low price.

It is very well to spend a reasonable amount of money on the undergarments, and very proper, too. Still, for those who can afford it, there is an exquisite and purely feminine pleasure in disbursing large sums of money on unusually rare compositions of this kind. All women are delighted to get fine lingerie. It is as natural for them to feel the pride in their clothes as it is for a man to feel

All women are delighted to get fine lingeno.

proud of being elected the president of a gas company, and so long as expensive clothes are made, women who can really afford it will buy them, if they think them worth the money.

French lingerie grows more and more elaborate, and a dressing sacque for the morning, of French material, is a coquettish and attractive sort of thing to wear. It imparts to the wearer that fluffy, indefinite appearance which appeals to any eye, masculine or feminine, capable of appreciating the beauty of dress—and the dresser.

In these modern days and in these modern countries dress is not the simple matter it was centuries ago. The women of Palestine attire themselves now almost exactly as they did in the year A. D. 1, because, in all probability, no inducements are held out to them to do otherwise. Yet it is safe to say that even a liliputian dry-goods store established in Bethlehem, or even on the shores of the Dead Sea, would effect a revolution in the style of feminine costume in considerably less than one generation. Possibly the ladies of Palestine are as well off without the department store, ignorance being bliss, but the subject is not without its charm to an imaginative mind.

It is, of course, to the large department stores in New York that our women owe their attractive appearance. While they would manage to clothe themselves without them, with them they are enabled to present a much more tasteful appearance.

French lingerie grows more and more elaborate.

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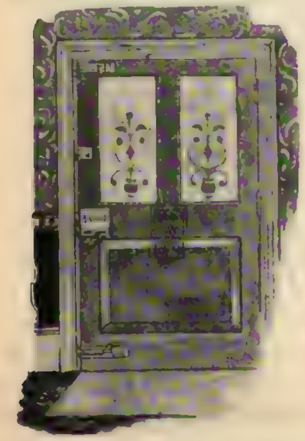
Baffling the New York Burglar.

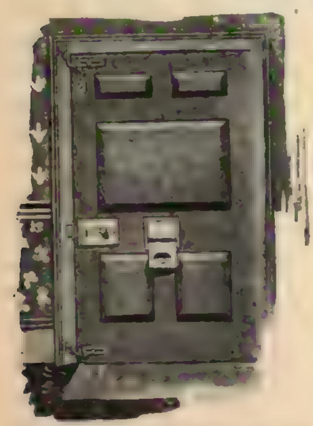
By Sergeant James K. Caneen.

Illustrated by Michael Daly.

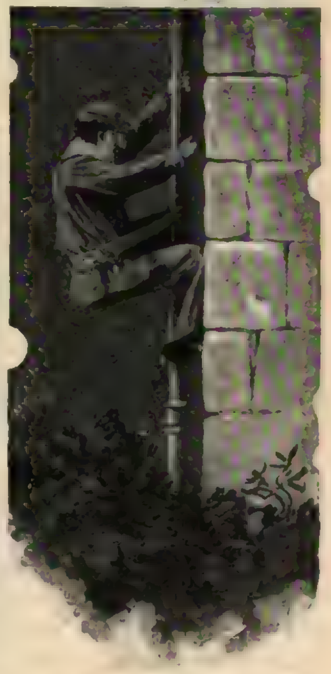
ALONG with the cold season of the year comes the bold bad burglar, and it is around Christmas time that this gentleman is more than usually prevalent. His end, which is doubtless to provide a happy Yuletide for his rising family, is laudable enough, but the means by which he strives to attain it interfere too much with the general welfare, and it behooves any who have the intelligence to foil him to impart that intelligence to as wide a circle as possible.


The glass-paneled and bolted door which the burglar smiles at.

No circle could be wider then that which is described around BROADWAY MAGAZINE as a centre, and it is therefore due to the readers of this periodical that the following pieces of information should be vouchsafed to them.


The chained and heavily-locked door which defies him.

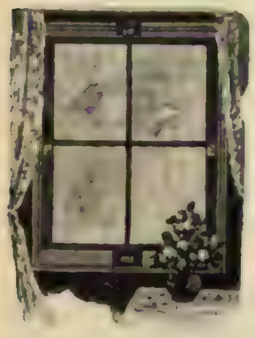
As to the door of the house, or flat. A door is usually fastened during the day with a light latch which yields at once to a mild amount of pressure with a jimmy and for real protection such a latch is worthless. The best fastenings for doors are chains. They are difficult to force or cut, and they make a great rattle when disturbed. Besides, the burglar does not usually discover the chain until he has forced the lock and bolts, and then he feels tired. There is a special tool for the purpose of cutting a chain, but it is so troublesome and risky that the burglar seldom uses it. The door should have chains at the top and bottom. The lock in the middle should be a massive steel one, of the best make, and should be let into mortises of the door and door post — not merely attached with screws. Besides these, a thumbscrew is also a simple precaution which is efficacious.


If this pipe were cemented to the wall it would not be so convenient for the burglar.

Glass panels to a

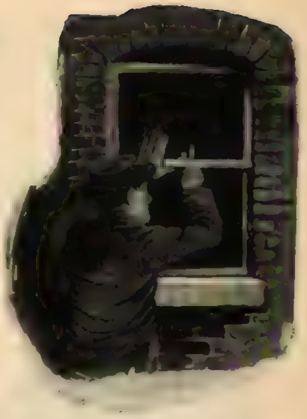
door are a burglar's delight. For him to remove the glass is mere child's play, and that without noise, though it takes a little time. A letter box of wire, or a slot without a box, is also a great help to him, enabling him to insert a strong wire loop with which he may pull back the latch.

The weakest point about a house is its windows, which are necessarily made of glass; even when they have iron bars in front of them they are not invulnerable, for the latter can easily be forced with screw-jacks. The ordinary window catch is the most foolish contrivance ever devised in the way of a protection against unlawful entry. A thin putty knife inserted between the sashes pushes the catch back without any appreciable difficulty. If there is a screw behind the catch a jimmy or crow bar under the bottom sash forces out the screws—never strong—by which the catch is fastened.



It is these four little thumb-screws which make this window safe.

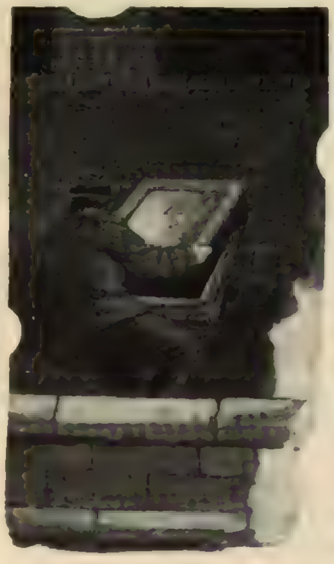
The best way of securing the windows of a house or ground apartment is by means of thumbscrews passing through both sash frames on either side. These screws should work through metal plates let into sashes. They are then quite inaccessible from the outside and can only be reached by removing the panes of the window, which is all right for the burglar if he has plenty of time to spare; but he usually is in more or less of a hurry. An extra precaution is to have thumb-screws at the top and bottom of the window as well as at the sides. They are turned at night with a simple movement of the thumb and forefinger and do more to discourage Bill Sykes then any other contrivance known.



A small knife easily opens the ordinary window-catch.

Ordinary window shutters are quite useless both on account of their weak construction and the primitive simplicity of the usual fastening which can be flicked up with a snap of the finger nail.

A drain pipe, when standing out from the wall, offers a convenient ascending and descending path for the enterprising burglar. Were the pipe cemented close to, or into the wall, many a jewel left on the dressing table of its fair owner would remain there instead of mysteriously disappearing in the interval between dinner and bedtime.



Burglars are always grateful for skylights.

If you have steps leading up to the skylight in your house, it is a good plan, after you have locked the skylight, to remove the steps. It is little use actually *inviting* the burglar in the house, unless you really need his services.

Showing how a pocket screw-jack makes access easy through kitchen window bars.

Many people think that by leaving the key inside in the lock of a door they make it impossible to pick it from the outside. As a rule they are putting the key in the burglar's hands. This individual, when up to date, possesses a neat little instrument in his tool bag, resembling a small piano key, with which he is able to grip the tip of the barrel which just projects out on his side of the door and so turn the key with all the dexterity and speed at his command.

Timorous women who are in the habit of looking under the bed each night before retiring can be more than reasonably sure of entire privacy from burglarious entry by pushing a simple wedge of wood under the bedroom door. If the wedge is correctly shaped and properly placed, it is next to impossible to open the door from the outside without cutting a piece out of the panel, which no burglar will risk. For extra precaution, to prevent the use of a knife pushing the wedge back, a strong screw passed into the floor will serve, especially if it passes also through the wedge.

This wedge is a simple but effectual protection for a bedroom door.

Even a key left in a lock may be turned with this contrivance

Two or three general hints may be inserted here about general precautions.

When going away for a vacation, it is not advisable to shut up a house unless the fastenings are in every individual case such as to defy the burglar's art—or unless the house is empty. A shut-up house is simply a public announcement that the place is unoccupied and may be entered with safety. A wiser plan is to make it look as much occupied as possible and to give notice at the nearest police station that you are going away.

If valuables *must* be kept in the house, and not at the safe deposit company's vaults, keep them in the least likely place. It is a pathetic situation for a burglar who wastes two whole hours at a safe only to learn, after he is captured, that the cash was in the coffee pot, but it makes the owner of the cash feel better.

If you keep a dog in your yard, and he dies mysteriously, look out for burglars during the next few weeks.

A crying baby is not always an unmixed evil. Burglars are in the habit of avoiding houses where babies cry.

Finally, burglars seldom commit murder. Still, it is not always safe to bank on their unwillingness, for some of them are more impatient than others. It is only in fiction that the householder surprises the burglar and engages with him in a good-humored conversation. Burglars are of too nervous a disposition to tarry long in midnight raillery. They feel homesick.

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Favorite Parts of Famous Players.

By Themselves.

Photograph by Baker, Columbus.

Ida Conquest

Photograph by Sarony, New York.

MY best part is yet to be played in New York, but I like *Quincy Adams Sawyer* about as well as any I've played. Should I ever get a chance to play my very best part in the metropolis, even my friends will say: "What a good actor Dickson is!"

CHARLES DICKSON.

MY favorite role is that of *Muriel Manning* in "The Second in Command," although I may say as a general rule that the part I am playing for the time being is always my favorite.

IDA CONQUEST.

Whipped Cream.

It's the early bird that catches influenza.

Those whom the gods love die unmarried.

Every war cloud has a silver lining.

If it were not for woman's love of a bargain, there would be few marriages.

In the concert of life, most people have nothing better to do than to play the accompaniment.

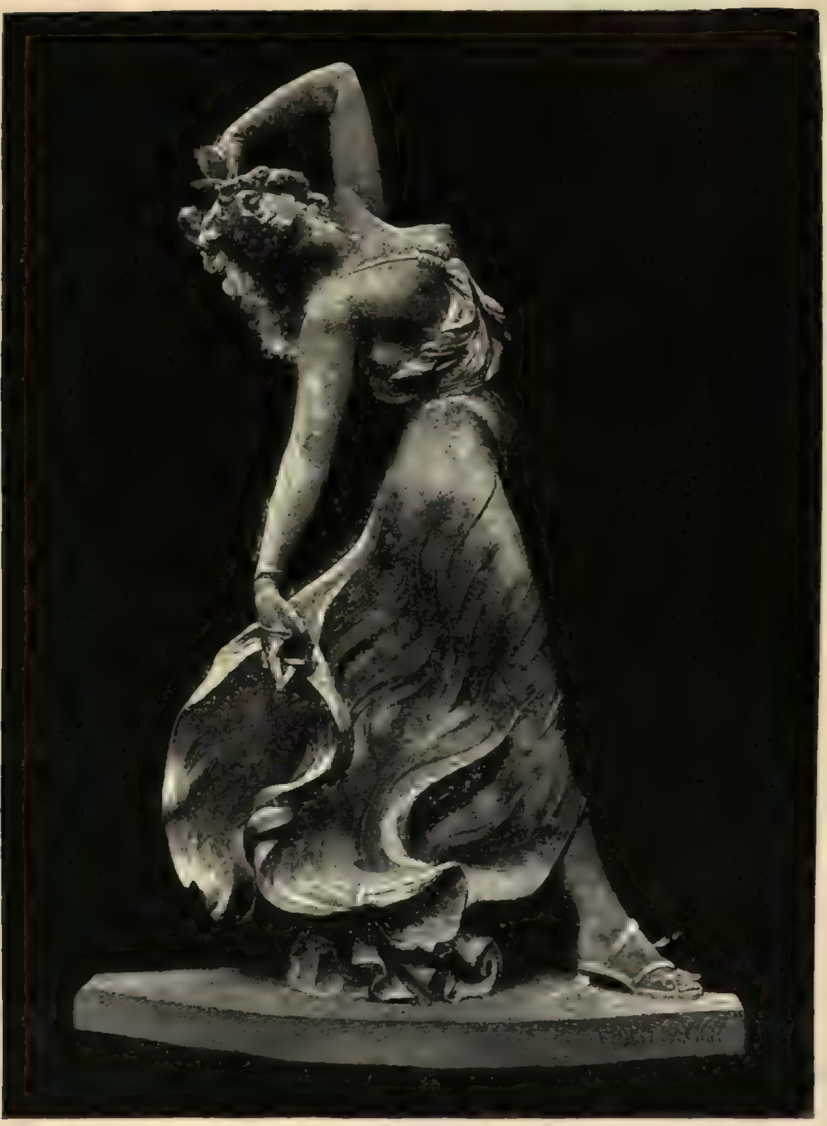
Patience—and stack the cards!

To love certain women is a liberal education; and to be loved by certain men is a post-graduate course in economics.

"Home Sweet Home" may be a popular song; but most men prefer it, *with variations*.

While there's divorce there's hope.

Erin Graham.



THE DANCING MAENAD.

The Piece of Statuary which cost Mr. Charles M. Schwab $26,000.

LIKE a great many men who have become rich through their own efforts, Mr. Schwab has of late shown a decided penchant for works of art. In his residence near Pittsburg, Mr. Schwab has housed some of the finest statuary in any country.

One of his latest purchases is "The Dancing Maenad," a single figure by Ernst Seder, a German sculptor, who is a follower of the Italian school.

"The Dancing Maenad" has been on exhibition for the past two years in the Continental capitals and has attracted a great deal of attention. Mr. Schwab during his latest visit to Europe, purchased "A Dancing Maenad" for $26,000.

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Those Tell-Tale Teeth of Theirs.

BY RONALD T. ADAMSON.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY SARONY AND FEINBERG, NEW YORK; CHICKERING, BOSTON; DOW, OGDENSBURG, N. Y.; DOWNEY, LONDON; AND REUTLINGER, PARIS.

IT would seem as if teeth had done us enough harm already without being a further source of discomfort, heretofore unsuspected. But so it is. After centuries of toothache and dental decay, producing various gradations of trouble from mere impatience up to positive insanity, we are at last to be told that, whether they cause us any physical pain or not, they are now, in the present year of grace, to betray us.

For the teeth, when read properly, are positive indices of character.

It is a very uncomfortable reflection for those of us who have poor teeth and (supposedly) good character. From this time on we must go about with hermetically sealed lips, afraid to break forth into the faintest smile, lest some observer, haply or unhaply conversant with the code, should spot us at once and denounce us direfully with a dental denouement.

MISS JENNIE EDDY'S.

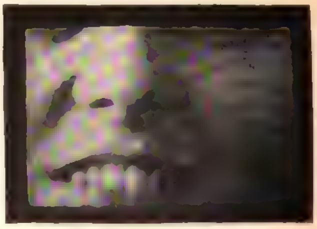
By their shape, size and eke their number shall ye know them. And as follows.

MISS ALICE JUDSON S.

Protruding upper teeth are one of the very worst signs. If your teeth protrude, be sorry for yourself. If they don't, beware of the owner of those that do. Protruding teeth—that is, the teeth of the upper row laying over those of the lower with an exaggerated interval after the mouth is closed—indicate a disagreeable and spiteful disposition, and one inclined, alas, to deceit. It is a mournful fact that protruding teeth are found far more frequently among women than men, which leads us to suppose women are more deceitful than men. It is a bold and impudent supposition, of course, but such as it is, we must accept it.

MISS TONIA ADAMS'S.

Another kind of mouth that is repellant is the mouth that seems to be too full of teeth. A girl who has "too much tooth" will be found to be very talkative, but not on that account interesting. In fact bores as a rule have too many teeth. In a man, the over-crowded mouth betokens a generous disposition but a weak character. In a naturally healthy body Nature is inclined to bestow plenty of teeth to the jaws, and it is on that account that many dentists favor removing two or three teeth before the


MISS MARIE STUDHOLME'S.

child is ten years old, claiming that the mouth will be in a healthier condition ever afterwards.

MISS ROSEMARY GLOSZ'S.

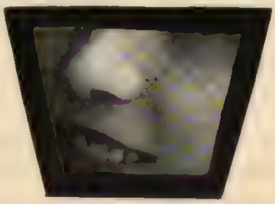
Now, here is a method by which you may determine whether your loved one will be faithful to you or not. (So a savant tells us.) It is found by the location of the eye-tooth. The eye-tooth is the second tooth removed in either direction from the two front teeth. If this eye-tooth is broad at the top, and rather pointed at the end, the owner will be a faithful friend, for better or for worse. If it is narrow all the way and slightly removed from the others, it betrays a spiteful disposition and a sharp temper. If it is deeply imbedded in the gums it is a sure sign of obstinacy. And in this relation it is worth while to observe the eye-tooth of that faithful friend, the dog. The dog's eye-tooth is always broad at the top and pointed at the end.

MISS CLARA ESMOND'S.

MISS GRACE FREEMAN'S.

The setting of the teeth should not be too broad, nor yet too narrow. When the teeth are unduly broad, they mean carelessness in business matters, and if narrow, they indicate a small mind incapable of viewing life in its broadest sense.

It needs not for us to dwell on the importance of the human smile. The man or woman with a happy smile is bound to make friends, while he or she incapable of it is likely to be regarded with unconscious suspicion. A vacant mind is nearly always shown by the person who laughs frequently but never smiles, but the extreme, the sour sarcastic pessimist, is the one who sometimes smiles but never laughs. There is something uncomfortable and forboding about those smiles of his, too!


MLLE. MANON LOTY'S.

That being understood, we see a further importance in the teeth, as revealed by the aforesaid human smile. A frank, open-hearted smile allows the upper lip to recede and display a full row of teeth, but it is always a bad sign when in smiling the lips contract instead of relaxing, and partly or wholly cover the teeth.

You will sometimes notice in the mouth of an acquaintance that each tooth has grown crookedly and that every one of them is either lapping over another or is being partly hidden by its neighbor. Consider yourself fortunate if your own teeth do not conform to this description, for such an arrangement of teeth indicates a selfish temperament and one that will not hesitate to take advantage of a friend for one's own benefit. Do not therefore make a friend of a man or woman whose teeth look that way.

A space between each tooth shows a fairly good disposition, not very energetic, perhaps, save for something that is pleasant and agreeable, but very pleasant in manner. The owner will neither laugh nor cry to excess.

Very often the two front teeth are much broader than the others, which shows a thoughtful and literary turn of mind, and one slightly religious. It is interesting to

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notice how frequently this characteristic is found in writers. We have it, plain.

If a man feels an inclination to study law and, examining his teeth, finds that the two front ones of the upper row project, not overlapping, but forming a roof-shaped projection toward the lip, he may be satisfied that he will be successful in that profession. As the owner of such a dental arrangement, he is bound to have a love of argument and is naturally gifted for grasping without study the points of a legal situation hidden to the casual observer.

MLLE. DELTOURNONDIE'S

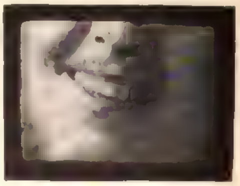
Not *à propos* of the legal profession, but quite distinct from it, let us consider the criminal mouth. We hear a great deal nowadays about the criminal ear, the criminal chin and the criminal brow, but a feature yet undwelt upon is the criminal tooth. The typical criminal jaw is a square one, and the teeth are cruel and ugly looking. Yet, where we find a row of sharply pointed and not irregular teeth in the mouth of a man whom we know to be a criminal, we may assume that the criminality in his nature has arisen from weakness or ignorance. The repulsive and irregular tooth is usually seen where the criminal has been one by nature and living and where his disposition is brutal.

MISS ANNA HELD'S.

MLLE. EUGENIE BUFFET'S.

Once in a while we come across a woman who is determined to have her own way. If the reader should by any chance be acquainted with such a one, he will find that her teeth are broad, but very long and deeply imbedded in the gums. A woman with such teeth is not only likely to insist upon having the last word in any discussion with her husband, but also the last blow, if she should have a husband of sufficient temerity to retaliate in that direction. Most husbands of women who boast of physical prowess are usually content to carry on a discussion verbally only, unassisted by a rolling pin or other kitchen utensil.

There is nothing so charming as a perfect mouth with a perfect set of teeth, able to break forth into a sincere smile. It seems strange that most people require to be told of the importance of having their teeth regularly attended to at least twice a year. Yet the fact remains that very few persons do take this precaution. There seems to be a general idea that a visit to a dentist necessarily implies physical pain, which is not at all the case. Almost every dentist in New York is a good dentist, and cases where they make mistakes are very rare. This leads us to say that the neglect of one's teeth is a characteristic in itself, and shows as plainly as possible those which would be betrayed by a person who continually neglected his hair, or who failed to wash his hands at such times as is deemed expedient by the majority of mankind. Now take observations on your friends' teeth.


MISS NINA RANDALL'S.

A Brooklyn Leading Woman

BY CAROLYN LOWREY.

MISS GRACE REALS is leading woman of the Columbia Theatre, Brooklyn.

She has done clever work on Broadway with James K. Hackett, E. H. Sothern and Herbert Kelcey, but her strongest rôles have been played at the Dearborn Theatre, Chicago. Her grace and temperament fit her for a variety of parts, and whether in comedy or tragedy she acquits herself with fine grace.

Miss Reals is a strikingly handsome woman with a fine presence and magnetic personality. She is an actress of intelligence and strength and possesses that indefinable something commonly called magnetism.

A western critic has said that Miss Reals played in "A Lady of Quality" with a magnetism and contrast that never was within the reach of Julia Arthur. She plays a heavy rôle, such as the *Russian Spy*, a very difficult part, with authority and the finish of an artiste, while her *Suzanne* is played in a thoroughly piquante manner which delights all who see her. Her last season's big success was *Lady Ursula*. Miss Reals work is the work that tells. Her future is assured, for opportunity is bound to come—and the talent is already there.

And it may be said here that at no other period of American stage progress has dramatic talent and youth been at a greater premium.

Photograph by Coover, Chicago.

MISS GRACE REALS.

Kyrle Bellew at the Mines.

MR. KYRLE BELLEW, the English actor, is a gentleman who has not wasted his time. He has been, during his career, a sailor and a miner and has, in the latter capacity, been successful beyond expectation.

ENTRANCE TO THE "IDA" MINE.

He has at present the control of some of the richest gold-producing fields in Australia, photographs bearing on which are herewith reproduced. In one month, for instance, 7,590 tons of ore yielded as much as 15,497 ounces of gold, and the average production is always high.

MR. BELLEW (by tent), HIS HORSE AND MAN SERVANT

During the few visits Kyrle Bellew is enabled to make to his Australian mines, he lives in Maytown, North Queensland.

The "Ida" Mine—the main line of reef on Palser River—is his chief holding, but he has other interests.

MR. BELLEW'S HOME IN MAYTOWN, AUSTRALIA.

Acting as an Art.

WHEN dramatic schools—establishments for teaching young men and women the rudiments of stage art—were a new thing in New York they evoked no little hostile criticism, but time has changed all that, and they are to-day regarded with considerable respect. Results have shown that pupils who have had the raw edg taken off them before applying to managers for positions have succeeded in obtaining them more quickly than aspirants not so foreseeing.

Photograph by Rockwood, New York.

MRS. ADELINE STANHOPE-WHEATCROFT.

Eminent among such schools is the one owned and directed by Mrs. Stanhope-Wheatcroft in New York City. Mrs. Wheatcroft's school was founded by her late husband, the celebrated actor, Mr. Nelson Wheatcroft, and she has carried it on successfully. Public matinees are frequently given.

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The Hair of the New York Girl.

ILLUSTRATED WITH DIFFERENT METHODS OF DRESSING THE HAIR BY SOME OF THE YOUNG THEATRICAL WOMEN OF NEW YORK.

BY DANIEL URQUHART.

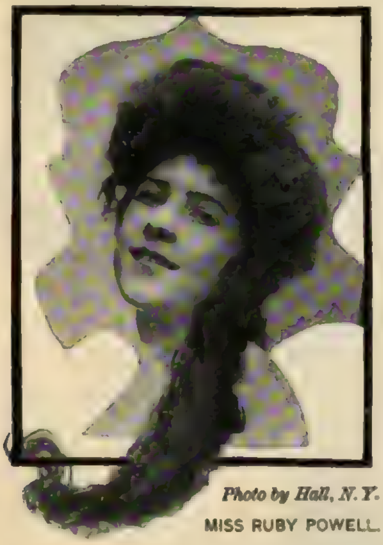

Photo by Hall, N. Y.

MISS RUBY POWELL.

ONE of the proudest possessions of the American Girl is her hair.

Other girls have hair, of course. The English girl and the German girls have their blond tresses, the Italian and Spanish girls have their raven locks, and there are the hundred and one varying shades between the two extremes to be met with all over the world. Fine hair is always admiration-compelling whether it be the dark sweep of Pocohontas' crowning glory, or the surprised mop on the top of the head of the Circassian beauty. But it is so much a part of the attractiveness of the American girl that we expect her to cultivate it with all the enthusiasm and capability at her command—even to change it, if she be not satisfied with its natural appearance. Does not the reader remember the reply of *Lady Holyrood* in "Florodora" to the remark "Nature never makes a mistake"? "It doesn't?" retorts her ladyship, "how about the natural color of my hair?" But more of this subject later.

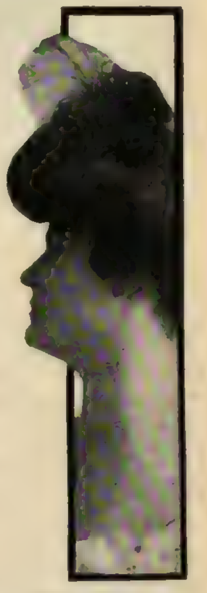

Photo by Baker, Columbus.

MISS DELLA HENDERSON.

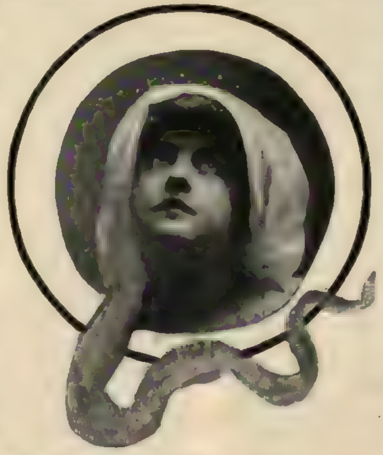

Photo by Eddowes, N. Y.

MISS ALICE GIFFORD.

It seems a perfectly natural thing now that women should wear their hair long, and men should cut theirs short. There is no record of Adam's placing his head under the care of the barber and he probably wore a rather straggling sort of coiffure—but Eve? Well, all the pictures we have ever seen of that lady show her to be possessed of an abundant head of hair, allowing it to fall about her figure in a haphazard manner. It seems to have been well combed, although we must doubt if she knew the purposes to which the tortoise might be put.

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Photo by Schloss, N. Y.

MISS ADA CARLISLE.

Photo by Eddowes, N. Y.

MISS FLORENCE CRAMER.

Yet men have worn their hair long. Samson is the first man mentioned with long hair, and with respect to this, one feature of his personality seems to have been overlooked by the Bible commentators. This is that it is surprising Samson's strength should have lain in his hair and departed from him when it was shorn, for long hair is physically weakening. Then again, there was Absolom, who met his fate on account of his long hair, it catching in the low branch of a tree as he was riding beneath, lifting him from his saddle, and thus leaving him for his enemy, Joab, to shoot arrows in him at his leisure. The sight of a man with long hair nowadays is offensive to many persons, who consider it either effeminate or hyper-critical. Lovers of Dickens will recall old Mr. Casby, the pretendent philanthropist in "Little Dorrit," and the hideous sight he made when Mr. Pancks clipped his benevolent white locks off with the shears in Bleeding Heart Yard.

Photo by White, N. Y.

MISS MAY KIMBALL.

Photo by Windeatt, Chicago.

MISS SADIE EMMONS.

But in what feature does the glory of woman's hair lie?

In the first and most important place, she should have plenty of it. This is essential. She should have a large and tumultuous quantity of hair.

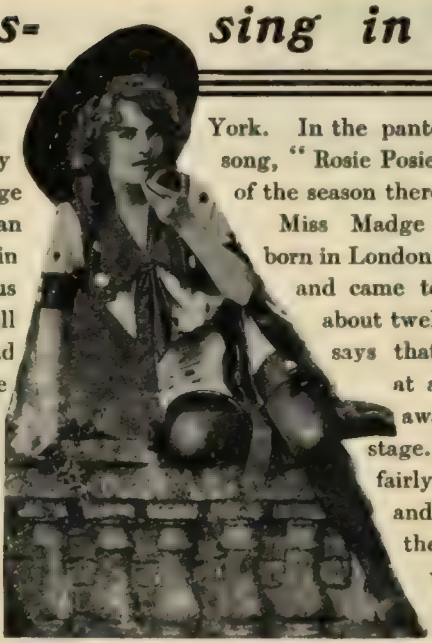
Secondly, it should be of a fine and silky texture. It should impart a pleasant "feel" to the hand that grasps it, and that whether the hand be her own, her hair dresser's, or her lover's.

Thirdly, it

Photo by Eddowes, N. Y.

MISS LIZZIE BARRASCOLE.

Madge Lessing in London.



As she appears in "The Sleeping Beauty and The Beast."

THINGS of late years have changed very considerably for Miss Madge Lessing, the little American actress who used to be in the cast at the dubious Koster & Bial Music Hall on Twenty-third street, and later the principal in the Morton-Kerker pieces at the Casino Theatre. She is now a London favorite. Miss Lessing has been making a great success in the Drury Lane pantomine, "The Sleeping Beauty and The Beast," owns a pretty little house in the suburbs, is considered wealthy and apparently is not particularly anxious to return to New York. In the pantomime she sings the song, "Rosie Posie," which was the hit of the season there.

Miss Madge Lessing was really born in London, is of Irish parentage and came to this country when about twelve years old. Rumor says that she was educated at a convent, but "ran away" to go on the stage. Her career was only fairly successful at first, and the surroundings of the Koster & Bial place were not such as to enhance an actress' operatic reputation. However, she came nicely through it, and having a pretty singing voice, a comely figure, and a fascinating manner, is now successful.

Eating a strawberry from her own garden.

Posing on the sill of her parlor window.

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New York's Newest Camera Celebrity.

By Arnold Armstrong.

With the Latest Pictures of Miss Helga Howard, Now Published for the First Time.

I TAKE it that a woman becomes a celebrity of a camera when she is more widely photographed than anyone else, when her pictures are artistic and when for any one of a dozen other reasons her likenesses may be desired by a public that is constant as the winds of the desert—and not much more so.

Miss Helga Howard is the newest celebrity of the camera for the reasons given above.

Photograph by McMichael & Gro

MISS HOWARD AS A TURKISH BOY.

Photograph by McMichael & Gro.

AS *BEPPO*, THE GIPSY FIDDLER IN "THE WILD ROSE."

Miss Howard appeared until recently in George W. Lederer's production of "The Wild Rose." She made a vivid impression in an exceedingly unimportant rôle which in the hands of a mere chorus girl would have amounted to absolutely nothing. The rôle made it necessary for her to play the violin, which she did very nicely, but it was her personality, and not her fiddle, that attracted attention. She really had not more than five minutes in which to show that she possessed the vital spark of magnetism, but she embraced those three hundred seconds to good advantage.

Mr. George W. Lederer, for some reason or other, loses some of his best people before he has succeeded in making use of their ability. At any rate, Miss Howard left "The Wild Rose" and is now scheduled for appearance in a New York production.

Miss Howard's success before the camera is not due entirely to a pretty face. There are many pretty girls in New York who have no more intelligence or animation than a highly colored chromo. Miss Howard is fortunate in being able to pose sanely and at the same time artistically.

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Photograph by McMichael & Gro, New York.

MISS HOWARD AS A DEBUTANTE.

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The Stage in New York.

DISCUSSED WITH AS LITTLE PREJUDICE AS MAY BE.

With flashlights by Joseph Byron, New York.

"CARROTS."

THE boy's hair is red and he has an ill-natured mother.

That would seem to be about enough for almost any boy, but *Carrots* is also nervous, visionary and lachrymose. Perhaps, after all, *Carrots'* mother was not altogether to blame.

This piece from the French, which served to open the programme when Miss Ethel Barrymore began her season's work at the Savoy Theatre, is as dainty a bit of stage writing as we have had in New York this season.

It is really a dialogue between the red-headed boy, whose mother scolds him into mental hysterics, and his father, who also has felt the tyranny of a wife not at all tongue-tied. The boy desires to leave home. He tells his father once how, when he had tried suicide, had tied a rope around his throat and was about to jump from the rafter in the barn, he heard someone call him. It was his father's voice—and he did not jump. It is then that the man sees how his boy has suffered and they decide to become chums—the father telling his boy that he must win over his mother by gentleness and affection and the boy promising to stay with his dad and solve the problem. It is all very touching, very human and very artistic.

As *Carrots* Miss Barrymore does positively the most telling piece of work in all her career. It is a rôle that requires a heart touch and a grip of sentiment that would have been impossible in Miss Barrymore two or three years ago. Tenderness may be in a girl's heart but understanding comes only to the woman. When I say that Miss Barrymore plays *Carrots* with all the gentle charm of Maude Adams you will gain some idea of how fascinating the rôle becomes in her hands.

MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE.

In the title role of "Carrots" at the Savoy Theatre.

Mr. Bruce Mc Rea, who was Miss Julia Marlowe's leading man last year, plays the father with a fine touch. Mr. Mc Rea is a character actor whose methods are always true and satisfying. New Yorkers still remember his good work as *Doctor Watson* in "Sherlock Holmes" when Mr. Gillette's Company appeared at the Garrick Theatre.

Mrs. Fanny Addison Pitt as the mother is sufficently forbidding.

"THE COUNTRY MOUSE."

HERE is a play which does not increase our respect for the species. It follows "Carrots" on the programme at the Savoy. That is its chief recommendation.

Mr. Arthur Law has written a comedy with about a dozen characters, and out of the lot there is only one that can be called half way decent. He is on the scene only about fifteen minutes during the entire evening. The others are either mixed up with clandestine love affairs or are trying to be. Miss Barrymore is *Angela Muir*, the Country Mouse who goes up to London and strikes a swift

MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE AND MR. BRUCE MC REA

In a love scene from "The Country Mouse" at the Savoy Theatre

crowd of roués and married women who do not allow the marriage bonds to gall them.

While posing as an artless, giggling and very unknowing maid, she makes all the men fall in love with her, gets old men and young alike to play croquet early in the morning, visits bachelor apartments with a young man and while there becomes engaged to an old one—a Duke and the greatest catch of the cast.

Miss Barrymore plays the veiled coquette archly and with much sense of humor, but at best it is a somewhat thankless task after a semi-classic like *Carrots*. *Miss Muir* is amusing but we can hardly refrain from thinking that she is good only because it pays better than being bad. If she were bad she would not become a

MISS AMY BUSBY AND MR. JAMESON LEE FINNEY

In "The Two Schools" at the Madison Square Theatre.

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Scene from "Molly Pitcher" in which Miss Elizabeth Tyree started her starring tour.

Duchess. So perhaps after all there is a moral to the play.

Mr. Harry Davenport, still of musical comedy memories, plays the *Duke*. He is a very leering and unpleasant old *Duke*. But that was the kind Mr. Law had in mind.

Mrs. Pitt appears as a cockney housekeeper, and breaks and twists the King's English in beautiful fashion. The audience laughs all the time she is on the stage.

Mr. George W. Howard is handsome as a man who loves a single woman only because he thinks she is married. And Mr. Mc Rea is the man who is loved by the married woman and who loves the Country Mouse. He could hardly be expected to shine in a part that is nine-tenths roué and one-tenth fool.

MISS KATE DALE AND MR. JOHN DREW.
In "The Mummy and the Humming Bird" at the Empire Theatre.

"THE TWO SCHOOLS.

NEW YORK has seen much of French farce in the past ten years; sometimes it has liked the brand immensely and then again its back has been turned on the article with precision and haste. Of late seasons Mr. Charles Frohman has been the only manager who has been able to get very much out of the marital-felicity-sex-problem farce. He has had the pick of the market and that is why he has had success in this direction, for allow me the opinion that the average French farce is as human as a mechanical toy and as clean as Coney Island's streets.

Group from "There's Many a Slip," James Erskine (Earl of Roslyn) standing, Miss Jessie Milward sitting and Miss Beatrice Irwin kneeling.

"The Two Schools" is the story of a young wife who is told that the proper code of moral convenience is one that will permit her to keep her eyes closed to a husband's peccadilloes and that true happiness lays in not seeing rather than not knowing. Against this doctrine is the dictate of a heart that wants real goodness rather than mere ignorance. The farce is built from this thoroughly Gallic fabric and suffice it to say that the advocates of moral convenience seem to win their case easily.

Mr. Jameson Lee Finney and Miss Jessie Busley play principal rôles and that they do not become offensive is due to their art and Mr. Frohman's deft stage-management and not the intention of the author.

MISS LILLIAN RUSSELL AND MR. WILLIE COLLIER.
In "Whirly-Twirly" at Weber & Fields Music Hall.

"THE NIGHT OF THE PARTY."

THE PRINCESS THEATRE has been transformed from the most unsafe and unattractive place of amusement in New York to a veritable house of beauty and comfort. The Messrs. Shubert and Evans have succeeded in doing wonders with a structure that had long remained a fine example of what a theatre should not be.

From the entrance—spacious, handsome and impressive — straight up the stairs, down the warm aisles, through rows of comfortable seats and right up to the heavy curtain, which is restful and not an insult to tired eyes, The Princess is such a house as New Yorkers like and are willing to support.

Cresby, the servant (Mr. Weedon Grossmith), masquerading as *Mr. Frayne*, the master, and proposing to a reputed heiress, in "The Night of the Party."

Mr. Weedon Grossmith opened The Princess with "The Night of The Party," an English farce that ran in London many months. The piece is by Mr. Grossmith, who also plays the leading rôle.

Mr. Grossmith is one of those actors who rely upon repression for their effects. As an English servant, who impersonates his master, he is sufficiently quiet and undisturbed in demeanor to convey the impression that he really has a vast reserve of humor and temperament on hand but that it really isn't the thing to let oneself out, you know. This method is very effective and is its own reward, just as diffidence may often give a man the reputation of being very wise; as if much wisdom always lies at the bottom of a well.

Mr. Grossmith's play might be described as decidedly stodgy if it were not for his individual work. It is a noisy farce, relying for its fun entirely upon situations and not the lines. In this respect it is first cousin to the ordinary imported or domestic farce. The servant who lies, cheats, deceives his master and everyone else but who finally extricates his employer from serious trouble, is the saving grace of "The Night of the Party." The scene from which the piece takes its name is the funniest of the entire performance. It occurs in the first

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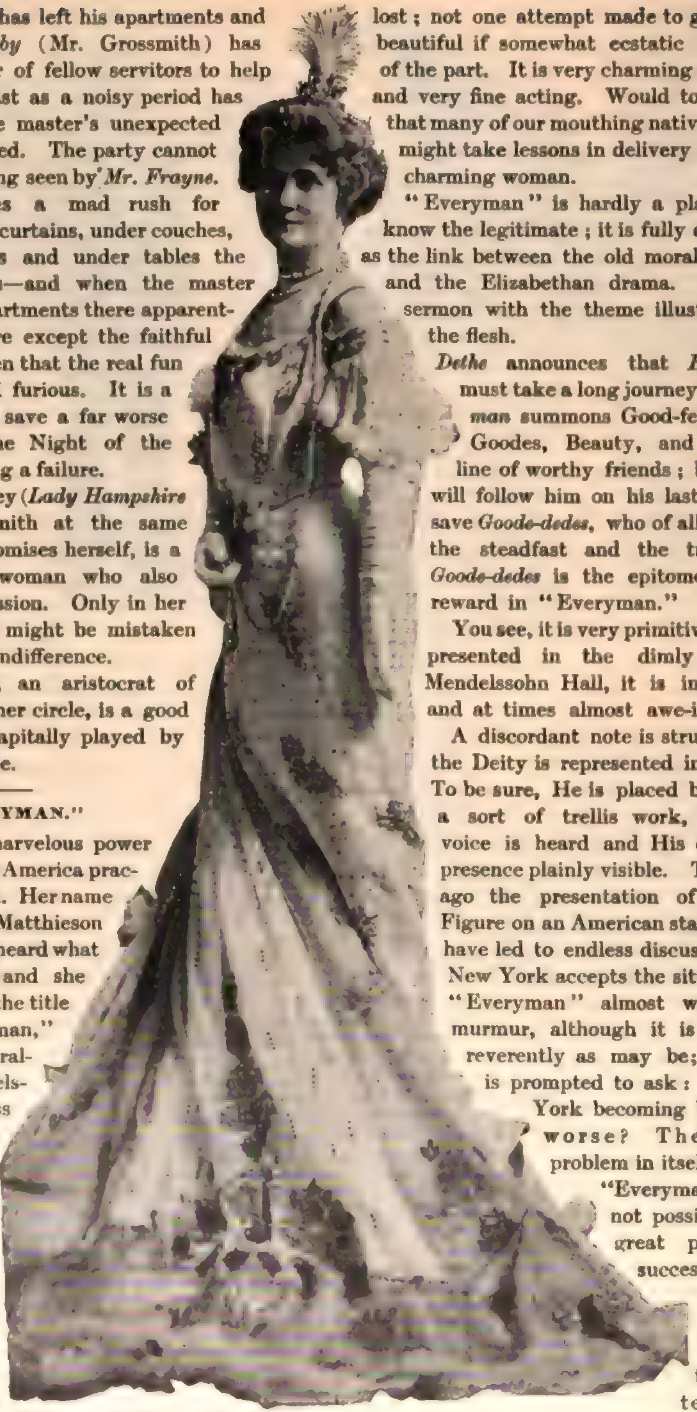
act; *Mr. Frayne* has left his apartments and his servant, *Crosby* (Mr. Grossmith) has invited a number of fellow servitors to help make merry. Just as a noisy period has been reached, the master's unexpected return is announced. The party cannot leave without being seen by *Mr. Frayne*. Then commences a mad rush for shelter. Behind curtains, under couches, in clothes presses and under tables the crowd disappears—and when the master comes into his apartments there apparently is no one there except the faithful *Crosby*. It is then that the real fun becomes fast and furious. It is a scene that would save a far worse farce than "The Night of the Party" from being a failure.

Miss May Palfrey (*Lady Hampshire* and Mrs. Grossmith at the same time) who compromises herself, is a pretty English woman who also believes in repression. Only in her case this quality might be mistaken for lackadaisical indifference.

Mr. Flambert, an aristocrat of the servitorial inner circle, is a good character part capitally played by Mr. Hubert Druce.



Photograph by Schloss, New York.
MISS PERCY HASWELL.
Who is starring in the South and in the West.

"EVERYMAN."

An actress of marvelous power has come to America practically unheralded. Her name is Miss Wynne-Matthieson (I haven't even heard what her initials are) and she has been playing the title rôle in "Everyman," the curious old morality play at Mendelssohn Hall. Miss Wynne-Matthieson for nearly two hours is on the stage and during that time is continually saying lines that in length must equal *Hamlet*, and yet not one syllable is slurred; not one pure note lost; not one attempt made to garble the beautiful if somewhat ecstatic language of the part. It is very charming elocution and very fine acting. Would to Heaven that many of our mouthing native players might take lessons in delivery from this charming woman.

"Everyman" is hardly a play as we know the legitimate; it is fully described as the link between the old morality plays and the Elizabethan drama. It is a sermon with the theme illustrated in the flesh.

Dethe announces that *Everyman* must take a long journey; *Everyman* summons Good-fellowship, Goodes, Beauty, and a long line of worthy friends; but none will follow him on his last journey save *Goode-dedes*, who of all remains the steadfast and the true, and *Goode-dedes* is the epitome of all reward in "Everyman."

You see, it is very primitive, but as presented in the dimly lighted Mendelssohn Hall, it is impressive and at times almost awe-inspiring.

A discordant note is struck when the Deity is represented in person. To be sure, He is placed behind of a sort of trellis work, but His voice is heard and His corporeal presence plainly visible. Ten years ago the presentation of such a Figure on an American stage would have led to endless discussion, but New York accepts the situation in "Everyman" almost without a murmur, although it is all done reverently as may be; but one is prompted to ask: Is New York becoming better or worse? There's a problem in itself.

"Everyman" could not possibly be a great popular success, but it is ample evidence at least that intelligent declamation and the finer spirit

Photo by McIntosh, N. Y.

MISS BIJOU FERNANDEZ.

Who plays the mannish girl in "Hearts Aflame."

of the player has not been entirely crushed out by the money side of theatrical art.

"AN AMERICAN INVASION."

FOR once, it is almost entirely the fault of the playwright. Given two such capital players as J. E. Dodson and Annie Irish, and almost any ordinarily good play could reasonably be expected to make at least a passably pleasant entertainment.

Mr. and Mrs. Dodson did not get the proper chance to win the regard of New York theatregoers in their initial star tour at the Bijou theatre. Madeline Lucette Ryley might just as well have handed an encyclopedia or a German Dictionary to two players as to present them with a play like "An American Invasion." Either of the useful books mentioned would at least have given them a larger batch of words and that is about all that "An American Invasion" amounts to. A longer winded, more pointless and long drawn out play has not been presented to a Broadway audience for a long time. Characters troop on the stage singly, in pairs and in trios, turn on the spigot of conversation and a torrent of words ensues.

It is a Dramatization of the English Language by Madeline Lucette Ryley.

It will be pretty hard to conceive of a worse play for a couple of new stars and yet Mr. Dodson manfully tackles the mountain of words and by force of personality makes the play interesting while he is on the stage. Miss Irish, always a charming actress and a pretty woman, is a victim of the same disease—gouty affection of the vocabulary.

It is really too bad that an actor and actress of the standing of Mr. and Mrs. Dodson, from whom the public expects so much and who deserve so well at the hands of intelligent theatregoers, should have been compelled to make their stellar entry between the covers of Webster's Unabridged.

Madeline Lucette Ryley

Photo by Marceau, N. Y.

MRS. EDNA WALLACE HOPPER.

As she appears in "The Silver Slipper."

should have a great weight of woe on her soul if she takes her faults to heart.

MISS LETICIA HOWARD.

IT is seldom that a young girl student, and more particularly of the piano, succeeds in making any particular impression. This is probably due to the fact, as it has become generally recognized, that while women have the artistic temperament, they seldom possess also the requisite physical strength necessary in the equipment of a great performer on the pianoforte, which does not bend as easily to the touch as for instance the violin. On the latter instrument there are, of course, very many talented performers of exceptional talent.

This is all the more reason therefore why Miss Leticia Howard should feel a reasonable amount of elation. Miss Howard has been attracting considerable attention in New York for the past season and it is expected that she will be one of the famous concert pianists within the next few years. The mere fact that she has received a medal from a great College of Music and is the pupil of Miss Bisbee, who studied under Barth in Berlin and Krauser in Leipsig and Leschetitzky in Vienna, would not alone be sufficient to prove Miss Howard's talent. As a well-known New York critic recently said of Miss Howard: "It is not because of her surroundings or her opportunities that she will become a really great pianist; that alone must be based on Miss Howard herself. She plays well because it is in her, and all the other circumstances are mere aids to her progress."

Photo by Feinberg, New York.

MISS LETICIA HOWARD.

A new pianist.

"THE ONLY WAY."

MARTIN HARVEY was unfortunate in appearing in "The Only Way" for his introduction as a star to New York audiences. This play had been beautifully done three years before by Mr. Henry Miller, whose *Sidney Carton* was a splendidly rendered character, and who, besides, was lucky enough to have Miss Margaret Anglin in his support. The tender shrinking *Mimi* of Miss Anglin was something long to be remembered by those who were fortunate enough to see this actress.

Mr. Harvey, however, need not fear that comparison places him at a great disadvantage. He is a finely tempered player, with the face of a poet and the methods of an artist. There was more of softness and less of the hardened drunkard in Mr. Miller's *Sidney Carton* than is displayed by Mr. Harvey in the first act of the play. Later on, however, he takes a more complete control of the character and from the second act to the final lines on the scaffold, his performance is marked by rare skill and a fine method.

Photo by McIan, N. Y.

MRS. THORNDYKE BOUCICAULT.

The actress who takes the next leading part after Miss Alice Fischer in "Mrs. Jack," in which her *Mrs. Hilda Pointer* is an admirable rendering.

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ONE OF THE STRONGEST SCENES OF "AN AMERICAN INVASION" AT THE BIJOU THEATRE.

John Brainard (Mr. Dodson) accuses *Mrs. Penruddock* (Miss Annie Irish) of stealing the portfolio containing his plans.

Nothing tenderer could be conceived than the garden scene in which *Carton* tells his hopeless love to *Lucy Manette.* It is the very symbol of love and the apotheosis of despair, made brave by the great heart of the man.

The lines of *Carton* in the dock, when he is fighting for the life of the man who has won *Lucy's* love, are delivered with that rare elocutionary talent so often wanting in the work of our best players.

Miss N. De Silva (Mrs. Harvey) in the first act is thoroughly disappointing; never for a moment does she rise to the full possibilities of the part. Later on, however, in her beseeching helplessness and her sacrificing love for *Carton*, she makes a pathetic and heartrendering figure.

In the first scene of Act IV, where *Carton* kisses the sleeping *Lucy* and leaves the apartment to take the place of *Darnay* and, as *Mimi* knows, to certain death, Miss De Silva is particularly effective as she sinks to the floor, utterly crushed by the great weight of a devotion that cannot save the man she loves. It is only in this one scene that she rises to the splendid heights attained by Miss Anglin.

Mr. Percy Anstey who plays *Charles Darnay* is not good in a rôle which offers many opportunities.

Miss Amy Coleridge is sympathetic and womanly in the extreme. One can imagine that a man like *Sidney Carton* could give up his life for a woman like this *Lucy Manette.*

Mr. Fred Wright, Sr., plays *Dr. Manette* beautifully and in such a way as our own Couldock would have played it. R. B. H.

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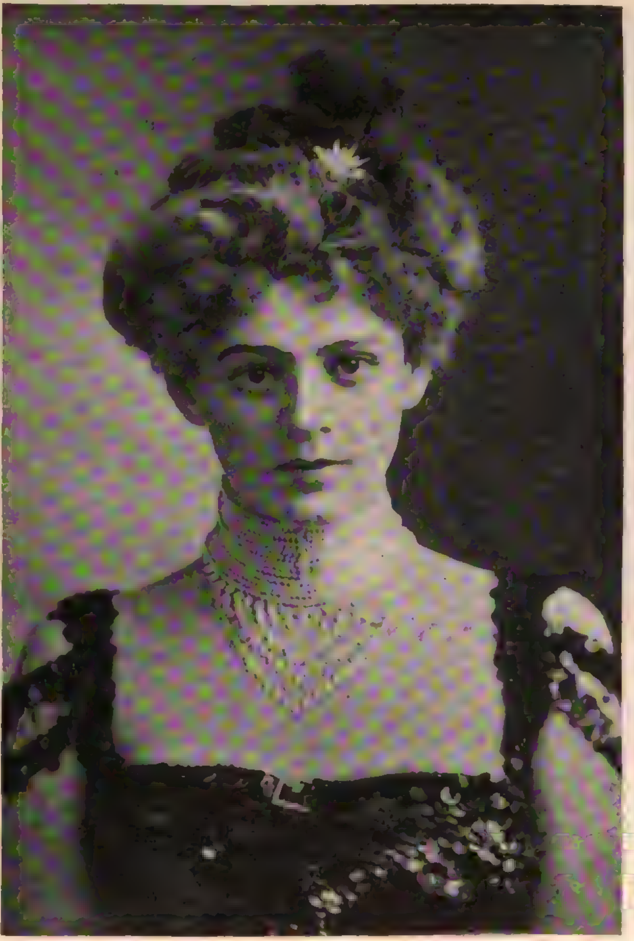

Photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE.

Miss Barrymore is the youngest real star in the theatrical firmament to-day. Her rise has been one of the swiftest on record, but there has so far been voiced no criticism of the judgment of her manager, Mr. Charles Frohman. She is the daughter of Maurice Barrymore and the niece of John Drew, and therefore comes naturally by her histrionic gifts. Her initial appearance as a star was in "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines."

Photograph by McIntosh, New York.

MISS OLIVE CELESTE MOORE.

Miss Moore is the alto singer of The Bostonians, rendering "Oh, Promise Me" as *Alan-a-Dale* in "Robin Hood." She is considered a not unworthy successor to Mrs. Jessie Bartlett Davis, the singer who made that ditty something more or less than popular the wide world over. Miss Moore's voice, like nearly all altos, is eminent for its sympathetic timbre. She is also careful in her enunciation.

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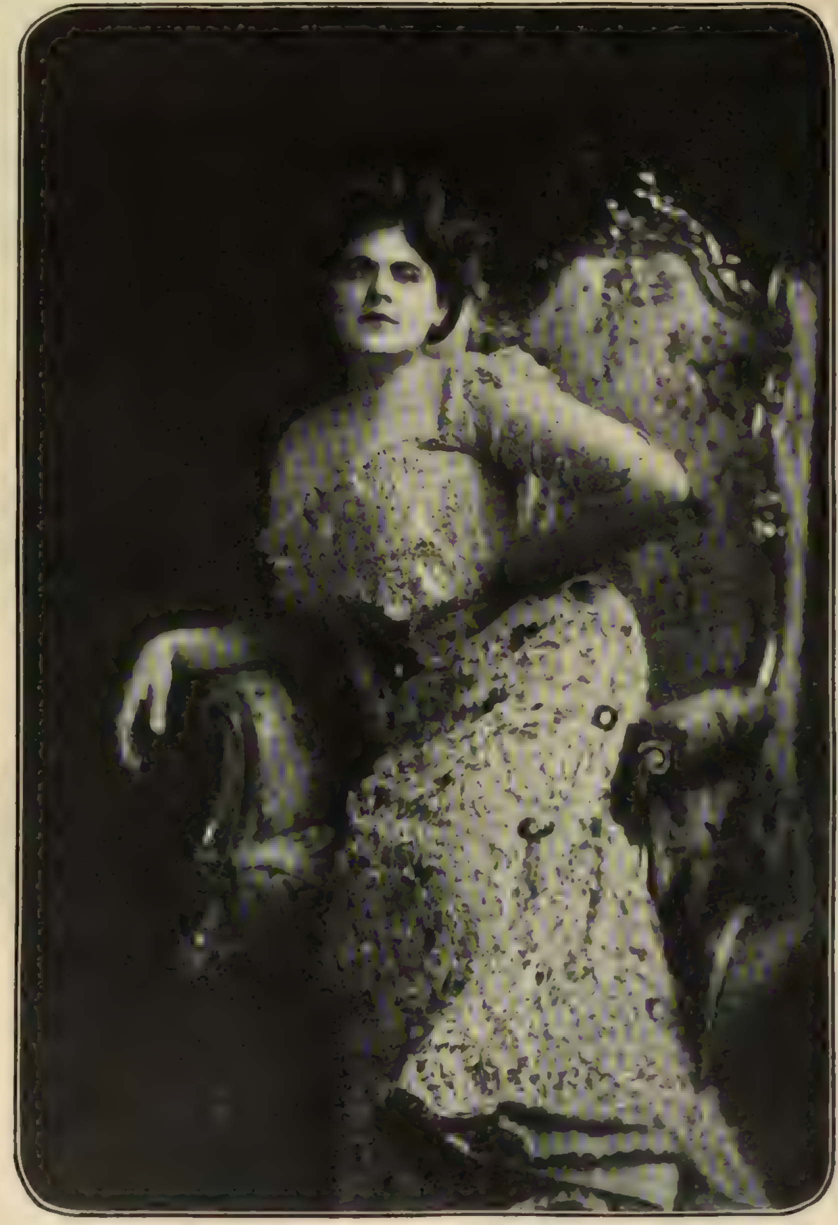

Photograph by Marceau, New York.

MISS MARIE DRESSLER.

Whose unfortunate and untoward illness necessitated the sudden withdrawal of "King High Ball," of which she was at once the hope and the mainstay. Miss Dressler has a unique and refreshing personality and a vigorous method of dramatics which is all her own.

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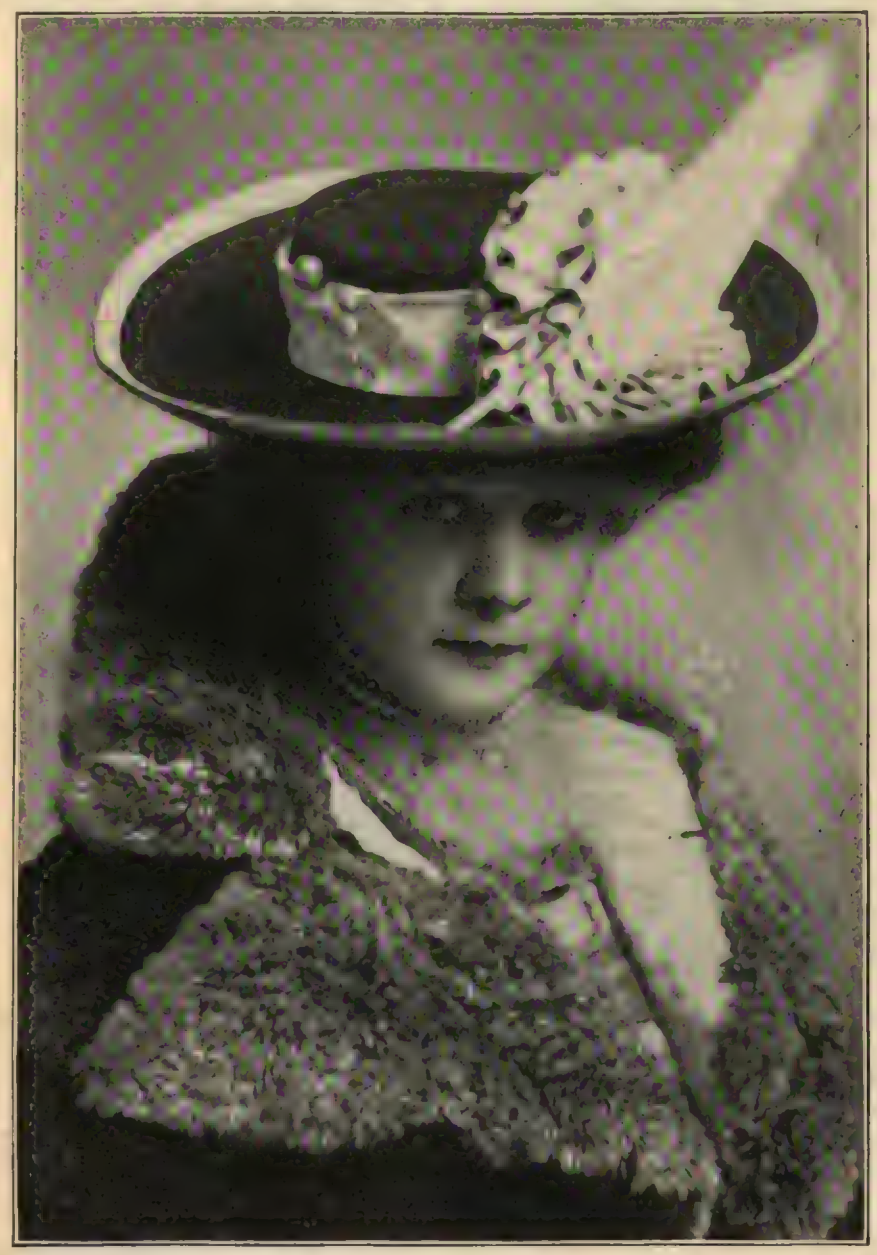

Photograph by Moore, New Orleans.

MISS JOSEPHINE KARLIN.

Miss Karlin is credited with being the prettiest member of the company presenting "The Billionaire," Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger's new operatic production. As "The Billionaire" contains a host of unquestioned beauties, this praise of Miss Karlin's friends should be much appreciated by her.

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"Is 'Iris' Immoral?"

VIRGINIA HARNED IN A RECENT INTERVIEW, SAYS "NO".

TWO OPINIONS OF PINERO'S LATEST DRAMATIC SENSATION.

"IRIS," with Virginia Harned in the title rôle, is undoubtedly the dramatic sensation of the season in New York. Miss Harned, who is featured in the piece, was recently interviewed at length and made a brilliant if not altogether conclusive reply to the question "Is 'Iris' Immoral?" by taking the negative side.

Three Scenes from the First and Second Acts of "Iris."

Two correspondents of BROADWAY MAGAZINE write interestingly as follows:

THE CON.

CENTRAL PARK WEST.

TO THE EDITOR OF BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

My Dear Sir:

I am a constant theatre-goer and have been for twenty-five years. I have seen many transitions in stage methods and noted with interest the many changes in public sentiment. But I would like to go on record in protest against such a production as "Iris."

Here is a play by an English author who is notoriously degenerate in his ideas of the world's morality. His heroines are simply bad women; and as if this poet were not exasperating enough, he insists on tamely presenting such creatures for the purpose of creating sympathy. *Iris* has nothing to recommend her. She is merely a woman with a great love of luxury and not brains enough to do anything except use her beauty as a selling commodity. In her bitterest moments she is still the woman who is sordid above all things. Even poor old *Paula Tanqueray*, with her loud manners and strident voice, was more deserving of pity than *Iris*, for she really did try to be good in an aimless sort of way.

I have no patience with a man like Pinero who with the brains that God gave him insists on making human nature worse than it is and then asks us to accept his abnormalities as ordinary human beings. Yours truly,

D. J. BEVERIDGE.

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Here is an altogether different kind of letter from another BROADWAY MAGAZINE reader:

THE PRO.

HOFFMAN HOUSE,
City.

To EDITOR.

Dear Sir:

There has been a lot of discussion about "Iris." I have an opinion or two about it myself. I wonder if it has ever occurred to those noble creatures who say that dramatist Pinero is decadent and unregenerate, that if such men as he were all to die we would be a lot of sickly puling children without enough gumption to argue with a horse fly.

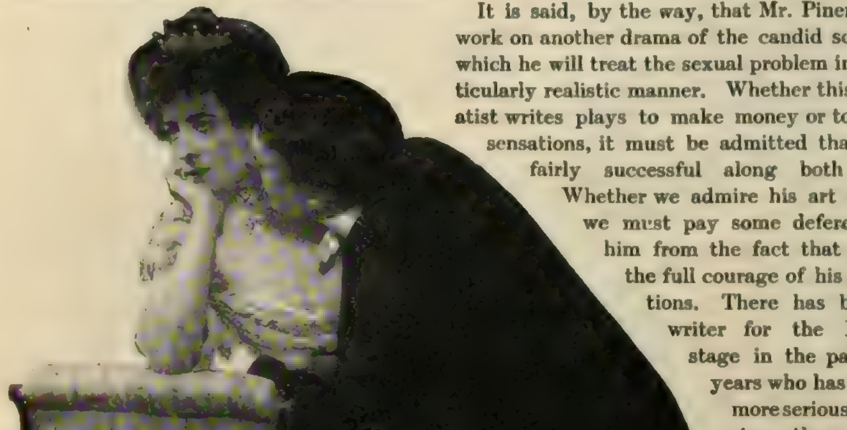
Can any sane person say that *Iris* has no counterparts in real life? Are there no women like her who are weak rather than wicked and to whom the good things of life are life itself? To be sure, such women are not held up as examples of all that is lovely and desirable in womankind, but the stage is a reflector and not a manufacturer of human passion.

And, mark you, how could a greater moral lesson be taught than is given us by Pinero who shows that such a life as is led by *Iris* ends only in misery?

A truce to the gentle folk who would make a lecture platform of our theatres or an automatic, self-feeding and self-adjusting machine for turning out pallid emotions at so much a yard!

Mr. Pinero is not for the Young Person; he is for those who Know.

Yours for the honest drama,
JOHN B. FORSYTHE.



William Courtney as *Laurence Trenwith* and Virginia Harned as *Iris Bellamy* in "Iris."

It is said, by the way, that Mr. Pinero is at work on another drama of the candid school in which he will treat the sexual problem in a particularly realistic manner. Whether this dramatist writes plays to make money or to create sensations, it must be admitted that he is fairly successful along both lines. Whether we admire his art or not, we must pay some deference to him from the fact that he has the full courage of his convictions. There has been no writer for the English stage in the past fifty years who has started more serious discussions than Arthur Wing Pinero. He might be called today the Zola of the English stage.

It may or may not be a criterion of public opinion to say that Mr. Pinero has been praised with much enthusiasm by about half of the New York critics; the whole other half has roundly scored him. And thus the battle goes on; it may be to the strong or the weak; but it always leads to generous thinking and much spilling of ink.

All of it, of course, means grist to Mr. Pinero's mill. The play that arouses newspaper discussion is the play that brings people to the theatre and in the meantime Mr. Pinero is doing fairly well with his royalties.

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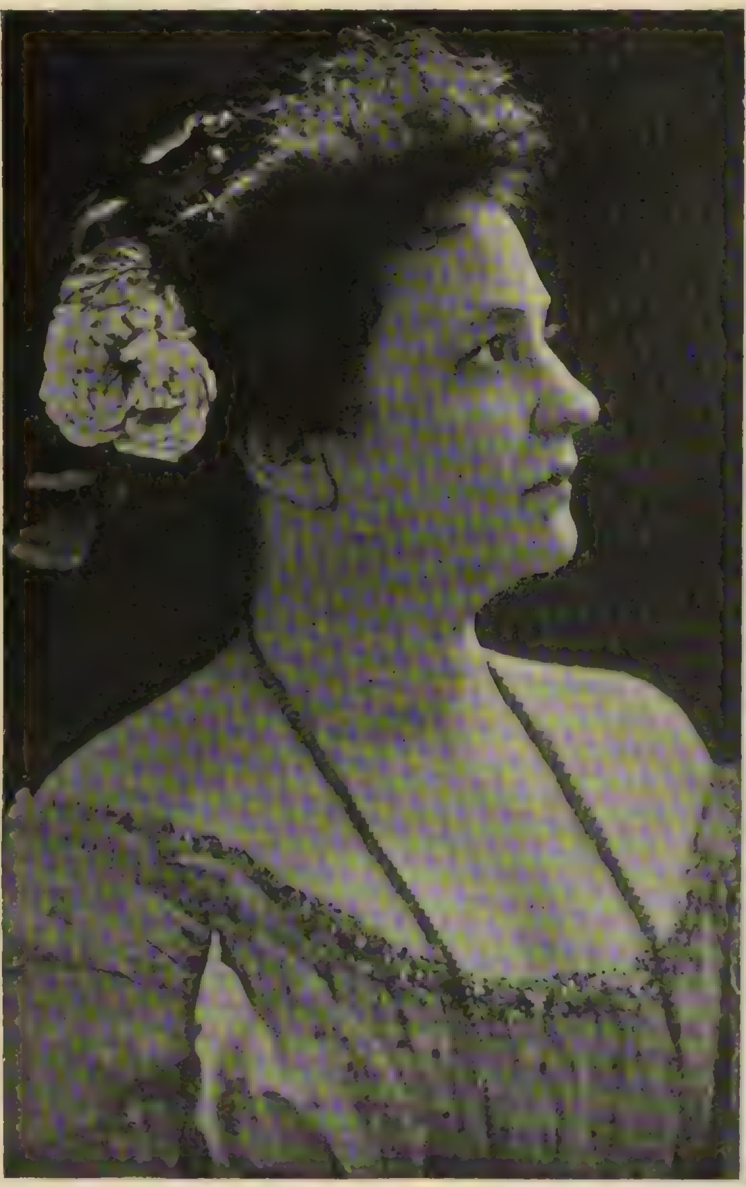

From a photo by Vander Weyde.

AN AMBITIOUS WOMAN.

Mrs. Timothy Woodruff, whose husband has been Lieut.-Governor of New York State three times.

She did not expect to see him climb to the same position again, but she does expect him to reach greater heights later.

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Photograph by Hedley, New York.

THE BANKERS OF AMERICA SEE "A CHINESE HONEYMOON."

A $2,000,000,000 Audience at the Casino Theatre.

"Two billion dollars at the Casino Theatre" does not refer to the monetary value of the seating capacity of the Shubert Brothers' house, but at least that amount of money was represented when the presidents of the national banks of the United States assembled to witness the performance of "A Chinese Honeymoon" recently, at that playhouse. It was a fearsome amount of money to be personified by only 1,250 men and women who filled the house, but we must recollect that after all this audience does not represent so much the actual money as it represents the owners of the money. Looked at from this point of view, the picture is perhaps more impressive still.

The actors in "A Chinese Honeymoon" peppered their performance with occasional sallies bearing on the banking business, which were much relished by the audience, and Mr. Seabrooke gave his song "Mr Dooley" with even more than his usual amount of unction.

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The Woman of the World.

By Carolyn Lowrey.

MRS. NEILSON'S PEARLS AND STOCKINGS.

MRS. FREDERIC NEILSON has been of the opinion that the fact of her deigning to live for a time in Lenox, and allowing her three dogs and her son Jules to roam about at will should be honor enough for one small place, but, strange to say, the tax collector thought that one act in the Lenox drama should be revised, and much to Mrs. Neilson's disgust the collector won.

Mrs. Neilson delights in being peculiar and lately has been wearing a white pearl in one ear, and a black one in the other.

A box was sent to her the other day containing a white stocking and a black one; the giver was evidently an extremist.

WHEN THE BLOOM IS OFF THE PEACH.

THROUGH sheer backwardness a waiter has not only lost his position, but the hope of ever serving in the future, save in a chop house.

A few days ago the youthful scion of a wealthy if not noble family was dining at one of the fashionable resorts with a blonde who is noted for her beautiful complexion.

This complexion has been so exquisite as to be credited to nature's own brush.

Unfortunately, the stupidity of the waiter in opening a bottle of Ruinart resulted in the baptism of the lady's cheeks, removing some of the high lights, and disillusionizing the youthful suitor. Hence, no marriage cards are out.

OF MRS. HAIG, WHO WAS DRAYTON.

NOW that Mrs. Ogilvie Haig, formerly Mrs. Coleman Drayton, is here with her present lord and master, Society is a little curious to see how much it can forget.

It is five years since Mrs. Astor entertained her daughter here, and even her leadership did not altogether make things serene.

Mrs. Haig visited her son, Coleman Drayton, at Harvard, for the first time in five years.

By the way, another divorcée has just been reunited with her son.

Young Dudley Carter, who has reached his majority, has decided to cling to his mother, and has received from his father the gift of disinheritance for the privilege.

MISS LA FOND HAS HER OPINIONS.

THE secret is out. Phyllis La Fond is to become a real actress like Frankie Bailey.

Miss La Fond will be remembered as one of the "Sadie Girls" with the "Little Duchess" last year, but she is tired of hiding her talents under a bushel, and is determined to inscribe her name on the tablet of fame.

Covered with sunbursts and accompanied by a chaperone, she has been trying to convince the managers that they have in her a second Leslie Carter, but strange to say she has not as yet found one who has been able to grasp the situation. Nothing daunted, Phyllis passes on to the next with a smile of pity that they should be so nearsighted.

MR. HARRIS SHOULD EXPLAIN.

SOMEBODY may be able to tell us the difference between "starring" and "featuring."

Mr. Henry B. Harris claims that Elizabeth Tyree, who met with a failure in "Captain Molly," was only "featured," but when she opens in January at the Madison Square in "Gretna Green" she will be "starred."

Mr. Harris seems to be unable to show us where the distinction or difference is, but the public may be able to aid him later on, as Miss Tyree has many friends who wish her success.

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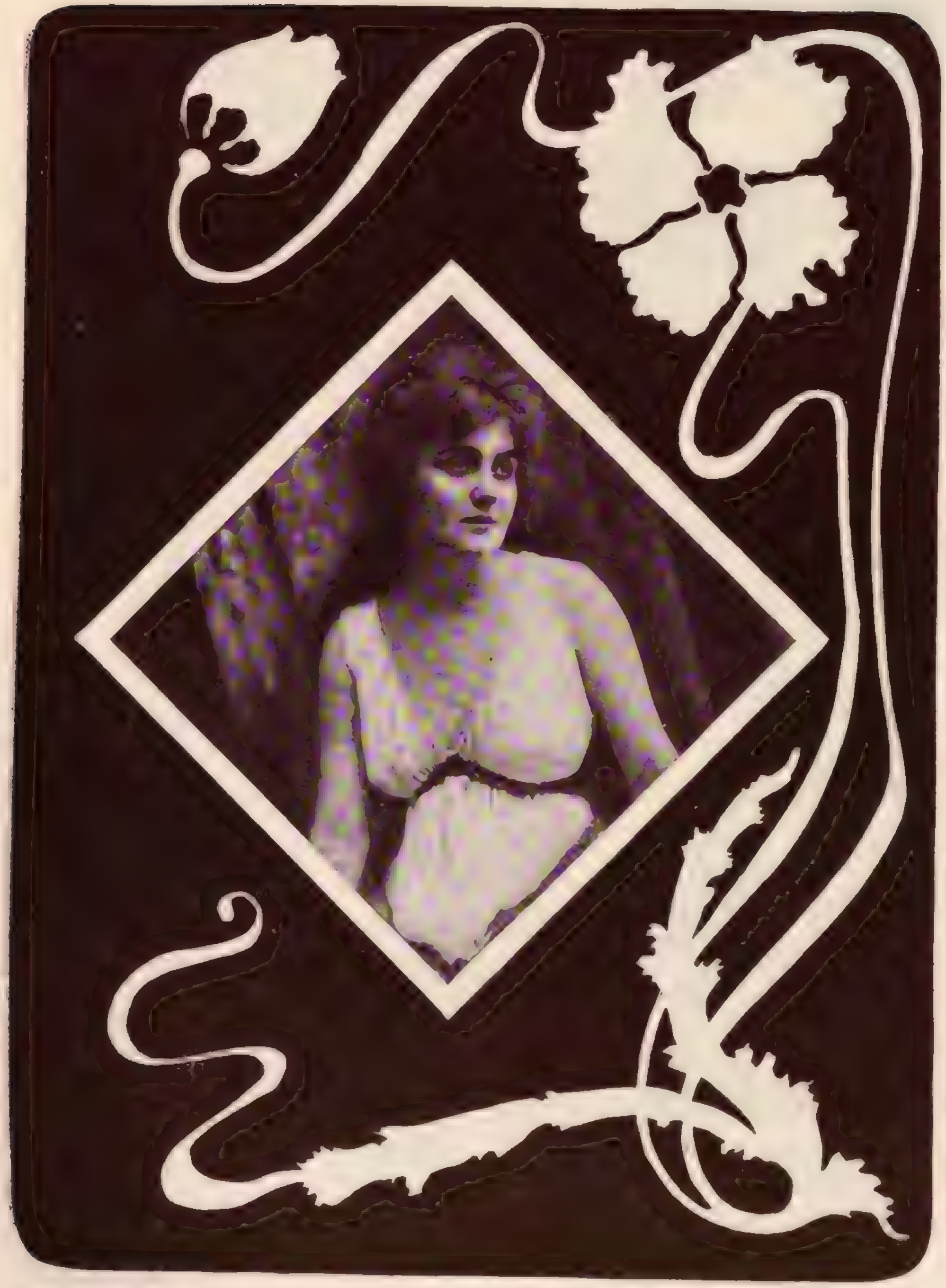
Stage Beauties of the Holidays.



Photograph by Sarony, New York.

MISS MARY KEALTY.

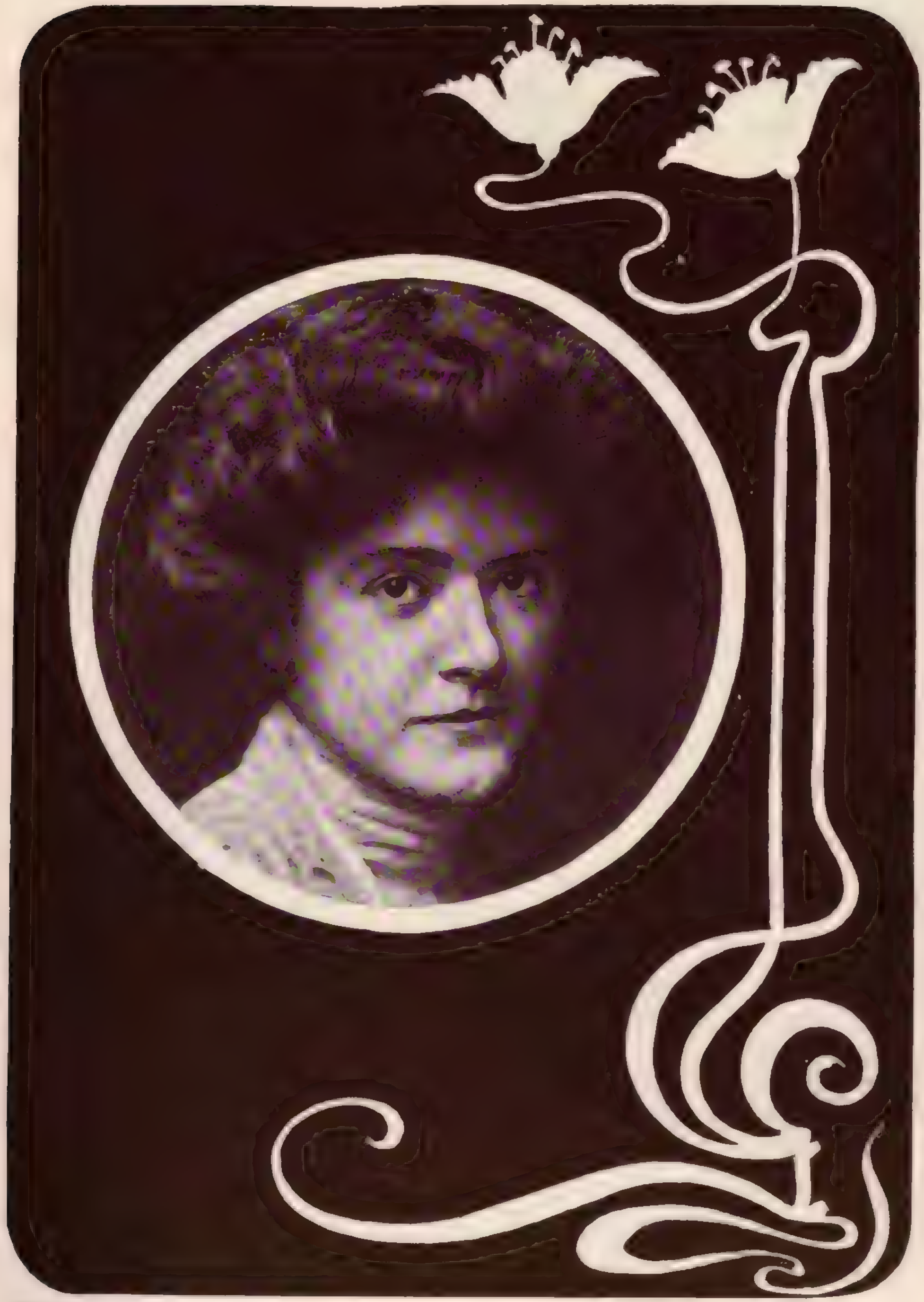
Who has just signed with Mr. William Gillette.

Photograph by White, New York.

MISS EDITH ST. CLAIR.

Leading woman with the Rogers Brothers.

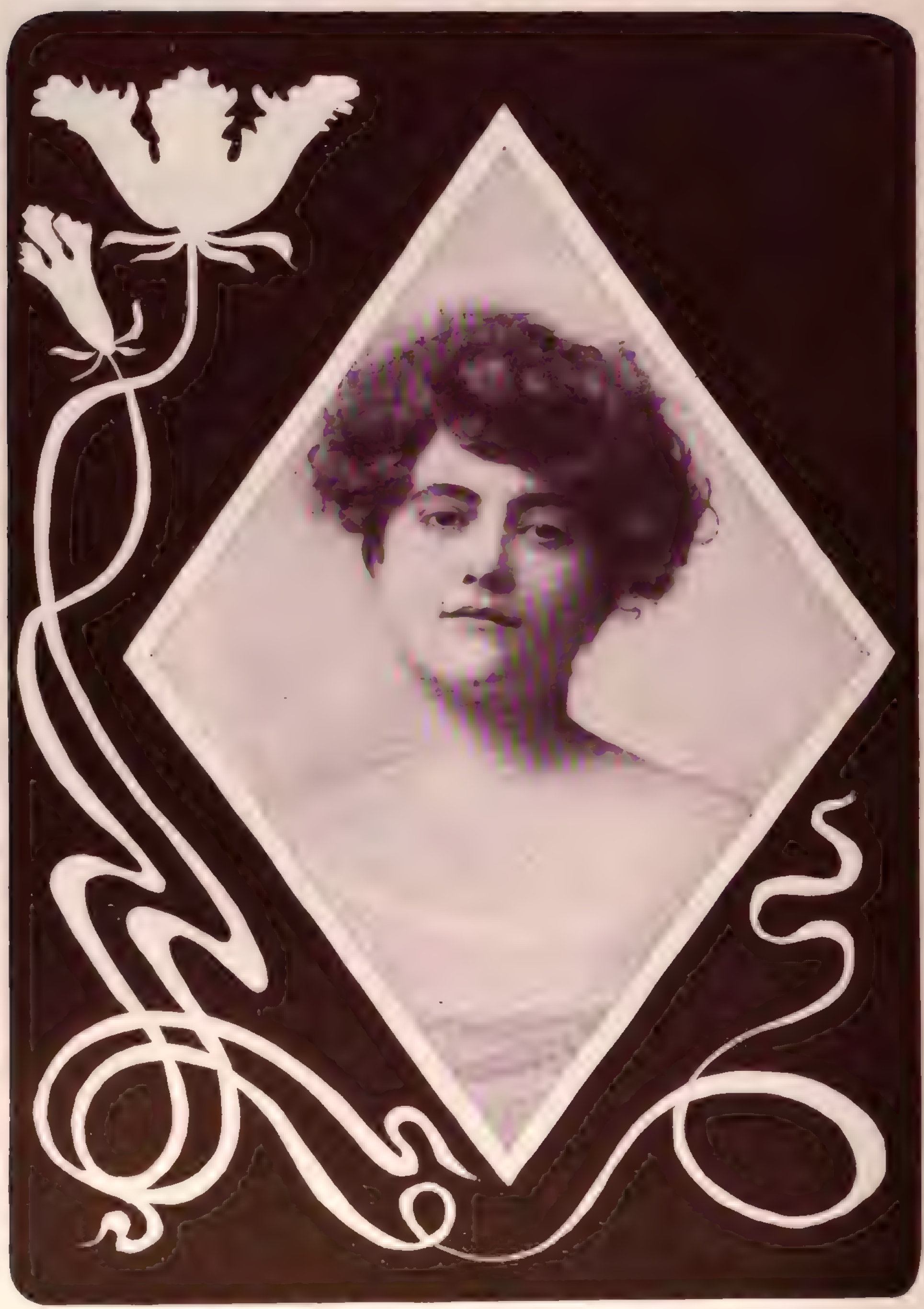
Stage Beauties of the Holidays.



Photograph by Fowler, Evanston.

MISS ELEANORA LA SALLE

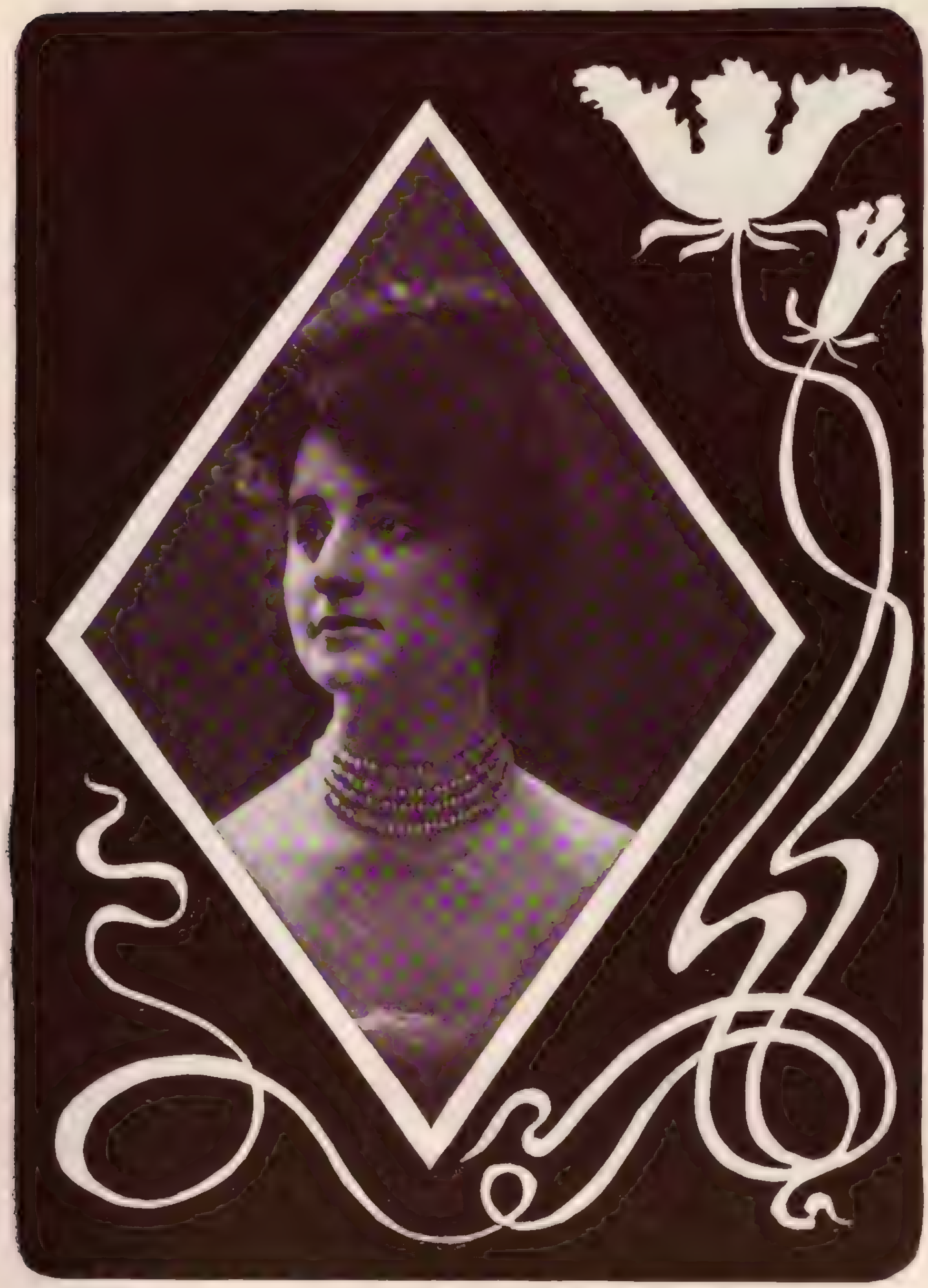
Who has been appearing as the ingenue in "Arizona."



Photograph by White, New York.

MISS MINNIE WOODBURY.

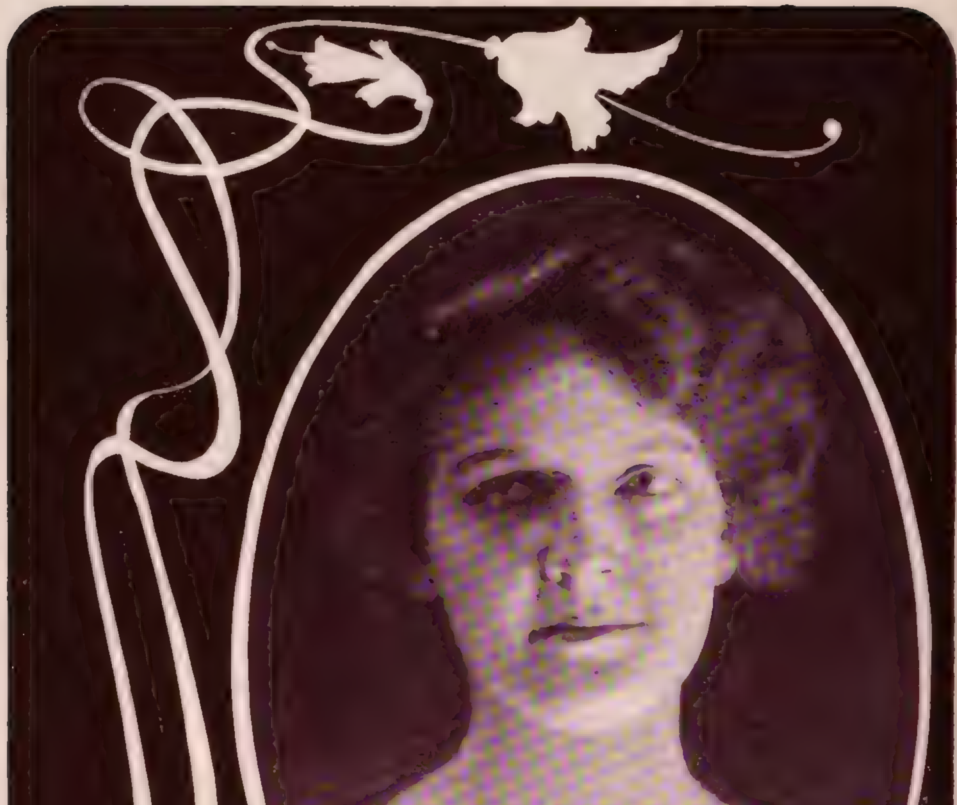
A show girl with the Rogers Brothers.



Photograph by Evans, New York.

MISS LOUISE GALLIER.

One of the bridesmaids in "The Toreador."



Photograph by Schloss, New York.

MISS BLANCHE BROOKS.

A show girl with "The Wild Rose" Company.

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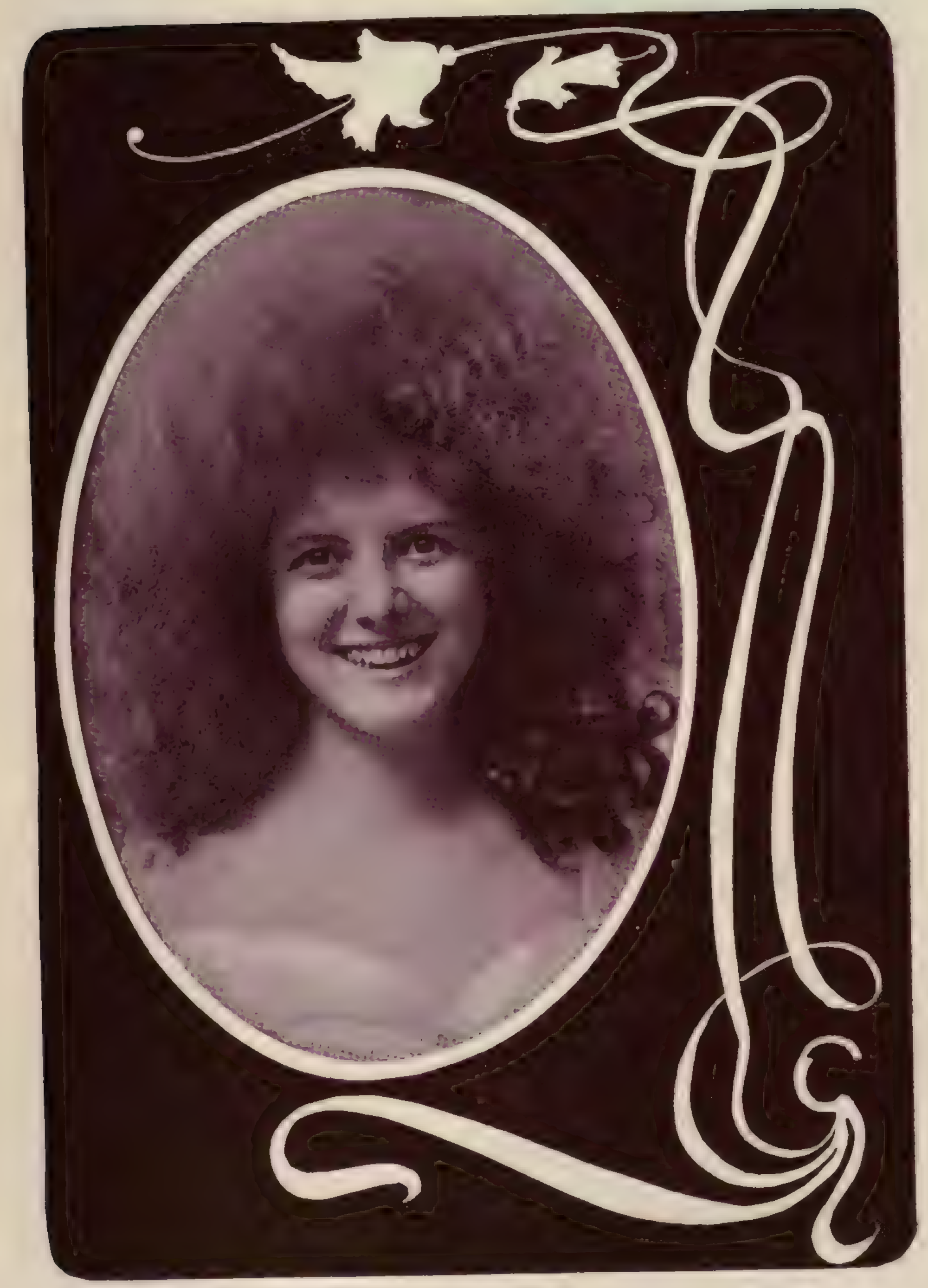
Stage Beauties of the Holidays.



Photograph by White, New York.

MISS LEONIE DARWIN.

Who is *Becky Thatcher* in "Huckleberry Finn."

Google

Stage Beauties of the Holidays.

Photograph by Bushnell, San Francisco.

MISS LILLIAN BOND, A STAR OF VAUDEVILLE.

Miss Lillian Bond appears in the latest vaudeville creation called, "Echoes of Kaffir Land," which will be staged by L. E. Laurence, introducing a double male and female octette of finely trained Kaffirs. Mr. Laurence has spared no expense in mounting this skit. The scenic effect is exquisite and will hold a feature absolutely original. Miss Bond, who was one of the attractive members of the "Florodora" sextette is an attractive blonde with a high full soprano voice; she is vivacious and full of magnetism. Her gown in this act is a creation, being a jeweled dress costing two thousand three hundred dollars.

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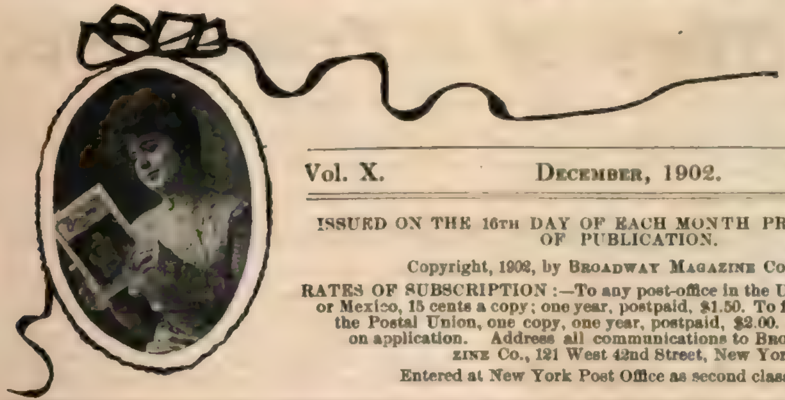

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ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY, Editor. GEORGE A. SHERIN, General Manager.

BROADWAY MAGAZINE has received a Diploma. It is a very big and very imposing piece of parchment, and is reproduced on this page about one-twentieth of the original size.

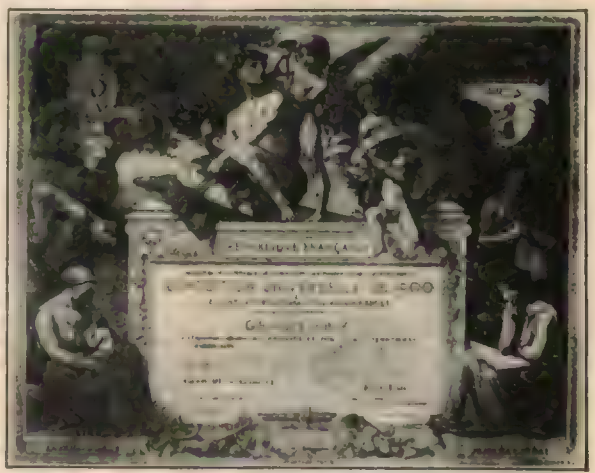
This Diploma is very nicely engraved, and informs us that **BROADWAY MAGAZINE** received a Grand Prize for its artistic beauty. After having traveled through a labyrinthian maze for several long weary months, the information came to us after we had almost forgotten there was ever such a thing as a Paris Exposition.

We are, of course, much elated and happy withal, but it must occur to even an Award Committee that prizes are a good deal like snowballs—all right when they're first made. But they will not stand much neglect or delay. Still we're thankful that **BROADWAY MAGAZINE** received a prize; what we don't understand, however, is why we should be told anything about it at this late day. Why not carefully guard the secret from us for the rest of our lives, but tell *McClure's*, or *Harper's* or *Century* all about it? Why tell us at all? We only won the prize!

Of course, we're thankful. But we're somewhat worried about this problem: if it takes two years to send a prize-winning notice from Paris to New York by fast steamer, how long would it take a red-headed boy, in pink knickerbockers, to walk across the English Channel on stilts?

Honestly, though, we're proud!

And grateful!



Reproduction of Prize Diploma Awarded Broadway Magazine for Artistic Beauty at the Paris Exposition (one-twentieth size of original).

It is good to remember that memory, like the wasp, is a fickle and untrustworthy jade. Wherefore be reminded now that **BROADWAY MAGAZINE** may be yours for each of the great shining, beautiful months of 1903 for $1.50. It is an inconsiderable sum when compared with the twelve times joy that may be yours. For of late, as very many of you know, **BROADWAY MAGAZINE** has come and gone from the news-stands early in the month, and the newsman could only salaam and swear by all the typothetæ that it would not happen again—only to repeat the offence next month. The public has been buying up each edition of **BROADWAY MAGAZINE** long before the next was due. So subscribe for a full year, and save your lamentations.

Your newsdealer will take your order. So will we.

And, to remind you, other pages in this number will tell you how truly fine will be **BROADWAY MAGAZINE** for 1903. Those pages are instructive reading—and very truthful.

BROADWAY QUARTERLY No. 15 is a shy minx. She has entirely disappeared from some news-stands and is preparing to take an early departure from the remainder. She is pretty, and chic and becomingly attired in a red and blue cover—but the cost is only 25 Cents. Newsdealers who have copies left will gladly dispose of them, or you may have a copy direct from office, postpaid, for a modest 25 Cents.

The Story of a Friendship.

By Ada Patterson and Victory Bateman.

From "The Stage Door," a Book of Stage Stories by Ada Patterson and Victory Bateman. Published by The Grafton Press, New York. Copyright, 1902, by The Grafton Press.

THE stage, which knows more and deeper friendships than any other profession, has known but one such friendship as this.

It began in a curious fashion, even for the profession of surprises. Miss Grenville's sister, who had stage ambitions, without stage aptitude, was looking for an engagement. Miss Grenville, who had no such ambitions, was calling on the managers with her sister to give her countenance and moral support. It was at noon, after they had made their pilgrimage to sixteen offices of agents and managers and had heard as many times the decisive "Nothing," that they made a final, weary call upon John Bailey, and the friendship, of which this is a history, began.

John Bailey's office was dark and dreary. His personality might have been described in the same way. His face was pale, brooding, and impassive. Some non-admirer had added the adjective "damp." He forget to take off his hat while he was talking with them. It was a villainous old hat, lowering, weather beaten, sinister, like some faces she had seen, an unusual, absurd hat, and Miss Grenville, while the manager was saying the usual "Nothing" to her sister, studied it and laughed aloud.

Photo by Dupont, New York.

MISS ADA PATTERSON.

It was rude, but she was seventeen.

John Bailey looked up from a letter he was opening.

"Do you want to go on the stage?" he asked, brusquely.

"No, thank you." He looked at her more sharply. There was a slight drawl in the low pitched voice, a dragging upon the vowels, that was individual and charming. She had fine eyes, too, gray, like still pools, with a sly roguery in their depths, and with a sudden light in them that brightened irregular features. She was ungainly and tall, an overgrown child, but his quick managerial eye told him she was different from anyone he had ever seen, and he was looking for the "different" people for his stage.

"Why not?"

"I have never thought of such a thing."

"That is no reason why you should not think of it."

"My sister here ——"

"I have nothing for your sister. Why don't you think of it?"

"I shouldn't like to be anything else than a great actress."

"Perhaps you might be. Strange things happen," dryly.

"Laugh again! I would give $100 a week for that laugh."

"Thank you!" still with that sudden lighting of the eyes and that delicious drawl. "If I ever wish to I will let you know."

As they went out of the room, her sister crestfallen, Anna Grenville puzzled and a bit pleased, the girl looked back for a moment. Dark, earnest eyes were peering at her from beneath the absurd hat, eyes so earnest, so frankly and not unkindly taking account of her, that she forgot to laugh at the hat. And he saw more than the awkward girl with fine eyes and dragging speech. He saw the bud unfold, the woman that was to be, the actress that might be. In a dimly pleasant way they understood each other. The girls went down the dark stairs.

The manager went back to his letter. And so the friendship began, a friendship of thought, for is not friendship the essence of kindly thought? And is not the difference between happiness and unhappiness only a difference in quantity of that essence?

He remembered her as a laughing, awkward slant of sunshine that had fallen athwart the dimness of his office a moment and disappeared. She remembered the hat with a laugh, and the brooding, not unkindly, eyes beneath them, with a smile of childish softness.

It was six months afterward that they met again. He had gone to Philadelphia to see the opening of "By Land and Sea." Was it possible that that tall, rather awkward "walking lady" or "extra woman" was she? And the voice! It was not long afterward that an Oriental said of it: "It is far reaching as the temple gong at midnight, rich, mellow, and of inexpressible sweetness." The listening manager could not mistake it. She, looking into the dim space marked by sheeted undulations that would resolve themselves into chairs at the evening performance, saw the grotesque hat and smiled with the gratification of a child.

Meeting her in the wings afterward, he lifted the hat gravely. "So you have concluded to go on the stage?"

"Only for to-night. Mr. Downs, the manager, is my

Google

brother-in-law. One of his 'walking ladies' was ill and he asked me to take her place."

He watched her from the front that night. Her walk, her gestures, her smile, all but the last faulty, yet distinguished her from the rest. She was taller than the others. She was one of the fourteen walking ladies at whom the audience continued to look after a cursory glance at the rest, though no one could have told why.

John Bailey met her in the wings again. "I want you to join my company," he said. "I think I could make an actress of you."

"If my family are willing I will."

The next week she was rehearsing a tiny part in the twilight of the theatre in whose gloomy office she had met John Bailey. Sitting on a lounge near the right entrance, as was his custom, he watched her without seeming to look at her. She was intelligent. She caught suggestions eagerly and improved upon them. She did more instead of less than she was asked to do with a line or a bit of business. If "let alone" he found her acting naturally and with taste She never "saved herself." A rehearsal was a stern reality, into which she threw all her young strength.

"I haven't made a mistake," the manager said to himself after the third rehearsal. "She is outward. Nothing inward or repressed about her. I can make her," and with a grim earnestness he added, "and she may do a good deal toward making me."

It was the night of the full-dress rehearsal that John Bailey noticed a thoughtful look on the girl's face while she glanced about the stage, set for the first act. It expressed dissatisfaction. He, too, felt that there was some spot of inharmony in the scene.

"You don't like it?" he asked, from the shabby lounge which the company called his "throne."

She started, but he saw with pleasure that it was the start of surprise, not of fear.

"There is one thing I don't like," she said calmly.

"What is it?"

"I think the window should be left centre, giving a view of the lane."

"M—m—m!" was his comment. But on the opening night of the performance the window had been moved "left centre."

From that time "stage hints" were a part of Miss Grenville's duties. She never volunteered them. The "Governor" had only to watch her expressively irregular features to know whether he had missed the note of dramatic justice.

"The girl has become my sixth sense," he said, but not shamefacedly, to himself. The "Governor" was never ashamed to receive or act upon suggestions.

After six months with the John Bailey Refined Comedy Company, Miss Grenville decided that she liked being an actress. She had forgotten that she wanted to be a great actress. She was content to be a good one.

A visiting manager spoke to John Bailey about her.

"Not pretty, not graceful," he said. "but a 'find.' Will you loan her to me for 'A Tragedy of the Sea,' Bailey?"

"Not for any consideration."

"Why? You have given her a small part."

"Yes, but I'll give her bigger ones."

The visiting manager was not content with that. The next morning Miss Grenville received a note asking her to come to his office. Her card was sent in and she was bidden to pass the long line of waiting players. Of what occurred in the manager's office she made a vivid story for John Bailey's ears at the matinée.

"And you told him you wouldn't go at double the salary?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

The girl was silent. She was searching her heart for a reason.

"I don't believe I know," she said, looking at him with confiding frankness, "but it did not seem possible that I should ever leave your company unless you wished it."

He was rarely non-committal, even for a manager. He said nothing. But he smiled with a beautifying flash of the grave face, and the next week the treasurer handed her an envelope of astonishing contents. John Bailey had reached the rival bidder's figure. Anna Grenville's salary had been doubled. She was appointed understudy for the leading woman.

It was at the close of her first season with the Refined Comedy Company that Miss Grenville was invited to dine with Mr. and Mrs. John Bailey at their home on Forty-third street, just off the Avenue. Several managers and the families and some famous actors were guests. The habitual look of surprise deepened in Anna Grenville's girlish eyes. Why had so signal an honor been done her, and why did they look at her with oddly mixed curiosity and respect?

It was after the women had left the table that she might have been enlightened had she been permitted to stay behind. It was in answer to a Boston manager's question that John Bailey gave the enlightenment.

"I expect much from her because she is bigger than her work. She has a genius for interest and enjoyment. She is bigger than any rôle she will ever play. She has brains and heart, sentiment and temperament. Gentlemen, here's to the greatest of my discoveries!" The sages of the footlights clinked and drained their glasses while Anna Grenville was looking at the splendid raiment of the women with keen enjoyment.

The least favored of his guests having gone, John Bailey asked the half dozen who remained to go to his library.

Photo by D'Rosser, Pittsburg.

MISS VICTORY BATEMAN.

Anna Grenville followed them with awe. Few had entered John Bailey's library. It was known that he had said that none but those he loved and trusted might enter there. His reception-room for the many, his drawing room for the fewer, his dining-room even for some whom he merely wished to please. But the room of his thoughts, the spot where he dreamed before he did, where he marshalled in the air the casts, the settings, the lines, the very voices for every production long before he read the play to his company, or the newspapers had announced the possibility of such a production! No one should pass its door who by any possibility could profane it by a hostile thought.

Anna Grenville drew in her breath with delight as she made a quick survey of the four walls of books, the master's great oaken desk and leathern chair, a statue of "Art"—the bas relief in the corner caught her fancy. She wandered from the others for a nearer view. It was a roughly carved group of infinite strength, a man and a woman who seemed trying to break from the stone that held them. They had been groping their way blindly, impelled by they knew not what, and now they were reaching across the impassable space and looking at each other with the dawn of a wonderful understanding. The sculptor, George Grey Barnard, had named it "Friendship." The girl's eyes went wild with delight. Then they softened with tears. John Bailey looked at her with a half-smile in his eyes.

"You like it?" he said. She nodded because she could not answer otherwise, but he saw in her eyes the marvel and delight in the eyes of that woman who lived in stone. And she saw in his the fierce desire tempered with the sublimity and tenderness of that man of marble. John Bailey went back to his guests. Anna Grenville turned to a woman who asked if she might take her home in her carriage. But in both a delightful sense of nearness was stirring. So was their friendship cemented by understanding.

Thereafter their lives were a beautiful unity, for they knew the delight of one aim. She lent herself to the classic because he believed it was his mission to produce old plays as their masters would have had them produced, in the exact spirit and aroma of their time. Her art became her religion. He said of her: "She approaches a new rôle reverently as though she were going to prayer." She traveled with his family in their between-season pilgrimages, and saw new lands, new peoples, and new plays through his eyes. After she became the star of his principal company, he was the first of two competitors to bring a famous poetic drama to this country. The critics from a dozen cities journeyed to the quiet one where the play opened. They were unanimous in their condemnation. "Mr. Bailey had sacrificed the great poem to make a great part of the one which the poet had made insignificant, the leading female rôle played by Miss Grenville," they agreed. Mr. Bailey's version failed; that of his rival, in which the sense of proportion had been preserved, succeeded. But the sacrifices of this friendship were not one-sided. As the star of the actress neared the zenith, manager after manager led her to the mountain-top and bade her look upon the fortune that would follow her did she join their forces. But the prospect held no temptations.

She looked at the managers in wonder and said merely "No."

It was not strange that at the meeting of two such strong personalities a few sparks of dissention should be struck off. It was during their first London season that they had a short, hot quarrel. It was coincident with the appearance and disappearance of the Duke.

The Duke would have placed his estates beneath the feet of this new American eccentric comedienne, his Nell Gwyn re born. Perhaps she was a bit dazed by the splendor of it. No woman but has a thrill of delight at fancying herself a Duchess. She dallies joyously with the may-be, even though she knows it will depart into the might-have-been. It was at this feminine mental stage that there was a fierce half-hour in the manager's office. Thereafter the ducal carriage disappeared from before the stage door and the ducal cards no longer accompanied a rain of flowers. The episode was one agreed to be forgotten.

All good as well as evil things have their attendant shadows. The penalty of absorbing friendships is that they set their possessors apart from all others. They have something of the isolation of genius. Octopus-like, they absorb thought and time. There are times when the sense of this is poignant.

Such a night was that on which Anna Grenville believed she had failed as Viola. In vain did the principals of the company follow her to her dressing room and praise her from their hearts. She threw herself upon her lounge and refused to be comforted. When the rest had gone she crept to a carriage and said: "To the Park!" For hours the cabman drove, waiting for the signal "Home" from his fare. It came not, and just as the gray of mist and lake were mingling at dawn he left his box and peered into the carriage. Anna Grenville had cried herself to sleep.

But the friendship never faltered. When the public taste ebbed away from the classic to the modern it carried manager and star from the handsome uptown to a tawdry downtown theatre; but they went out with the tide together. When the revulsion of feeling came and swept them into a splendid new playhouse, finer than the one they had lost, they were still swimming abreast. The public taste was fickle, and with it their fortunes soared or groveled.

So twenty years passed, and to round off well the cycle of achievement the scholars and artists of his city gave John Bailey a banquet. They called him many things, which in their sum meant "master of his art" And he, replying, said:

"What a debt does the manager owe the actor! Managers have not the reputation of recognizing this obligation. It would be entirely unjust to complain of the want of it in the janitor-manager, for he is not expected to know what an actor is. He deals with combinations only, and may know as little of their component parts as he does of the parts of his watch. It is sufficient for him that they go. I speak of the manager who has trained men and women to the higher walks of the drama, who have been more pleased to see the first dawn of promise in a beginner than to see growing houses, who had exulted to see his company play to great audiences, not because it means so much profit, but because it was the highest public appreciation of his creation, and the creation of the manager is the perfectly acted performance.

"For the men and women who have fulfilled his expectations in their allotted parts, nay, who have carried his idea farther than his own dream of his possibilities, and made his plays, his productions, and his theatre loved and favored—for them the manager has only testimony of praise. And on this theme one might be pardoned for dwelling, since it is the one which the public has most at heart. And it is the merest justice for me to name one who is inseparably associated with the fame of my theatre—with whose bright and gracious personality the charm of the performance seems inseparably linked, who began with the smallest parts in that company which you have been pleased to call famous, and who has enchanted two continents; who in her twenty years of arduous work has never disappointed her public, has never been but the kind comrade to her fellow players, has ever been the pattern of loyalty to the theatre in which she served, and who in the midst of her greatest triumphs has forgotten self; this occasion, in which you in so signal a way honor her manager, should also be one of especial honor to Miss Grenville."

At the close of that season the manager and his family sailed for Europe. Miss Grenville, as usual, went with them.

"This is rest," he sighed, as he drew his dark steamer rug about him and looked out at the gray waters. Was it the gray of the waters or the deep brown of the rug that gave him the pallor, those shadows under his eyes?

The actress's eyes threw that question across him at his wife. Mrs. Bailey's lips formed the words "Only tired." And the two women watched beside him as he slept the day away in the deck-chair. The next day he did not leave his stateroom, and the ship surgeon hovered about it anxiously for the rest of the voyage. In London, though, he grew steadily weaker and begged that he be taken out of the British fogs into the sunshine of Paris. With the babble of the cheerful city in his ears he still lay seemingly sleeping.

"Ill? No, just tired," he said to visitors, and sank again into the strange drowsiness.

"If I fall asleep, don't wake me," he said. There was no need.

His will was accurate, painstaking, and conscientious as his productions. He was generous to his widow, kind to his relatives, not forgetful of those charities which had had his ear. To Miss Anna Grenville he left a large percentage of the profits of his plays and his theatre. He added a further bequest:

"The furniture of my office I leave to Miss Anna Grenville in remembrance of many years in which I have been benefited by her unselfish interest in my concerns."

Miss Grenville first retired to the quiet of Kensington. She said she would never again act. But quiet without may only fan the storm within.

"I will play," she said. "I must play."

John Bailey's chief rival, a man who produced "shows" rather than plays, came into the quiet of the Kensington Garden one day and begged her to head one of his companies.

"At your own terms," he added.

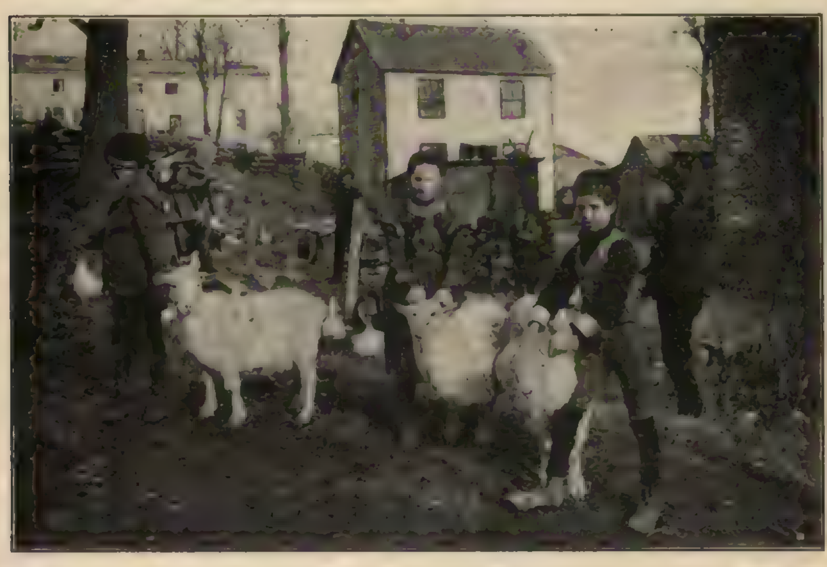
But she, drawing her gaze from the distance into which she had been looking while he talked, answered, as she had answered him years before, merely "No."

To a lesser manager, whose ideals were those and whose friendship had been that of the dead manager, she said "Yes."

Those who saw her the next season were amazed, pained, wondering. Her acting was a travesty of her playing of the past.

What had gone out of that beautiful soul, leaving a shell behind? She played as though half aroused from a dream. The manager, perplexed, apologized for the plays, condemning his own choice.

Anna Grenville permanently retired. She is living, I had almost said waiting, in the quiet house at Kensington. There is an inward peace now like that outer. So ended this friendship, if such a friendship ever ends.



Photograph by Vander Weyde, New York.

THIS IS BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

To be sure, it is also One Hundred and Seventy-eighth street, but it shows us what a remarkable city it is, after all. Few, standing at the junction of Broadway and Forty-second street, would imagine the highway extended north to such a scene as this.

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Holiday Tips.

Avoid being arrested on Christmas Day. It is considered vulgar by the best families.

Be careful whom you kiss under the mistletoe. Her husband may make a missile of his toe.

If inclined to alcoholism, refrain from indulgence at Christmas. Save up the thirst until New Year's Eve, when coma of this character seems to be considered the correct caper.

Never be born around holiday time. Your parents will take a mean advantage of you in after life, if you do, and make you only one present to do for both occasions. Be very careful about this.

Do not fail to make yourself pleasant at the Christmas party. Flirt with all the engaged girls in the room and correct the grammar of the men they're engaged to. They will all yearn to know you better

It is well not to give one's self over too much to gayety at Christmas. In order to appreciate the misery abroad in large cities at this season, try the experiment of eating a Special Christmas Table d'Hote Dinner at a restaurant.

Do not make too complicated plans for spending the Christmas holidays. If they do not pan out you will only feel irritated for the rest of the year. One good idea is to stay in bed all day until dinner time, when it will be well to get up and read the papers. Then go to bed again and next morning you will feel as fresh as a daisy.

Nothing is so conducive to a pleasant Christmas as the family gathering. If you don't think you can stand the family gathering, invite all your relations to the house, anyway. Then when both grandmas and both grandpas, the six uncles and the eight aunts, the twenty-three cousins and the odd half-brothers and half-sisters, etcetera, have all arrived, excuse yourself carelessly and take the next train out of town. All that the family gathering will say is, "Ain't he eccentric!"

Some Xmas Gifts.

Some people never make presents at Christmas. They don't even give a darn.

Do not be too generous when giving away national banks. They tend to pauperize people.

When thanking your friends for the presents they have sent you, refrain from writing letters sarcastic in tone.

If you have a friend in Wall street, send him a pair of handcuffs. It will enhance his admiration of your humor.

The merry ha ha for a Yule-tide gift is not appreciated as a rule, still, if that is all you can afford, dispense it with judgment.

Avoid being funny on Christmas Day, unless you intend to give yourself away. There is some poetry in this, but more truth.

If you give your best girl a pair of gloves, be sure and send her a new pair—not one of your own old ones. Girls are inclined to be a little particular sometimes.

All Christmas presents to Chicago girls should be sent by mail or messenger. Do not attempt to deposit them in the usual receptacle—unless you are a millionaire.

"Gifts on paper" are usually regarded with indifference, if not sneers, but the symbol "$10,000," in figures and words, on a piece of certified paper rouse totally different feelings.

A Smith and Wesson 44-calibre revolver, fully loaded, with a box of cartridges on the side, is an appropriate gift for that dear little boy in the flat above yours who runs up and down the floor all day and bangs the piano with his little fists.

A nice warm muffler for father is made this way. Take a 72-inch Turkish rug, tie up carefully lengthwise (this is the only proper way to do it) with a clothes line, hang carefully around the neck and then note the effect. This muffler is guaranteed to last as long as father will stand it.

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EVERY BROADWAY MAGAZINE READER SHOULD READ THIS CAREFULLY.

Broadway Magazine has the happy faculty of not only making friends but also of keeping them. It is this fact that has succeeded in giving Broadway Magazine one of the biggest subscription lists possessed by any monthly publication in this country.

What we intend to do.

At this time last year, we took in subscriptions at the rate of nearly 1,500 a week. This year we want to add 3,000 names a week to our subscription list.

If you are not already a yearly subscriber, no doubt you purchase Broadway Magazine *nearly* every month. You may occasionally skip a number, and that is what worries us. We want you to get Broadway Magazine *every* month in the year, and to be sure that you do so, we are making a subscription offer that on the face of it would seem to mean an absolute money loss to us.

But you must take it for granted that we know what we are doing.

We have contracted for the entire output of a series of ten pictures of beautiful and famous American actresses.

Each picture is a 10 x 7 panel portrait, mounted on a fine art mat. Each is a copyrighted and exclusive portrait. There are ten pictures in the series, as follows:

Virginia Harned, Edna Wallace Hopper, Lulu Glaser, Mary Mannering, Viola Allen, Ethel Barrymore, Maxine Elliot, Maude Adams, Anna Held, and Julia Marlowe.

Don't lose sight of the fact that each one of these pictures is an original from a copyrighted picture, posed especially by the celebrated actresses mentioned. It is an exclusive series of ten, and they would cost you at least $1.00 each if you were able to purchase them in any art store in this country.

But you can't buy them elsewhere at any price.

How to get them free.

Notwithstanding the tremendous first cost of these pictures, we offer them free, *absolutely free*, to every reader who will send us $1.50 for a full year's subscription.

You may send us $1.50 direct, or through your newsdealer who will forward it to us, less his commission. We can't afford to do this, but we must protect the newsdealer even at the expense of our own pockets.

Also understand that Broadway Magazine for 1903 will be improved, enlarged and otherwise made still more attractive to its 140,000 monthly readers.

FILL OUT THIS SLIP AT ONCE IF YOU WANT THESE BEAUTIFUL PICTURES.

Broadway Magazine Company,
121 West 42d Street, New York.

Enclosed herewith find $1.50 for which send me Broadway Magazine for a full year, beginning with Number, and free, with all express charges paid, your ten premium pictures of beautiful actresses.

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The Red Soubrette Back in Town.

SA—AY—

I told you a few of my troubles last month. They didn't amount to much. Even when we were all frost-bitten in Boston it was pleasant compared to our experience in Detroit.

There's a cold town for you. If the critics don't like the theatre you play in, they just take it out of the poor actor. Detroit critics evidently make up their mind that a show is good if it doesn't play at the Whitney House. Otherwise, not so.

Boston said we were pretty bad and the manager knew just how popular we were when he tried to pay a $2,000 salary list out of a $600 portion of box office receipts.

But sa—ay, we didn't know how bad we really were until we struck Detroit. Then the critics wrote things for the papers and spoke their feelings right out, and by Wednesday night the manager was ready to cancel the rest of the engagement if he could have gotten first-class dates in Hazelton, Pa., or Sistersville, W. Va.

The name of the show? Now what's the good? The corpse has been decently buried and the mourners are trying to forget all about the funeral.

But I'm back in New York and that's some consolation. To turn an old saying upside down, I'd rather be Mazie Follette on Broadway than Lillian Russell in Detroit.

I wonder why Evelyn Nesbit left George W. Lederer's company. I understood that Mr. Lederer considered Miss Nesbit a very clever girl. She is bound to be heard from later, as beauties are not so plentiful. She has suddenly come forward as one of the prettiest show girls in New York. Anyhow, I saw Mr. Lederer and Miss Nesbit at the Bijou Theatre not so long ago, and then it was suddenly announced that Miss Nesbit had left his company.

Miss Nesbit is scarcely more than a child, very slight, very fragile and very innocent looking.

Blanche Ring has certainly made a tremendous hit at Mrs. Osborn's play house. While I can't say that I approve of the style of all the women in Mrs. Osborn's company, Miss Ring is clever enough to bring up the average for a half dozen nobodies. "The Belle of Avenue A," as sung by Miss Ring, is positively delicious. A few songs by the tenor in the company hardly come under this heading. R. S.

A New Book by a New Author.

Photo by Marceau, New York.
MISS GRACE MILLER WHITE.

"A Harmless Revolution" is the title of a book by Miss Grace Miller White, which is published by the J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co. The sub-title is "A Well-known Family in Trouble," and the little book describes with charming humor the discussion of the members of the Punctuation Family.

> "The Punctuation Family of the English language was assembled one evening quite recently, around the camp fire. An air of expectation pervaded the meeting and it was evident that something unusual was anticipated. It broke out spontaneously. Colon began it by stating in his characteristic manner, 'Order please, all come to order. There is much important business to be transacted to-night. There seems to be an agitation; who started it?'
>
> "'Fault-finding Comma,' shouted Exclamation Point.
>
> "'Not quite so loud,' cautioned Colon, 'we must settle the affair among ourselves and then let the world know the result.'"

Thus does this merry little volume commence, and the remainder of the story is fully equal to the beginning: the humor is rich and rare throughout. The illustrations, by J. K. Bryans, are unique and interesting.

The New York Fencing Girl.

By D. M. G. Tracy.

With Illustrations by Harry Immal.

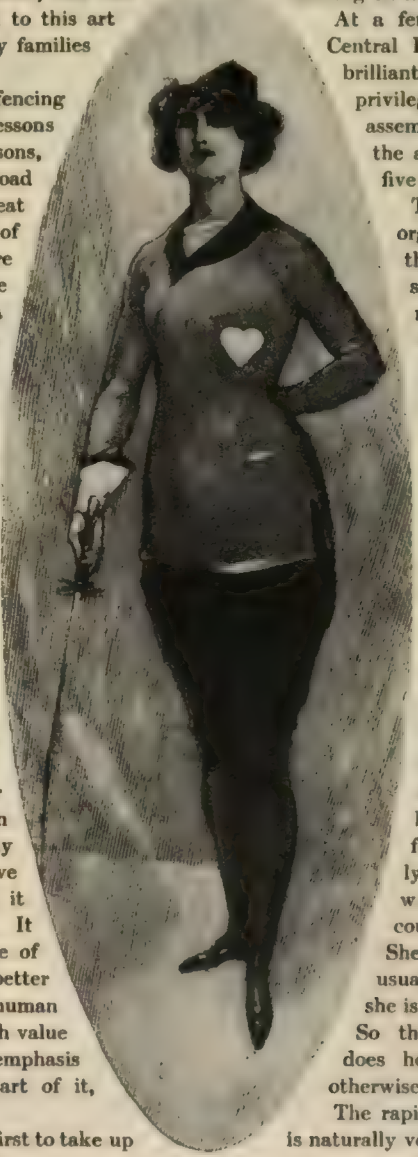
FENCING in New York is attracting the attention of many more women than the public knows anything about, and the time and trouble devoted to this art by young girls of wealthy families to-day is considerable.

When an actress takes fencing lessons or punching bag lessons or horseback riding lessons, the fact is proclaimed abroad by her press agent with great energy, and photographs of the lady at her lessons are scattered broadcast to the newspapers. But when a society girl does the same thing, there is no publicity. She pursues her avocations quietly and would be very much shocked at her actions being exploited in the public prints. There are no photographs of society girls learning fencing.

But our artist has access to the schools, and has made for us some sketches of what he saw there which will serve, far better than photographs, for illustration.

There need be no fear that fencing will detract in any way from the womanly qualities. It does not have that effect at all—indeed, it intensifies many of them. It results in increased grace of bodily carriage and in a better knowledge of the exterior human anatomy. As having a high value in bodily exercise, no emphasis need be laid upon that part of it, which speaks for itself.

French women were the first to take up fencing, and, indeed, there is an excellent young French teacher of the feminine sex right here in New York who has many pupils, and who is the original of the drawing on this page.



THE NEW YORK FENCING GIRL.

At a fencing club for women near Central Park, there are some very brilliant bouts to be seen by the privileged. The women usually assemble about three o'clock in the afternoon and practice until five or six.

The club is as much a social organization as it is devoted to the use of the foils, but the social end of it is sustained merely in order to keep out would-be members who might not be considered desirable. There are a few actresses belonging to the club, but not many.

The entrance fees and dues are very large, and, to change the subject perhaps rather abruptly, no alcoholic beverages are sold in the club.

One thing is to be noticed about women pursuing the art of fencing is that they never seem to lose their tempers. Woman very seldom loses her temper anyhow, as everybody knows, but it is a peculiar fact that while men frequently become petulant when worsted in physical encounters, a woman never does. She reserves her annoyance usually for circumstances when she is outdressed—does she not? So that fencing practice really does her more good than might otherwise be supposed.

The rapier used by women fencers is naturally very light. Women are quite incapable of handling the heavier sword that men sometimes delight to use but

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JUST BEFORE THE BOUT.

"WELL PARRIED!"

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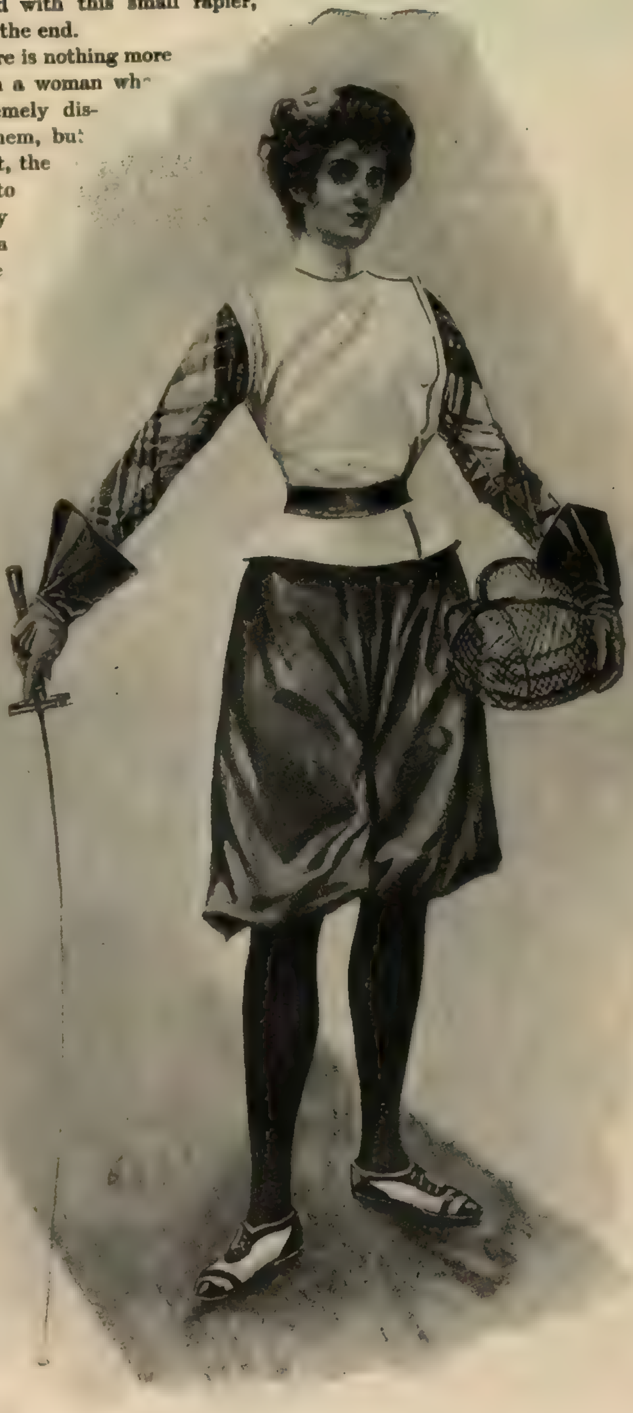
they are oftenest equipped with this small rapier, with of course the button at the end.

To a man who fences there is nothing more delightful than fencing with a woman who knows how. It is an extremely disagreeable task to teach them, but once they have become adept, the pleasure is very much akin to that which is attained by discussing sentiment with a beautiful and at the same time intellectual woman.

At the club to which we have referred, a slight accident happened the other day. During an exciting bout between two of the younger members of the club, the button slipped off the foil of one of them, a blonde, and a slight wound was made in the leg of the other, a brunette, just below the hip.

The costume she wore was such as is represented by our artist on the present page of this article, and another member, who belongs to the faculty of the Post Graduate Hospital, was enabled quickly to examine the wound in case it proved serious. Fortunately, however, no great harm was done.



"WHO WANTS TO SETTLE AN ARGUMENT WITH ME?"

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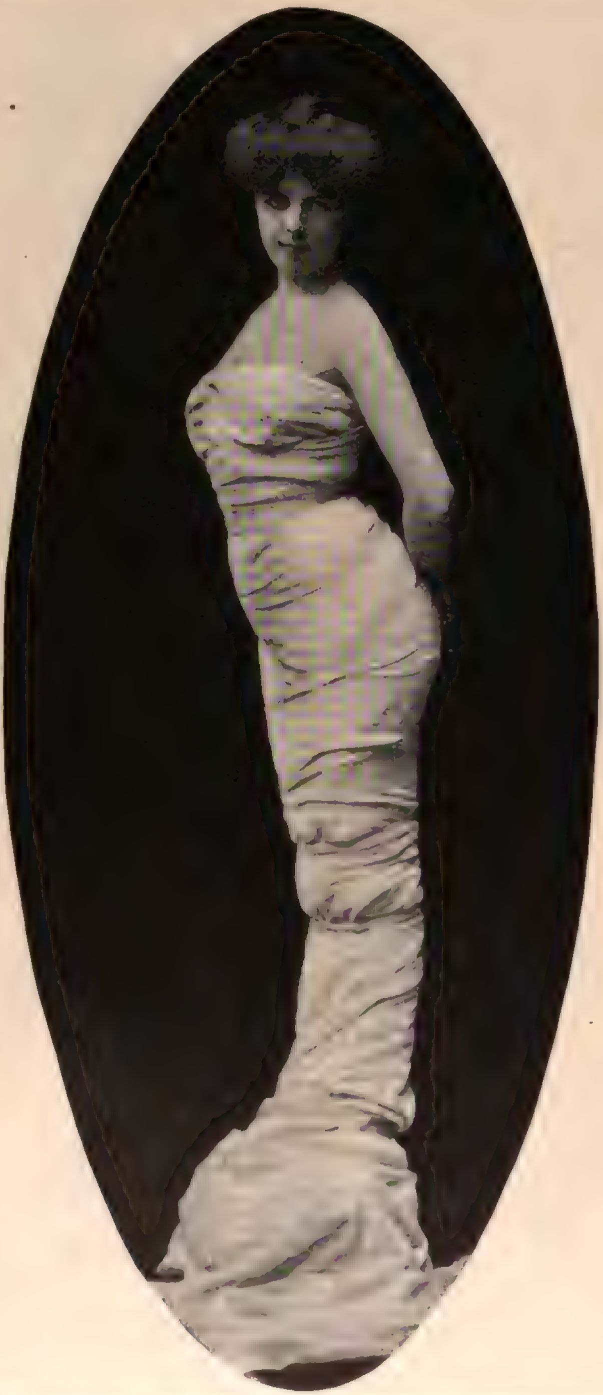


Photograph by White, New York.

MISS FLORENCE CLEMMONS

A Broadway beauty who has posed for pictures as often as she has appeared in comedy opera—which is frequently.

An Adamless Business Paradise.

By Charles Peters.

From Special Photographs by Lutz, New York.

IT was successful.

The men may jeer and they may indulge in all sorts of malicious quotations, but the great shining fact remains that the Fair held recently by the Professional Women's League at Madison Square Garden resulted in a clear profit of $20,000.

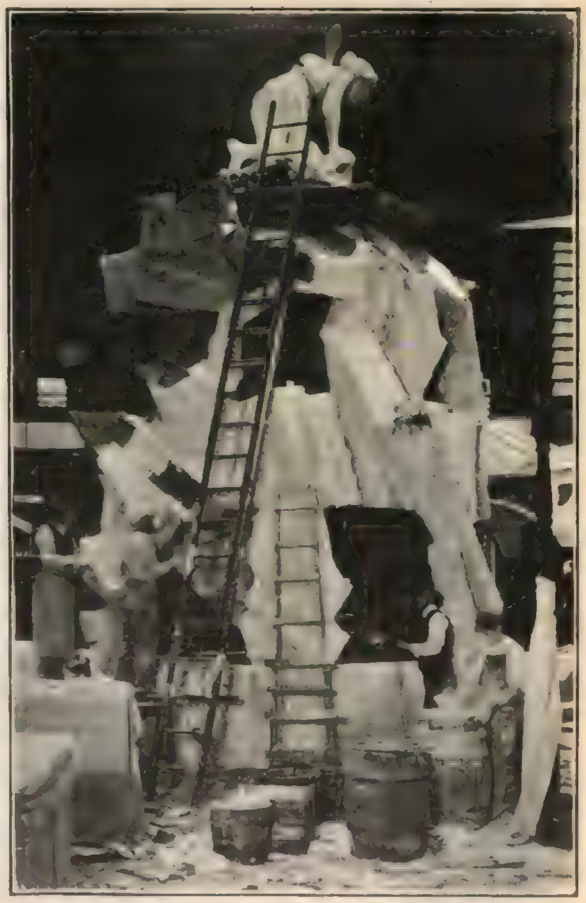
To be sure, the whole thing had a man for an overseer. Mr. William A. Brady personified the final management, but the exhibitions were provided and run by women; women devised the original idea and the details of the affair; women painted the pictures and designed the plans; women guarded the entrances and took up the tickets, and women did police duty and even made arrests in that capacity.

Mr. Brady doubtlessly deserved the half of the $20,000 profit made by the women, for a good deal of the management had to be dealt with by a man's hand, but it is pleasant to know that all those women who expected money as the price of their work and the fruit of their brains got, according to the current phrase, all that was coming to them.

No such Fair has ever before been held in New York, but those who did not see it may comfort themselves that its success implies its repetition. This will not be for another year, however. The same Fair will be held in January, 1903, at Chicago.

It seemed odd to see tall uniformed women at the box office and to see even taller "policemen" in the inclosures. They were the real-thing, however, these policewomen. They were big husky girls who were not of the kind to listen to feathery badinage and airy nothings. When they said "Move on, please," the individuals addressed immediately became pleased to move on.

The booths were all gotten up in artistic and effective style. There were really some remarkable exhibits. Prominent among them was that illustrated on the next page—the Moxie Nerve Food. This celebrated beverage was invented by Augustin Thompson, M.D., of Lowell, Mass., who named it after his friend, Lieutenant Moxie, the latter having brought to the docter's attention the nerve-nourishing properties of a plant which forms the principal ingredient of Moxie. So successful has the discovery been that the proprietors sell more than 350,000 cases a year.



ONE OF THE PRETTIEST EXHIBITS AT THE GARDEN.

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THE PROFESSIONAL WOMEN'S LEAGUE BOOTH FOR THE SALE OF DOLLS.

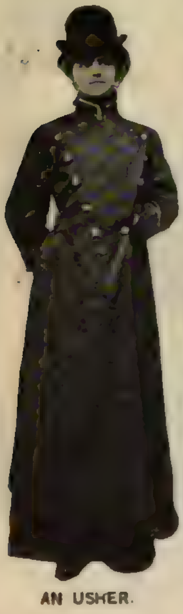
The lady on the outside of the booth, Mrs. Fred Ross, is a sister of Miss Lillian Russell, the stage beauty.

Considerable amusement was caused during the exhibition by the action of Mrs. A. M. Palmer, who resigned from the League because, as she alleged, the proceedings in the "Streets of Venice" were not "proper." As the only crime charged against the inhabitants of this "Street" was the throwing of confetti at gentlemen who had not been introduced, Mrs. Palmer's action was considered in the light of a storm in a teacup. However, the confetti throwing was abolished without causing Mrs. Palmer to withdraw her resignation. The Professional Women's League usually has some casual squabble on hand.

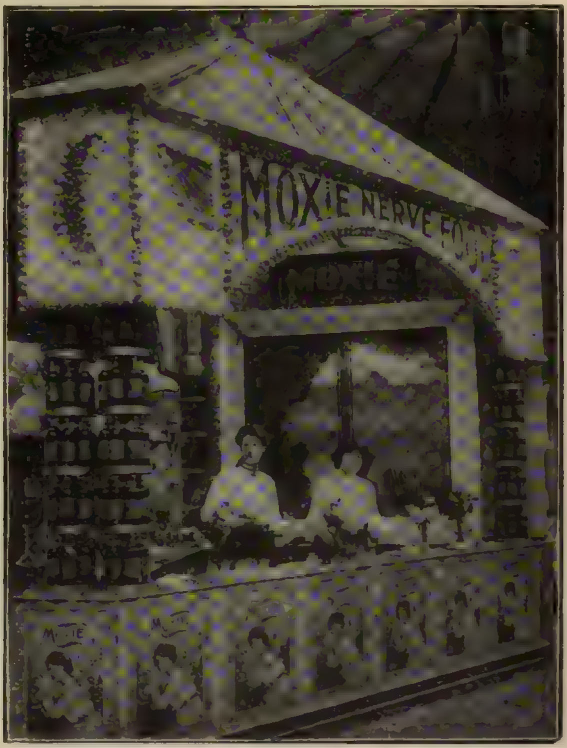
The dolls sold at the P. W. L. booth formed one of the most popular features of the Fair. A large number of these dolls were dressed to represent well-known women of the stage, such as Miss Lillian Russell, Miss Ethel Barrymore, Miss Lulu Glaser, Mrs. Gilbert and several others.

They sold like the proverbial heated pastry and to the originator of the idea is due considerable credit,

We shall look for this exhibition next year with inconcealed impatience, for the reason that



AN USHER.



THE MOXIE NERVE FOOD EXHIBIT AT THE GARDEN.

THE FOUR VENUSES WHOSE CONFETTI THROWING PROVOKED AMAZED HORROR FROM MRS. PALMER.

These are the young ladies in "The Streets of Venice" whose confetti-throwing was stopped by the management after Mrs. Palmer inveighed against the wickedness of this proceeding and then resigned from the P. W. League.

A POLICEMAN.

She made two arrests during the exhibition.

such an enterprise deserves to succeed, if it were only for the fact that it was gotten up by women.

Outside of this, however, we know it to have been a success, and it has been one in spite of the something more than incredulities and innuendoes cast upon the project before it was half born.

There is always an air of feverishness about these exhibitions which is rather bracing than otherwise. The women in the booths act as if they were doing something that had never been done before, although their performances may not be any different from their daily avocations. The visitors walk around more or less helplessly and also in a strange fashion, much as if, for instance, they were inspecting some of the wonders on the planet Mars and would have to be tergervisated back to earth again in a stated time.

It is a feature common to most exhibitions and not lacking to the Women's Fair, but its very presence indicates that what was put before the public was some thing the public was willing to look at and be entertained by it, and that always means a great deal.

A TICKET TAKER.

MISS GERTRUDE BENNETT.

Who will support Miss Henrietta Crosman's Company this season.

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NEW YORK'S BEAUTIES

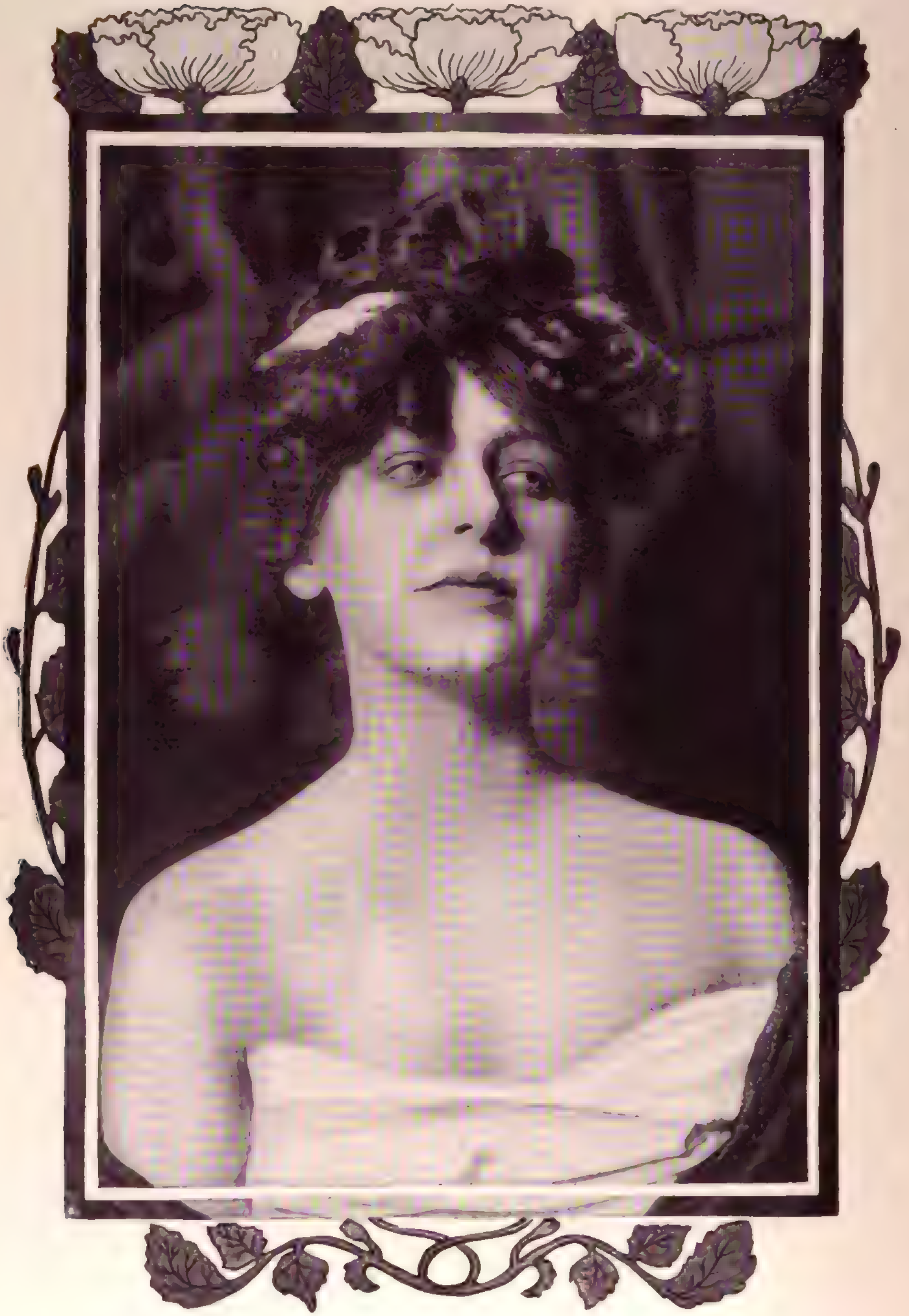
OF THE STUDIOS

BY

THE EMINENT ARTIS-TPHOTOGRAPHER

C. G. MOLLER, JR.

New York's Beauties of the Studios.



MISS BELLE ASHLYN.

MISS ROSINA HURLEY.

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New York's Beauties of the Studios.

MISS MAUDE WYCHERLY.

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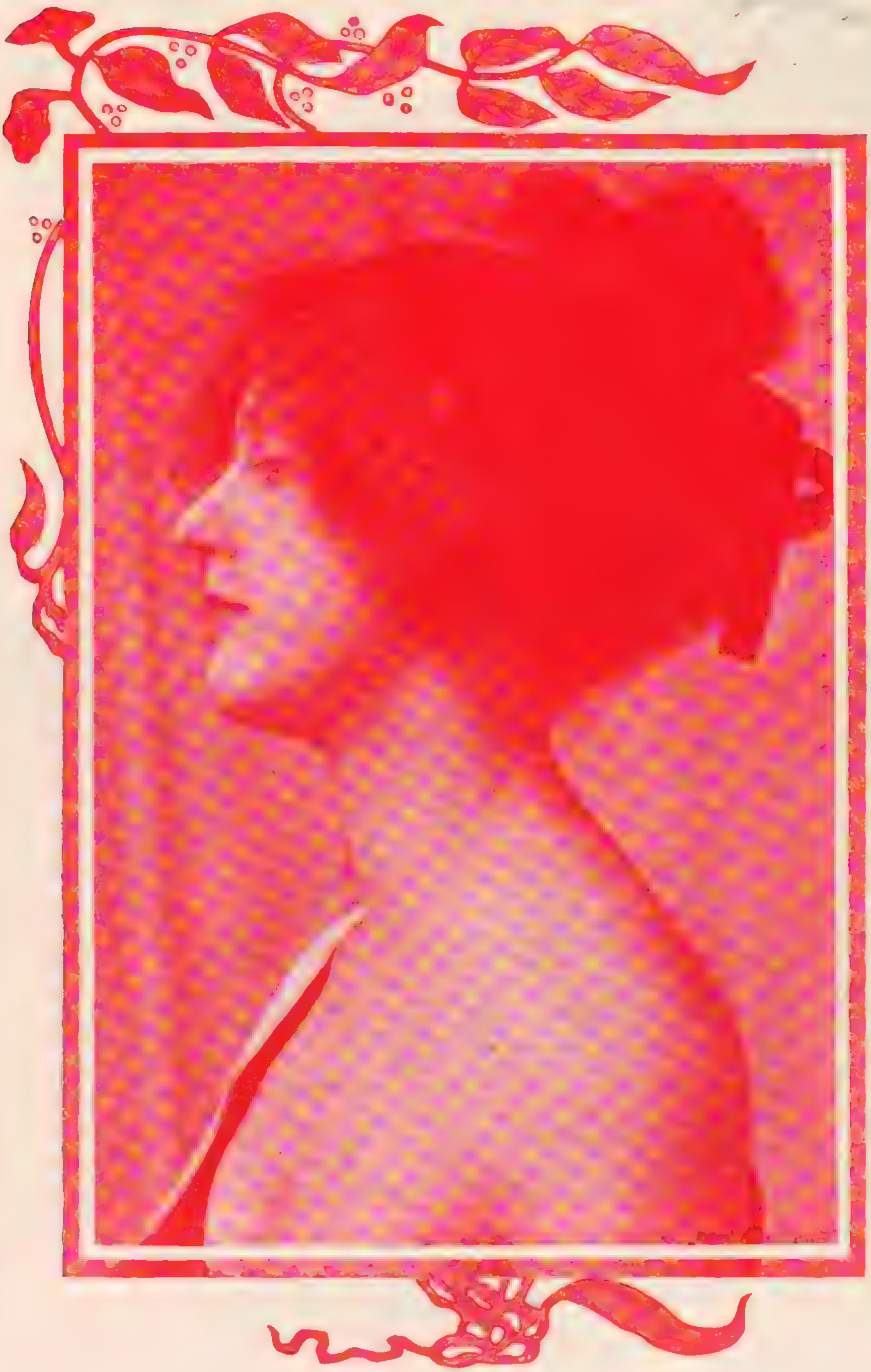
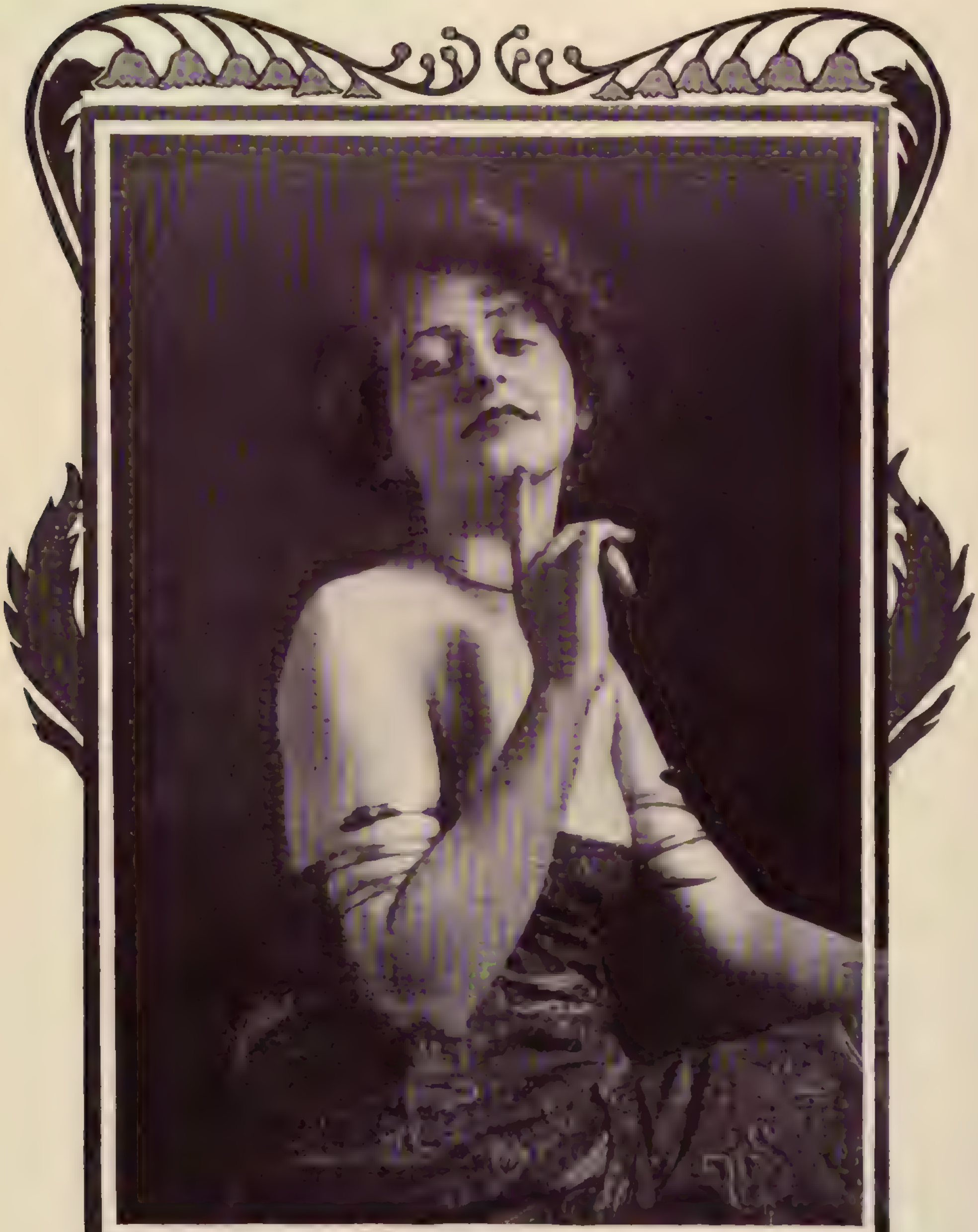


MISS FRANCES GORDON.

New York's Beauties of the Studios.



MISS BELLE ASHLYN

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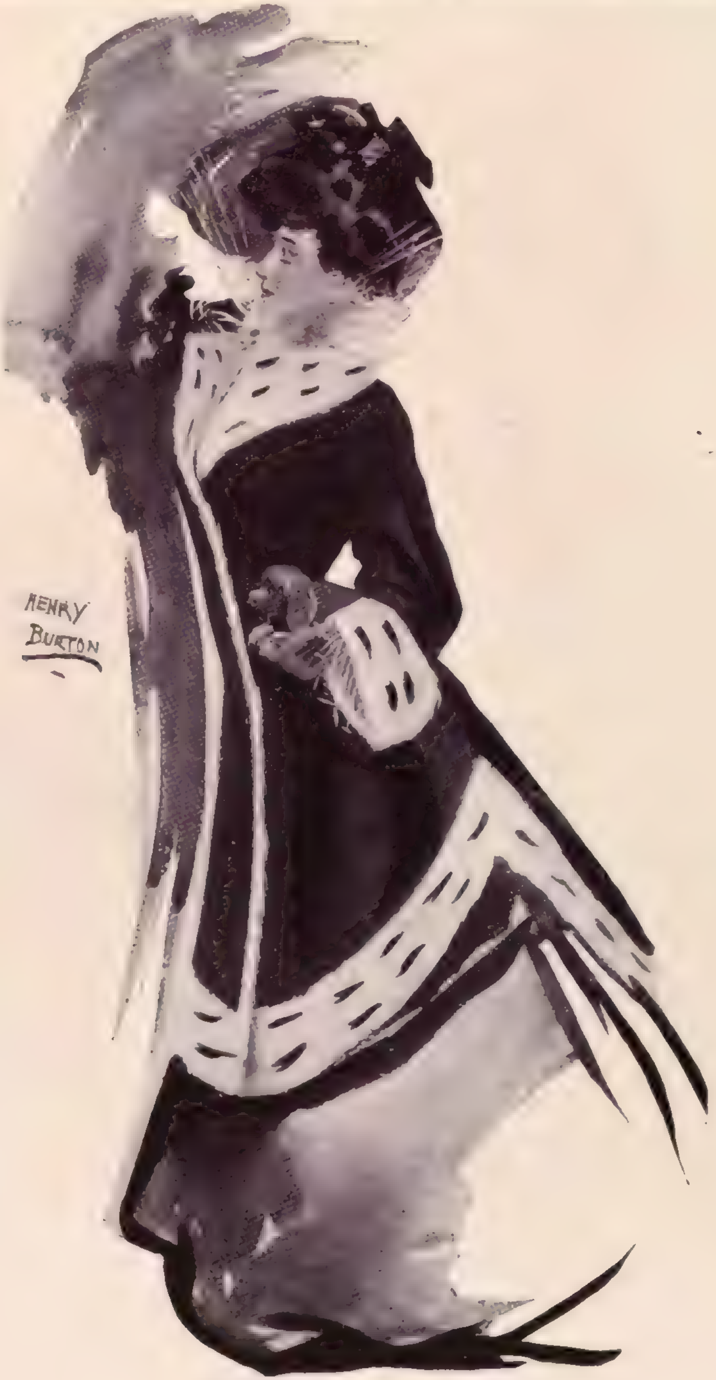
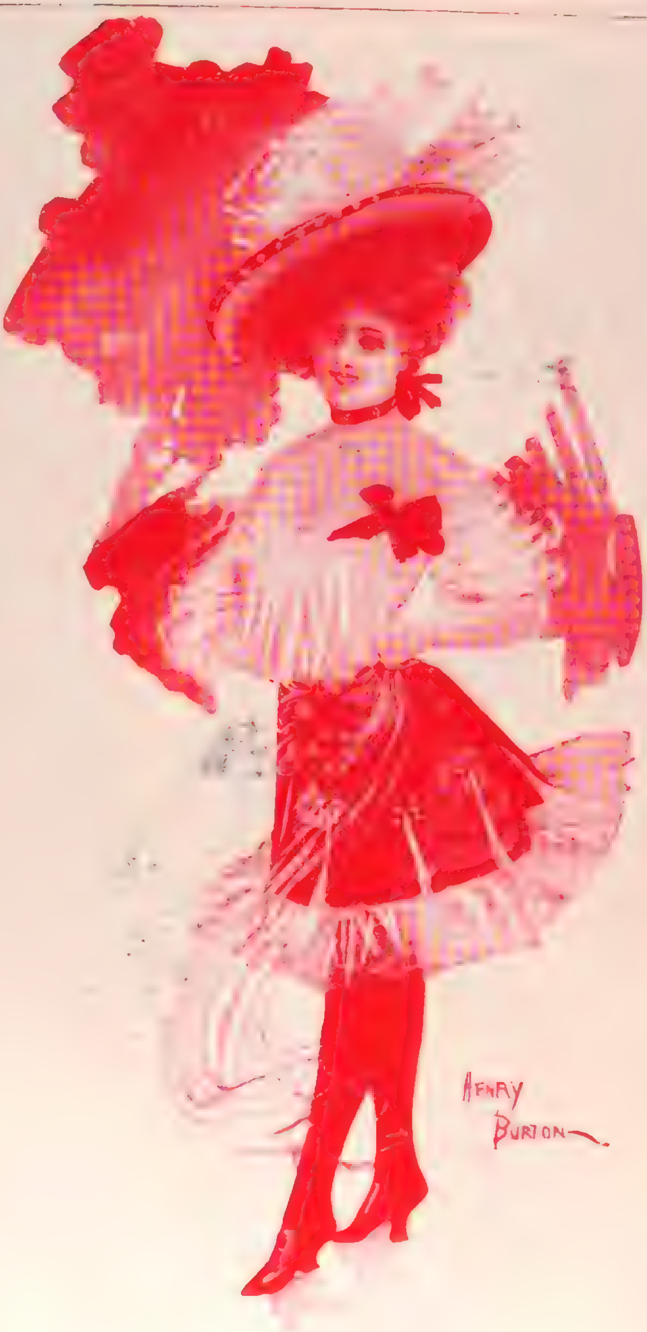
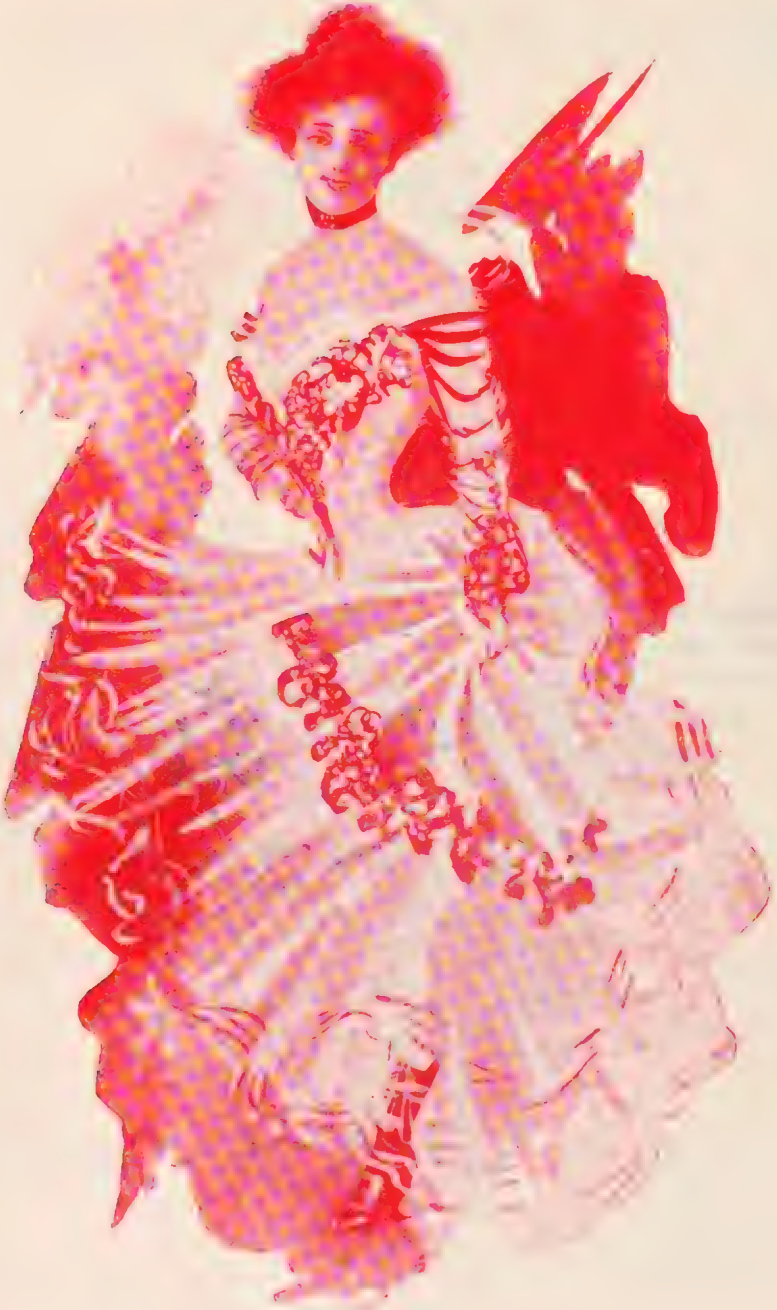

HENRY
BURTON

THEATRICAL TYPES.
Drawn for Broadway Magazine by Henry Burton.
THE LEADING LADY.


HENRY BURTON

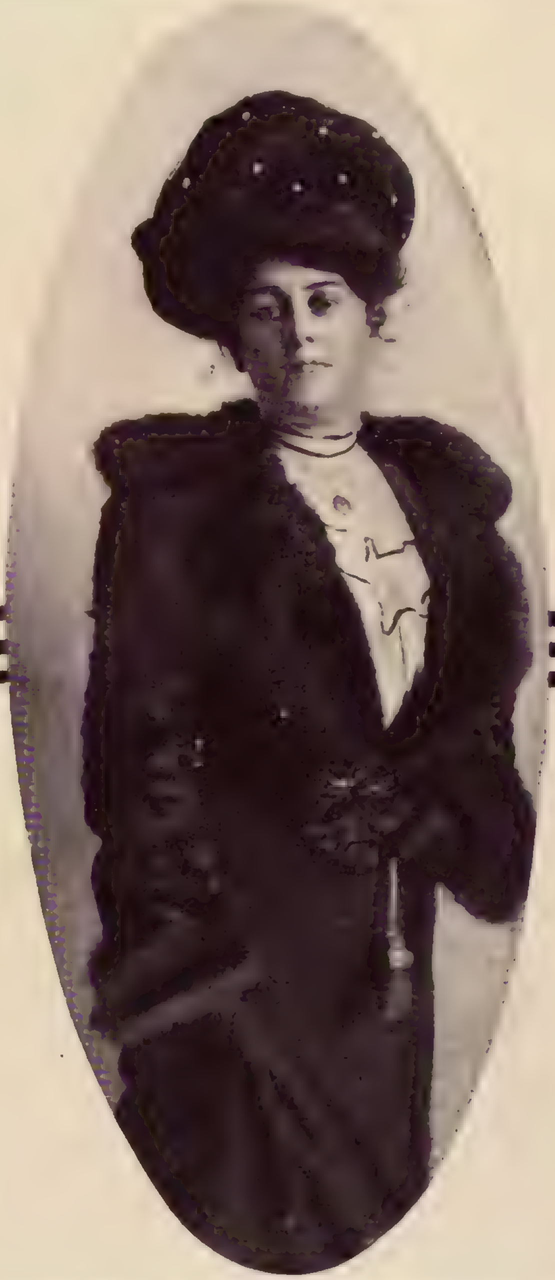
THEATRICAL TYPES.
Drawn for Broadway Magazine by Henry Burton.
THE SOUBRETTE.



THEATRICAL TYPES.

Drawn for Broadway Magazine by Henry Burton.

THE SHOW GIRL.



Photograph by Thors, San Francisco.

MISS KATHERINE RAYNOR.

Miss Raynor has been playing *Gladys* in "Hearts Aflame," and will appear shortly as *Lady Babbie* in "The Little Minister."

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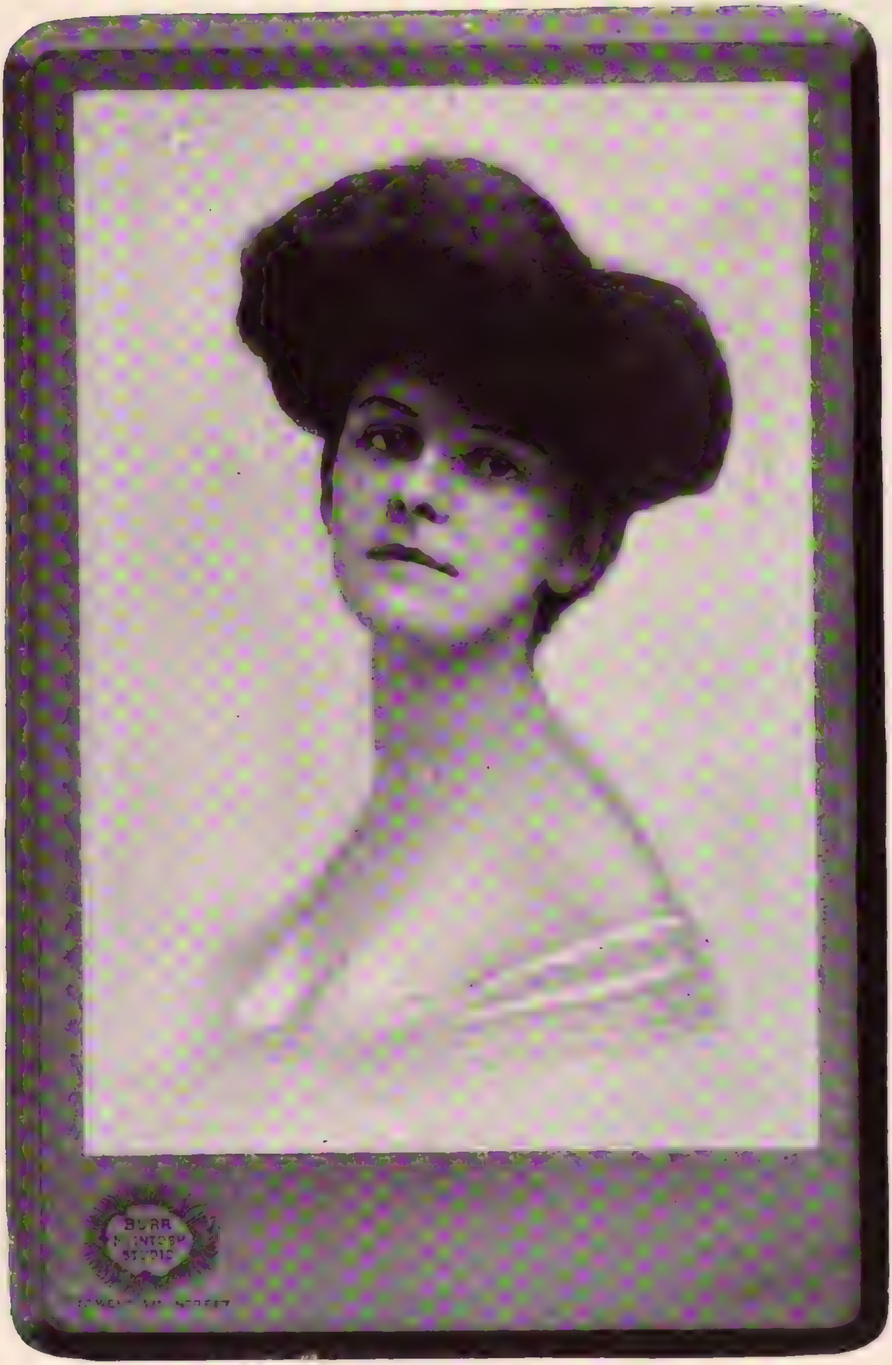
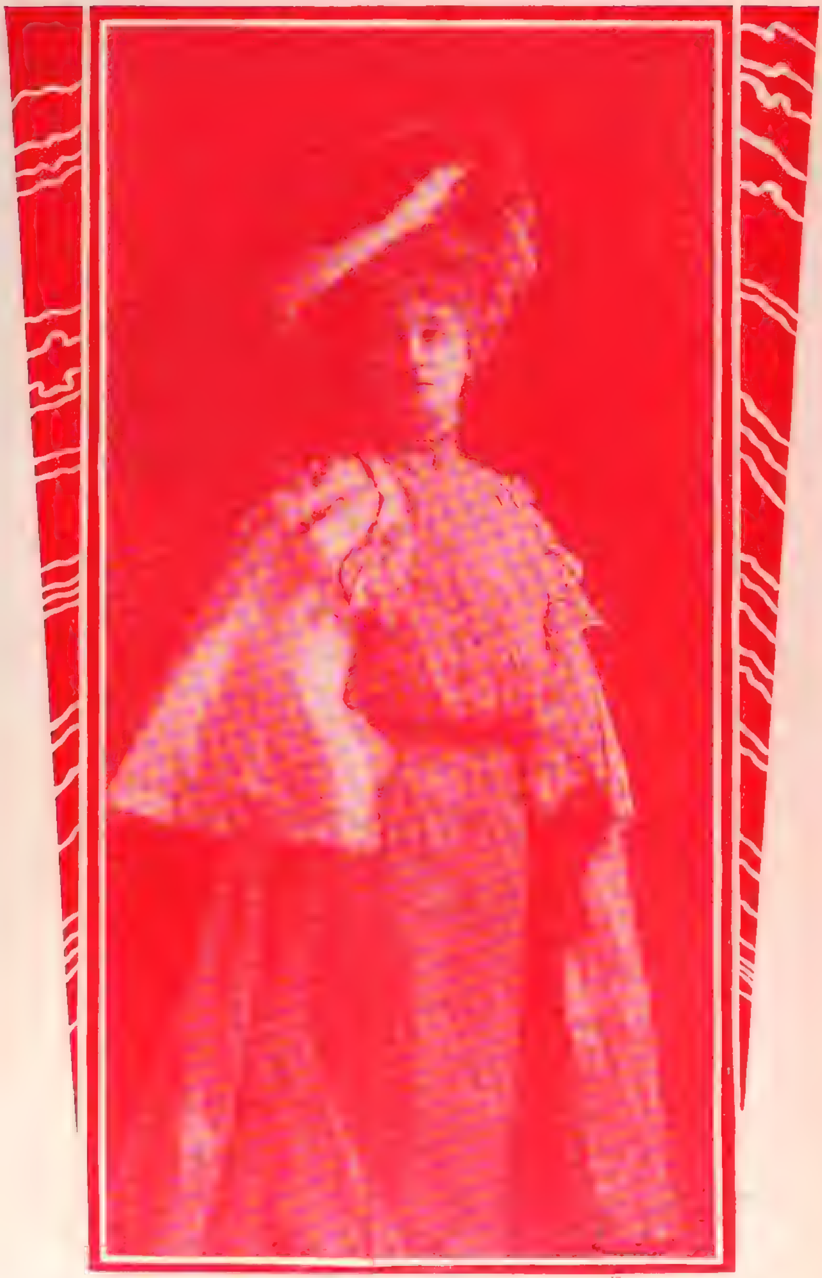


MISS EDYTHE WHITNEY, A YOUNG BEAUTY OF THE NEW YORK STAGE.

She was until recently one of the bridesmaids in "A Chinese Honeymoon" Company at the Casino Theatre. She is considered one of the handsomest young women of the New York stage to-day, and showed considerable talent even though she had little opportunity to prove this in "A Chinese Honeymoon."



Photograph by Marceau, New York.

MISS GRACE GEORGE, THE STAR OF "PRETTY PEGGY."

Miss George has been making great strides in her profession and has made a hit in the title role of "Pretty Peggy." This piece may be put down as one of the season's artistic successes. Miss George is one of those young women of the stage from whom it is reasonable to expect even greater achievements in the future.

Photograph by McIntosh, New York.

MISS CARLOTTA NILLSON.

Who portrayed the character of *Countess Lavendan-Lautrec* with Mrs. Le Moyne at the Garden Theatre. It is a difficult rôle—that of a handsome, hardened woman of the world—which is entirely foreign to her sympathetic nature. Her strong work has been and is in romantic emotional rôles. One has only to see Miss Nillson to realize how thoroughly realistic she is in these parts. She has played abroad, where for three years she was at the Court Theatre with Martin Harvey, at the St. James Theatre with George Alexander and in "The Happy Life" at the Duke of York's. One critic said that it was a pleasure to welcome to England so talented an actress. On her return to America two years ago Miss Nillson played *Eunice* in "Quo Vadis" at the Academy, and took Annie Irish's part *en tour* with Mrs. Fiske. In "The Crust of Society" this clever woman gave a bit of exquisite acting that carried her audience by storm. She is good looking and especially winsome, giving an admirable display of distinction and intelligence that is rarely combined in so young an actress.

Photograph by Marceau,
New York.

MDLLE. MAI DE VILLIERS,

Of "The Silver Slipper,"

Made her début at the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, London, at eighteen, as *Siebel* in "Faust" with Melba and the two de Reszkès. Mdlle. De Villiers is a strikingly handsome woman, with a fascinating personality and magnificent soprano voice of great compass. Her gowns are creations from Worth, and she knows how to wear them. She was a pupil of Marchesi and Desirée Artôt de Padilla, and sings her grand opera rôles in four languages. She became famous as *Carmen*, winning the personal compliments of the Duke and Duchess of Hesse, the Prince and Princess Christian and the present King and Queen of England. This charming woman has received in her beautiful home in Paris many of the celebrities of the present generation. Leslie Stuart, the famous English composer, saw in her an ideal *Venus* as to looks, temperament and voice, and persuaded her to accept her present long engagement with "The Silver Slipper."

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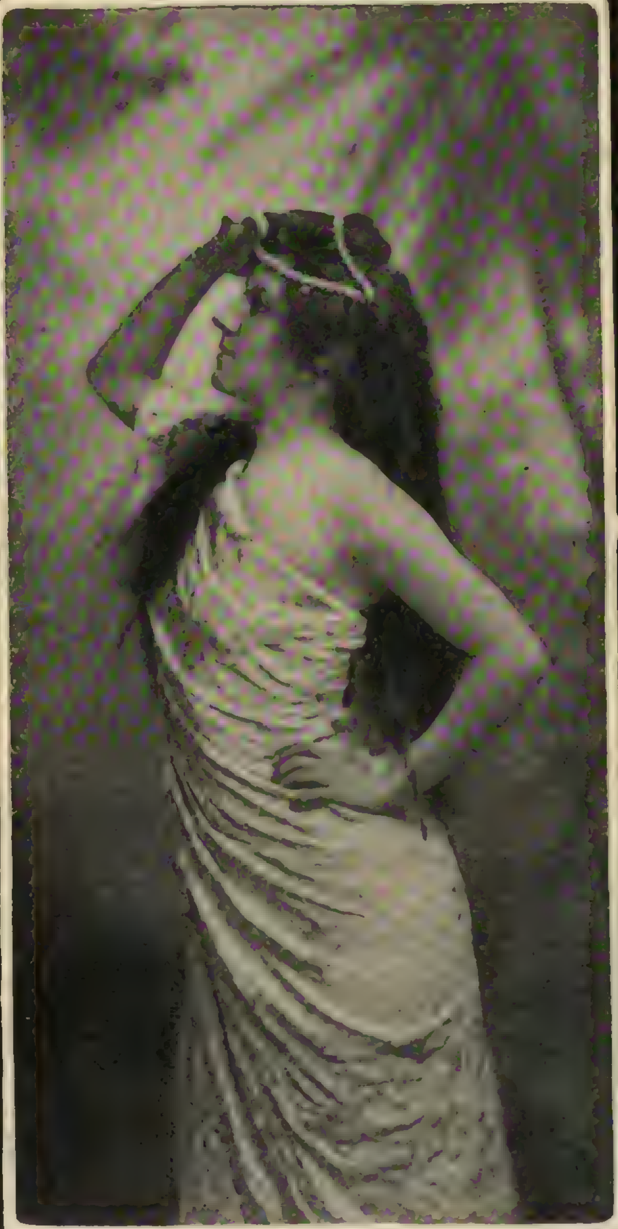

Photograph by Falk, New York.

MISS MABELLE GILMAN,

The star of "The Mocking Bird" at the Bijou Theatre, under the direction of the Sire Brothers. Miss Gilman is the leading light of a certain type of polite soubrette; she sings songs with her eyes in a manner that makes the heart of the college boy quake.

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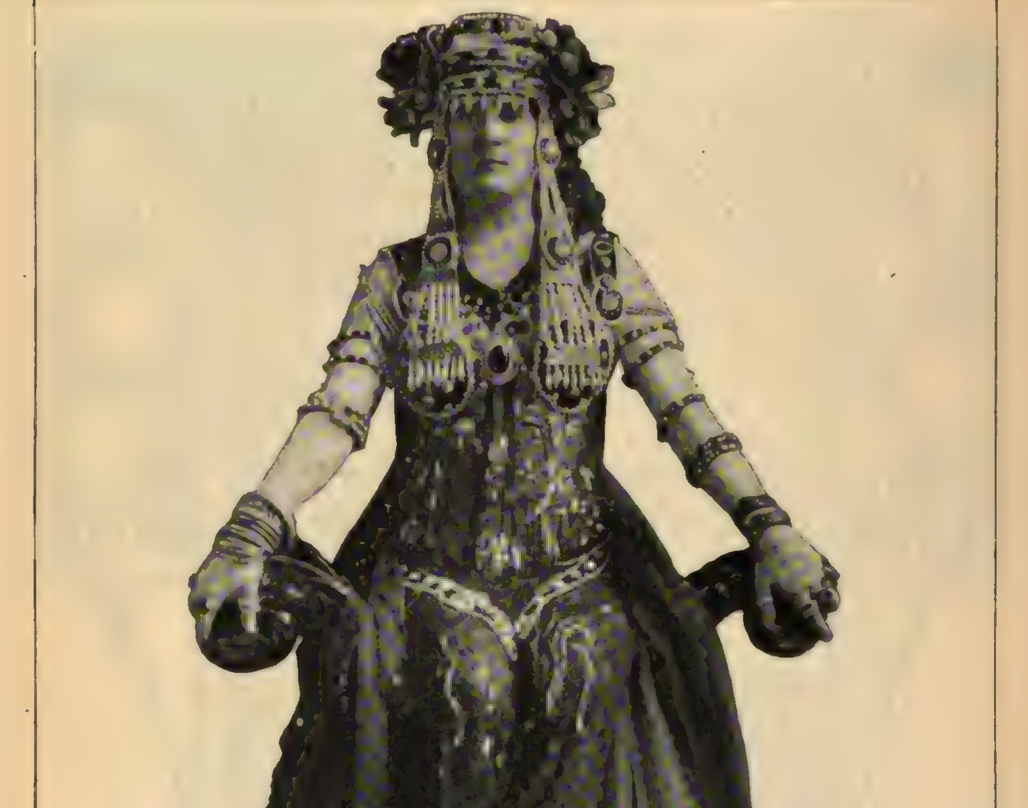
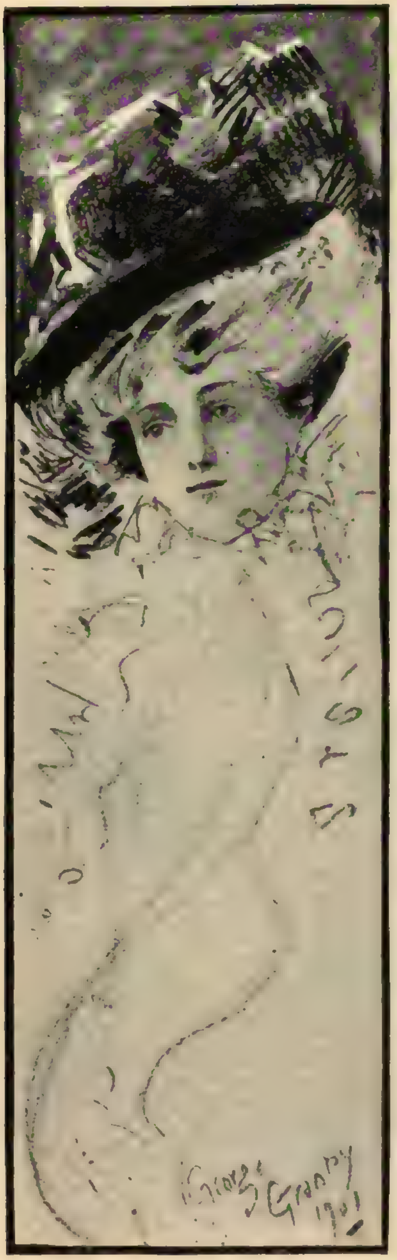


Photograph by Marceau, New York.

MISS BLANCHE WALSH

In the costume and character in which she appears in the title role of the new play, "The Daughter of Hamilcar," which is coming from the West to New York audiences. The play is described as being a very gorgeous affair, particularly in regard to its costumes and scenery.

The New Year's



Sixteen pages of full-page portraits and sketches by Henry Burton. Printed in color. .
An Artist's Model about Artists' Models. 397
The Vindication of Chief Croker. 404
Woman Beautiful and Photo-Etching. 409
A Show Girl Discusses Show Girls. 415
New York's Harbor Ice-Packed. 419
Hearst, the Gentleman From the Eleventh, New York. . . 420
Favorite Parts of Favorite Players. 422
Some Talented Feet. . . . 423
Americans at the Tivoli. . . 425
The Casper Emerson Girl. . . 426
Dens of New York Bachelor Girls. 428
George Gould, Typical Young American. 430
New York, Queen of Night (Part II). 433
The Stage in New York. . . 440
The Gibson Girl. 457
Bohemian Paris of To-Day. . 462
The Terrible Platt—Odell Feud. 469
Full-page portraits, humor and other features. . . .

Broadway Magazine

January, 1903

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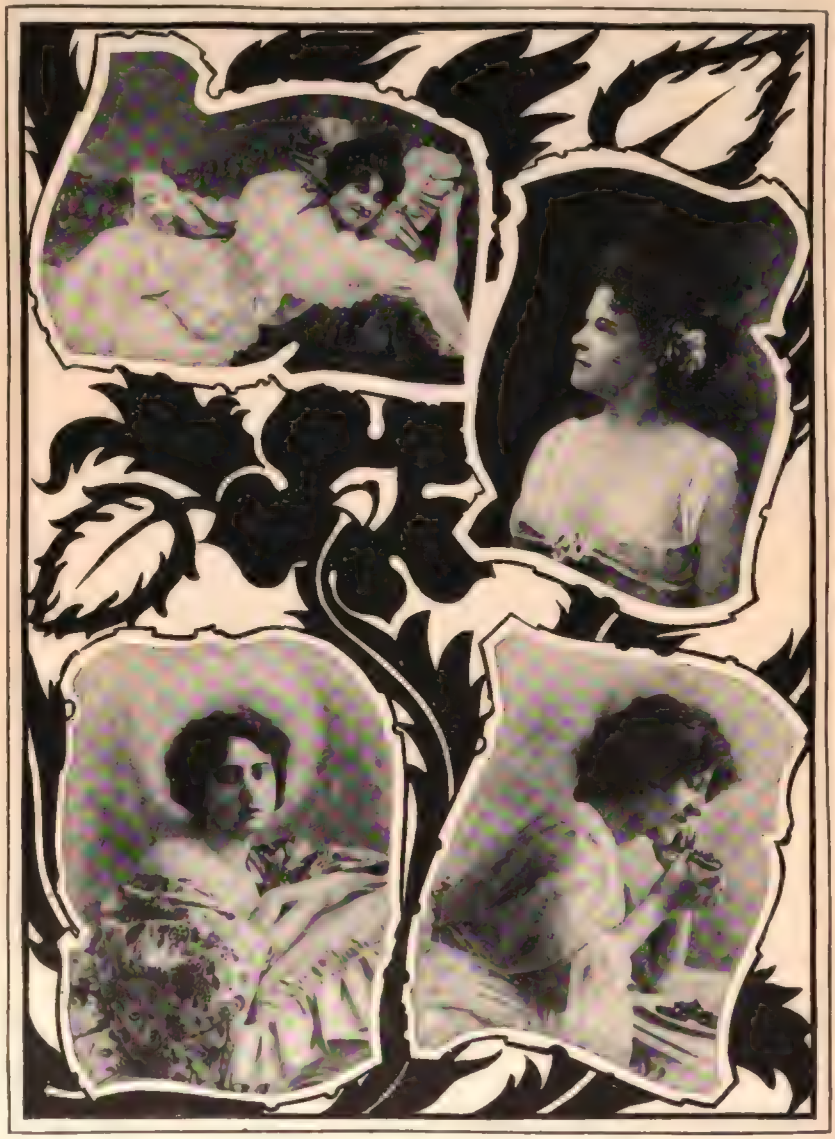

COLOT. NATALIE.
PARTUSSE. MIRONNE.

A GROUP OF MODELS FROM THE PARIS QUARTIER LATIN.

(See article beginning on opposite page.)

JAN
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ARY
1903

An Artist's Model About Artists' Models.

VOL
X.
NO.
4

By Annie Gregory.

Illustrated with Photographs by Reutlinger, Paris, and others.

THE Editor of Broadway Magazine has asked me to write something for this publication about the professional life of the artist's model as seen from an inside point of view.

He thinks the public would be interested, after hearing a good deal about us from the artist's point of view, in getting something from headquarters. I have no doubt that this is so, although I very much doubt my ability to tell what little I know in the smart manner which seems to be so easy to the gentlemen who write the articles for Broadway Magazine.

To begin with, the question is, why did I ever become an artist's model? Well, there were many reasons, but I suppose they can all be summed up in the answer: "Because I needed the money." Family circumstances made it imperative for me to add to the general fund. I had had no education in stenography and typewriting, which I always considered very difficult, and as I have frequently been complimented by some artist friends on my figure and what they were pleased to term my artistic instinct, I decided to turn to that for a living.

It is a profession that is regarded as respectable, and one certainly needs some brains to become a successful model. So I can at least assure myself that I am not altogether an idiot.

It was not easy at first to secure an engagement as an artist's model, either because the artists on whom I called were all especially busy at that time, or because I did not impress them very deeply with my appearance.

However, repeated attempts, and a determination to do or die, won the day, and I was told to come and pose the next morning.

It was with considerable misgiving that I approached the studio of the artist at

SIMON-GIRARD.

the time appointed. But I needed not to be alarmed; I was treated with the utmost courtesy and consideration; was shown a little closet where I could make change of apparel, and in a few moments I was doing my first posing.

Photo by McIntosh, N. Y.

MISS AMELIA ROSE

A well known artist's model.

I remember that occasion well. The artist was illustrating one of the many historic novels that were the rage at that time—about three years ago. Indeed, I think there are quite a number of them sold yet, and that they are still popular. But he had given me a costume reminiscent of the days of 1776, and I was supposed to be a very Colonial young woman. And when I got into my costume I do not think that any young woman could look more Colonial than I looked. I have never felt so Colonial since.

I posed for half an hour, rested five minutes, posed for another half hour, rested, posed again, and then dressed, discarding my Colonial garb and resuming my 1899 raiment. The artist gave me two dollars for my work, and by so doing slightly over-paid me. I did not know this at the time, but that two dollars was the first I ever earned, and I took it home with a great deal of pleasure. Indeed, the effect of that wonderful two dollars was so great on my mind that I felt as though I had stolen it, or else found it.

The next time I posed for an artist—it was not until one week later—was the occasion of my first acquaintance with another girl earning her living in the same way. I did not like her at all at first, and thought to myself that she was horrid. But she was an honest soul, somewhat older than I, and very experienced. She had not much to teach me, however, but I learned more from her about the inconvenient phases of an artist's model than I ever had the bad fortune to experience myself. Later I liked her.

I have often wondered how many artists' models there are in New York. But in truth I have no real idea. There are so many girls who pose for one artist alone, and of whom I see and hear nothing from one year's end to another. Many artists also get their wives to pose for them. I do not think this is because they wish to economize on the model item, but rather for the reason that they are especially fortunate in having good material to draw from—so to speak.

I have never yet broken an engagement once made with an artist, or been appreciably late. This is one of the sins which artists resent very much. Even if they are late themselves when they come to the studio, they like to find the model there waiting for them. Inasmuch as she is paid by the hour, counting from when she is asked to be there, it need not concern her very vitally if the artist himself is not on time, as

FLEURETTE.

she assuredly gets her money anyhow.

Artists are generous men. They do not pay you by the penny, or even the nickel, and if you are of real value to them—that is, real extra value—they are quick to appreciate it by higher remuneration.

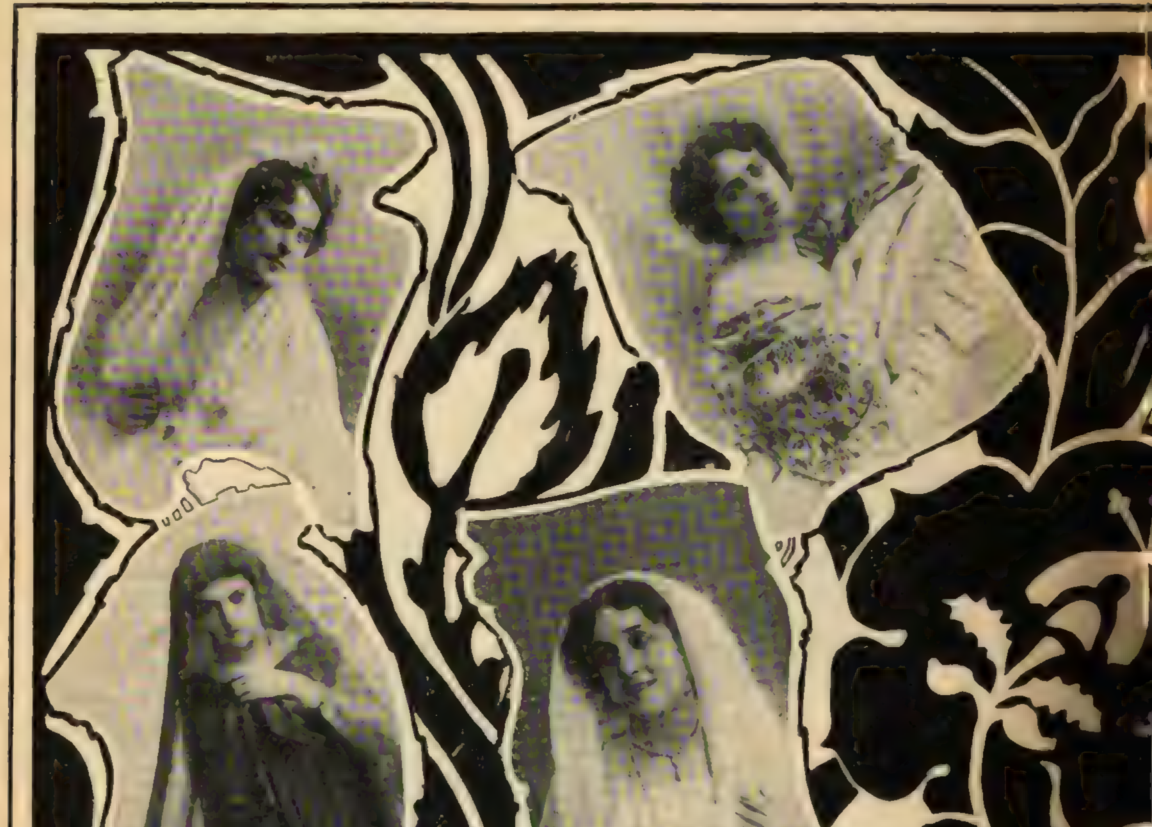
A girl who is asked by an artist to pose exclusively for him, will do so only when he is ready to make it worth her while—I mean, if she is a regular artist's model. He cannot be working at his picture all of the time, and he is perforce obliged, therefore, to pay her for much of the time when he really needs her not at all. But without doubt, it is a good thing for him that she does not pose for other artists.

I have noticed a peculiar thing about artists and their models. Not peculiar, either, when I come to think of it, but certainly much to the purpose. It is that both resent very deeply any innuendo regarding sentimental relations between them.

The average actor is usually tickled when he is accused of wreaking havoc among the hearts of the feminine lights, greater or lesser, in the same company with him. Whether the accusation be false or true, he accepts it as a tribute, and smiles complacently. I have seen this smile more than once, for I have many theatrical friends, and it has made my blood boil so that I wished I were a man. I would have just talked to that actor like a Dutch uncle, and have told him what I think of men who imagine themselves irresistible. Oh, I'd have given it to him! It must be nice to be a man, anyhow.

But an artist is so different. One day when I was posing—the costume was a flimsy sort of gauze affair, and I was supposed to be a Greek slave, by the way—a friend of the artist came in the studio on some business. The artist asked me to excuse them for a few moments; so I

DARCK.



SOISETTE.
NADINE.
TORTETTE.
COULINE.
LOUISE.

SOME WELL-KNOWN ARTISTS' MODELS

(See the article

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MARIE. AMANDE.
NIÉNE.
NOJARD. PRANTÉ.

IN THE PARIS QUARTIER LATIN.
beginning on page 397.)

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stepped down to behind the screen. The visitor saw me and put his hand up to his face in pretended shame, pretending to be very much shocked. "Oh, my!" he said.

The artist looked at him coldly and asked him to hurry with what he had come about, as he was "very busy with a model."

"So I can see, old man," said the visitor. "Introduce me." "Certainly not," replied the artist angrily.

SILVAIN.

CHAMBELLAN

"Well, haven't you any other little ones like that you can pass along, or are you keeping them all for yourself?"

"Confound you, get out of here," said the artist, going over to the door and opening it, "and don't show your face in this studio again, or I'll kick you down stairs."

He would not listen the other man's apologies nor to what business he had

Google UNIVERSITY

BOIE.

come about. When I came out and began posing again he said nothing of what had occurred, though he knew I had heard it all, and I said nothing; but I could almost have hugged him.

Many, many artists are like that. And models, too, except that they are not so violent. Yet, if any man were to insinuate that I permitted an artist to make love to me just because I was posing for him, I should say my mind in a very few plain words.

There are many persons who think all artists' models pose in what is now called "the altogether." Of course, it isn't so. I know that I don't, and that I never will. As a matter of plain fact, I am employed chiefly for the face, neck and arms. I am pretty—I can say it without undue vanity, for it is now only a matter of business with me—and my hair is long and golden. My arms are said to be very shapely. I am asked to pose for classic subjects more often than for anything else, though as a typical New York girl I am also in fair demand.

And that I like best of all the poses I am asked to assume.

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MISS EVA ALLEN.

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MISS VIVIAN BLACKBURN.

Two girls of the stage who have posed frequently for artistic photography in New York

The Vindication of Chief Croker.

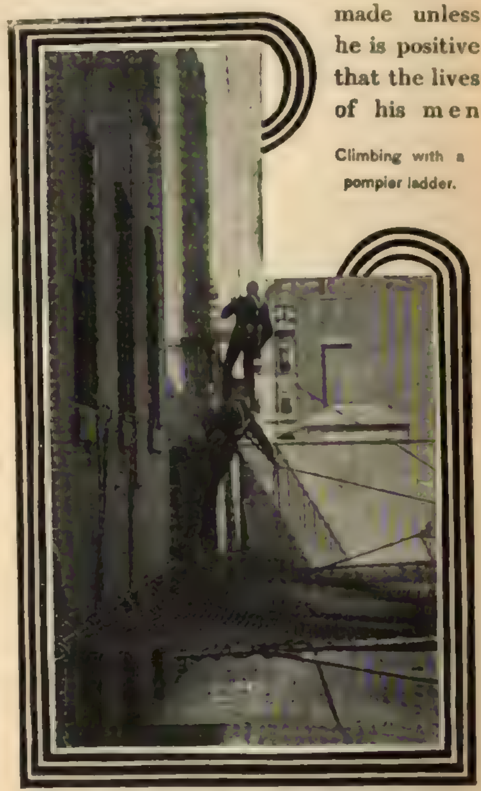
By Edgar B. Hart.

Illustrated by Photographs Taken Especially for Broadway Magazine by Bain and Vander Weyde, New York.

THE recent onslaught upon Fire Chief Croker by certain officials of the department has served a purpose which was far from the one originally intended. The effect has been to draw to the attention of the New York public what a really efficient fire chief they have in the person of Edward F. Croker.

This young man—he is not yet forty—has by his untiring efforts and ceaseless vigilance brought the department to a state where it ranks as easily first of all the fire departments of the world. A vast number of improvements brought into use, many appliances for life saving and devices for making the fighting of fire easier and less dangerous to the firemen owe their introduction to the energy and fitness of Mr. Croker, who makes a point of personally examining and considering every proposal for an improvement or addition to the department, and who never permits any trial to be made unless he is positive that the lives of his men will not be endangered by their use.

The water tower in operation for pumping water on high buildings.



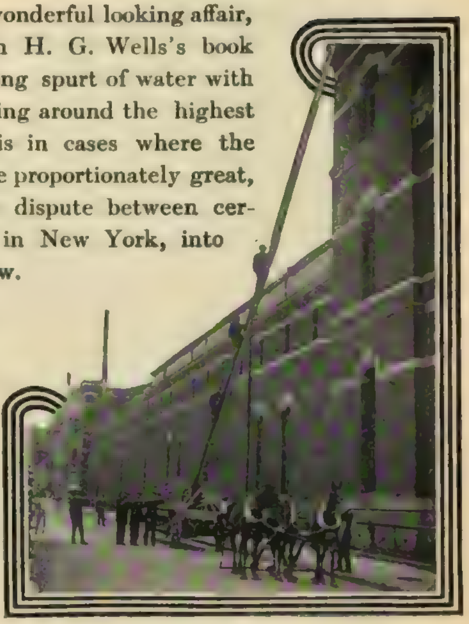
Climbing with a pompier ladder.

It is a great privilege to watch the special exhibitions given by the fire department occasionally to visitors of importance, or to witness the evolutions made by the men at any of the conventions held at regular intervals. The water tower which

Google

pumps water up against high buildings is a wonderful looking affair, reminding one somewhat of the Martians in H. G. Wells's book "The War of the Worlds." It sends a strong spurt of water with force and precision against the flames playing around the highest floors of the average high building. It is in cases where the water tower is used that the pressure must be proportionately great, and this fact is one of the sources of the dispute between certain officials on the different commissions in New York, into which it is not worth while to enter just now.

The methods for saving lives at fires by means of the rope and net are those which are tolerably familiar to New Yorkers who have witnessed fires. One of the troubles against which the firemen have to contend in these cases is the despair of some people in danger, who want to throw themselves out bodily, and nearly always to death.



The extension ladder by means of which the sixth story of a burning building can be reached.

These details and a score of others are things which Fire Chief Croker has improved and constantly given his mind to. There is no question among the business men of New York that Mr. Croker is the right man in the right place, and there is a good deal of resentment that there should have been any effort to dislodge him. When Mayor Low recently refused to receive a committee of New York business men who wished to deliver a petition in regard to the manner in which Mr. Croker

The class which drilled before the Firemen's Convention.

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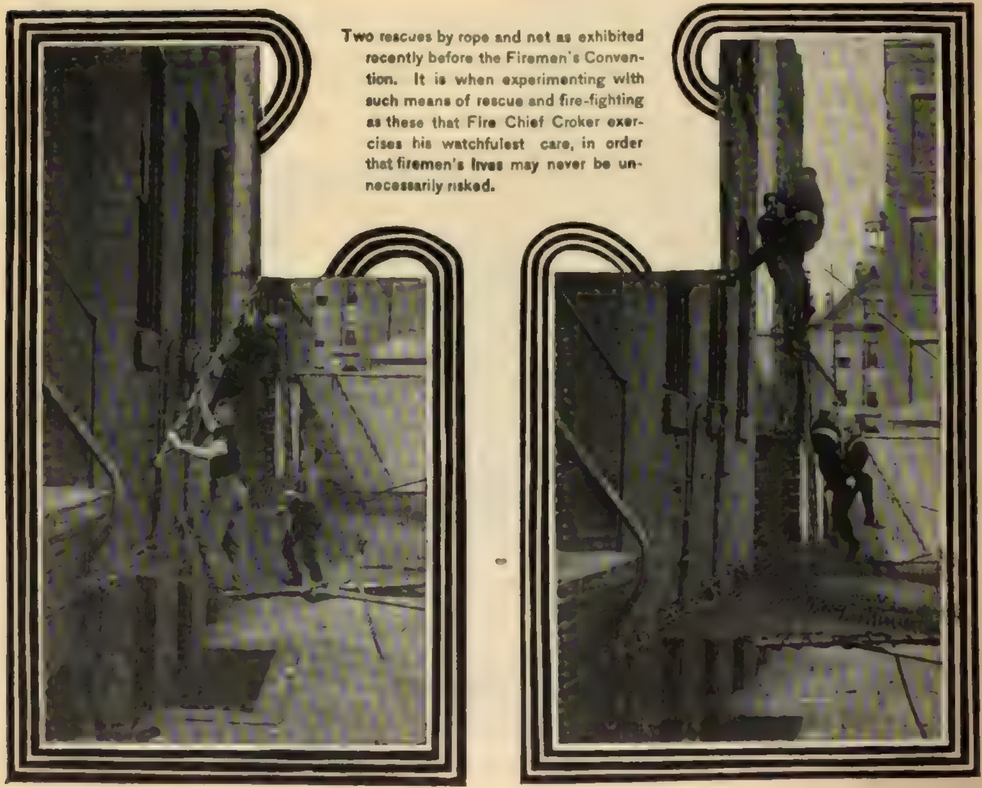
AFTER A BIG FIRE.

This is a snapshot of the big Tarrant conflagration in the down-town business district of New York. A large drug house caught fire and the chemicals burnt fiercely. The picture shows the firemen looking for bodies.



Two rescues by rope and net as exhibited recently before the Firemen's Convention. It is when experimenting with such means of rescue and fire-fighting as these that Fire Chief Croker exercises his watchfulest care, in order that firemen's lives may never be unnecessarily risked.

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was being treated by the appointed officials of his department, he did not apparently realize how important these gentlemen were.

This was not a political gang intent upon displaying their friendliness to some power of the district; it was regarded by them as a business matter pure and simple, that Chief Croker should remain where he was—good for them and good for New York.

It was headed by such public spirited citizens as Mr. H. P. Whittaker, of the Hotel Netherlands, and others whose standing in the community cannot be disputed.

It would be hard, indeed, to find a municipal employee whose interest in local politics is less than Chief Croker's. Although the nephew of Richard Croker, he has never attempted to make use of a relationship that most men would have considered a gold mine, and he has made a point of squelching any effort to bring politics into the department—that is, where he had the power to do so, which has been not infrequently.

The working and condition of the Fire Department are themselves the vindication of Chief Croker.

Testing of so-called fire-proof material by the New York Building Commission.

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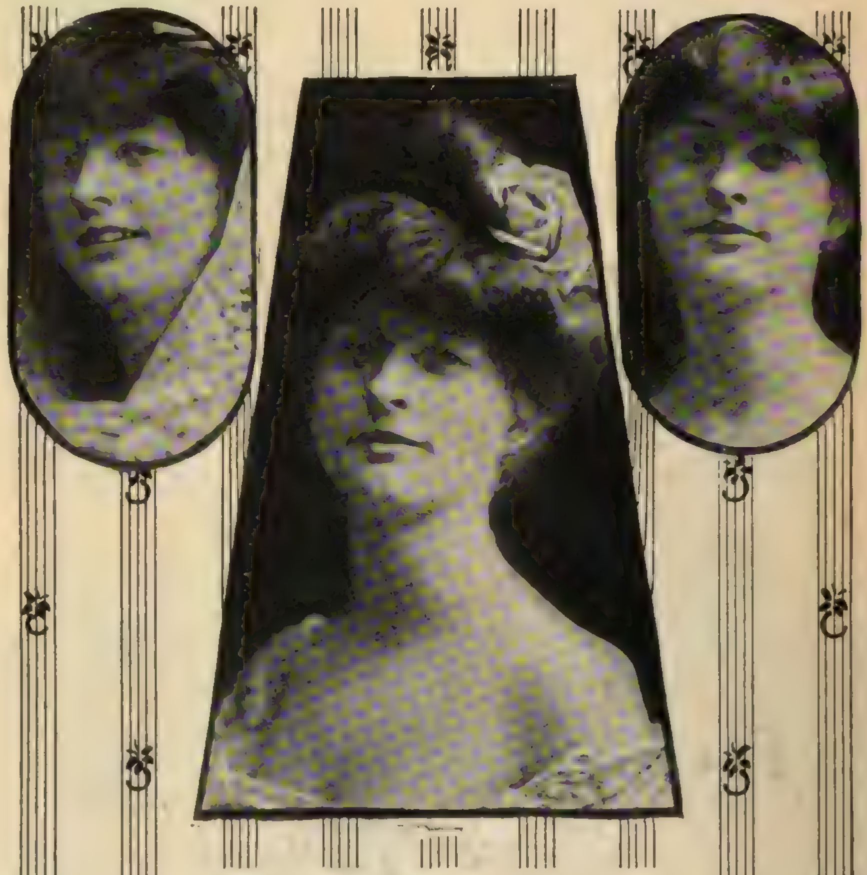

Photographs by Dow, Ogdensburg N. Y.

MISS ETHEL BROWNING.

Who is one of the prettiest members of the J. J. Rosenthal company presenting "The Telephone Girl" on the road.

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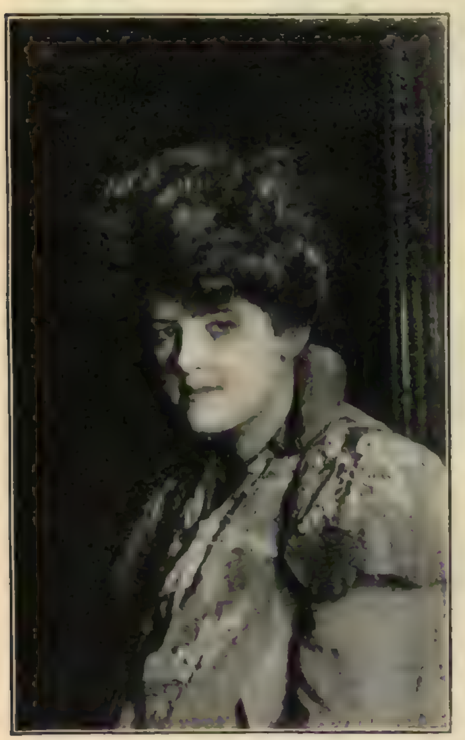
Woman Beautiful and Photo-Etching

By Corydon G. Snyder.

Illustrated with Photographs Taken and Etched by the Author for Broadway Magazine.

MR. CORYDON G. SNYDER.

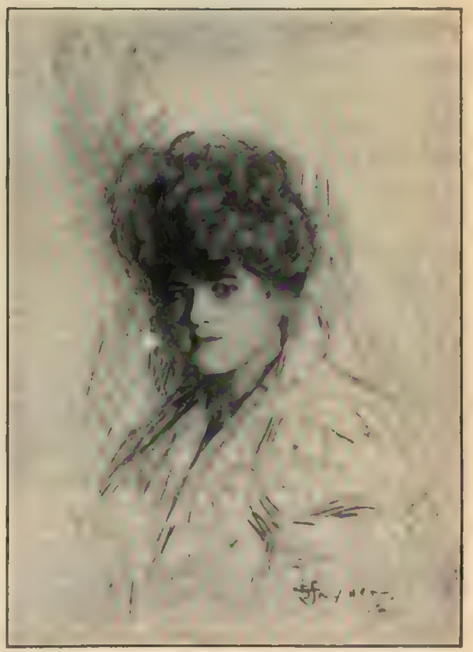
THE revolution of course came when the daguerreotype was superseded by the negative that did away with all traditions and made way for a new order of things. Since that time, not so very long ago, the camera has become such a familiar object in the hands of even the unskilled, that, like the bicycle, it years ago lost even the advantage of being considered a novelty. It has, however, gained vastly by becoming so common in use and useful in its commonness that it is now looked upon as a necessity rather than a luxury, or freak, or a scientific discovery.



MISS BURTHA VERA BLAKE.

This is the untouched photograph. See next column.

It has been to woman that the camera has particularly appealed from its earliest use. To one man who poses before the camera there are at least fifty women—and this proportion I believe holds good in almost every civilized country in the world. However, this should not be laid down entirely to the score of vanity, for such unquestionably would be a libel. The great American family pride and family affection have more to do with the taking of the tremendous number of pictures turned out every year by American photographers than the question of mere vanity.



MISS BURTHA VERA BLAKE.

This is the finished etching which is made after the artist draws in pencil a sketch from the photograph and combines the effect of both.

MISS F. ETOMIE MOEBIUS. MISS SADIE LANDSBERG.

Etched photographs framed and decorated by the artist-photographer.

Truth to tell, there have not been many remarkable changes in camera methods during the past few years, and nothing revolutionary since the great basic principle was established. There have, however, been many interesting variations and improvements that from time to time have succeeded in making what was formerly

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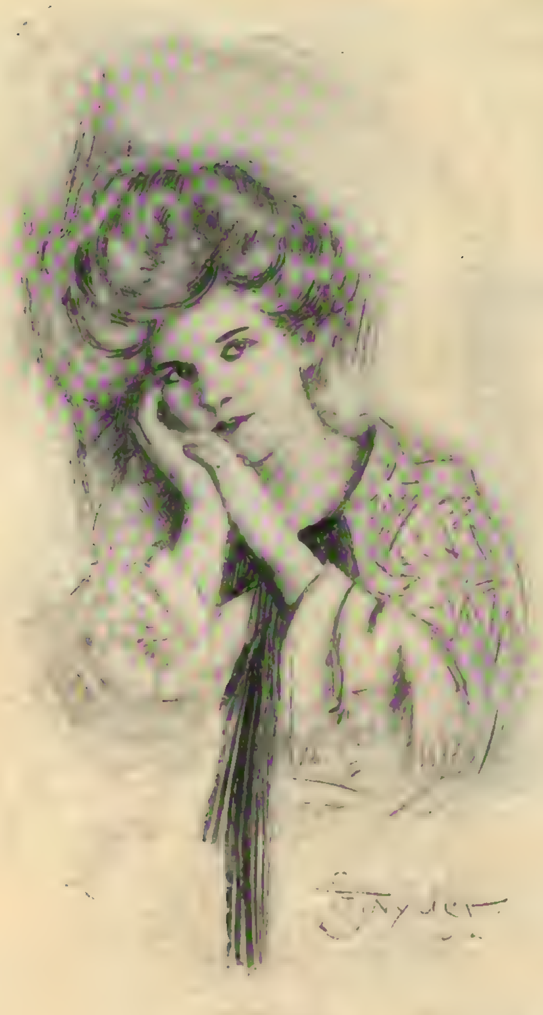

MISS NINA NAOMI BLAKE.
An etched photograph.

a business a well-defined art of merit and value. It must be admitted that most of tbe changes have been more or less mechanical. A few leaders among the world's greatest camera experts have achieved remarkable results by the exercise of their artistic instinct, but it must be admitted that the greatest advances have been made by those hard working and zealous concerns that manufacture cameras, plates and the various implements of the craft.

Photo-etching is attracting much studious attention among both amateur and professional devotees of the camera and the interest of the layman.

Although the art ot etching negatives is nearly as old as the art of retouching itself, many of those who have had success with this line of work have claimed to be the progenitors and the point has been argued to such an extent that it leaves the question in rather a hazy state. There is no question that photo-etching has been vastly improved during the past few years and it offers to the enthusiastic workmen great opportuuities in style and general treatment.

I have devoted a great deal of time to this peculiar method of treating photography and have found that the best way of making an etching is to make a pencil sketch and a negative of the model at the same sitting, then, with a good negative and some technical knowledge of drawing, the pencil sketch can be used to advantage as a guide to the etching itself.

It need hardly be said that it is necessary, when making the pencil sketch of the subject, to be careful to get her not only in the same pose, but also in the same mood.

I have seen several pictures spoiled by neglecting this precaution, some of them being my own.

It requires an artist who is in touch with the highest and most artistic attri-

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butes of photography as well as being a limner with the pencil, and it is not only possible, but probable, that a very good and brilliant artist will not succeed in completing an etched photograph to his own or anybody else's satisfaction.

Such photographs when finished properly make the best originals for lithographic posters, and several New York theatrical managers are doing just this very thing.

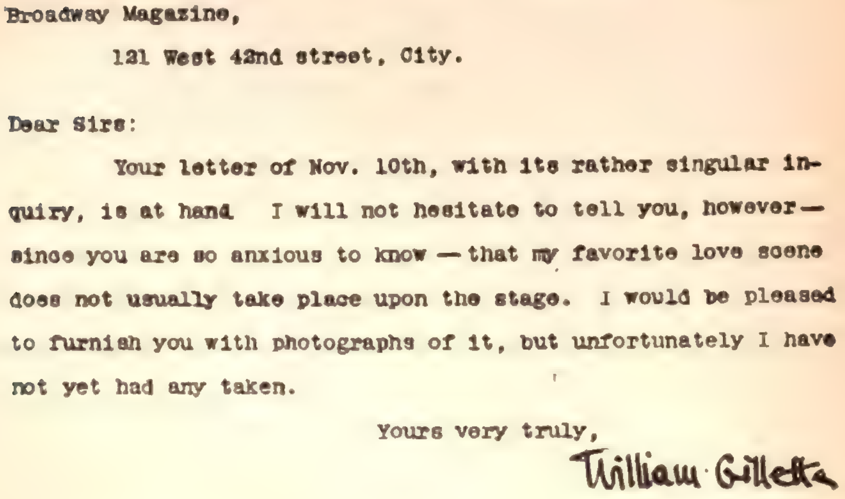
Photography and plate etching will perhaps some day be synonymous terms.

A STUDY.
An etched photograph.

MISS MAUD SCHNUR.
An etched photograph.

A LETTER FROM MR. GILLETTE.

The February number of BROADWAY MAGAZINE will have an interesting and well-illustrated article about the favorite love scenes of celebrated players. In the meanwhile we print the following characteristic reply to our letter to Mr. William Gillette, the well-known actor:



Broadway Magazine,
121 West 42nd street, City.

Dear Sirs:

Your letter of Nov. 10th, with its rather singular inquiry, is at hand. I will not hesitate to tell you, however — since you are so anxious to know — that my favorite love scene does not usually take place upon the stage. I would be pleased to furnish you with photographs of it, but unfortunately I have not yet had any taken.

Yours very truly,
William Gillette

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Citizen
George Francis Train
Reviews
His Own Book.

CITIZEN TRAIN TO BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

Cher Citoyen.
Editor Broadway Magazine.

Mills Palace, 11,12,'02.

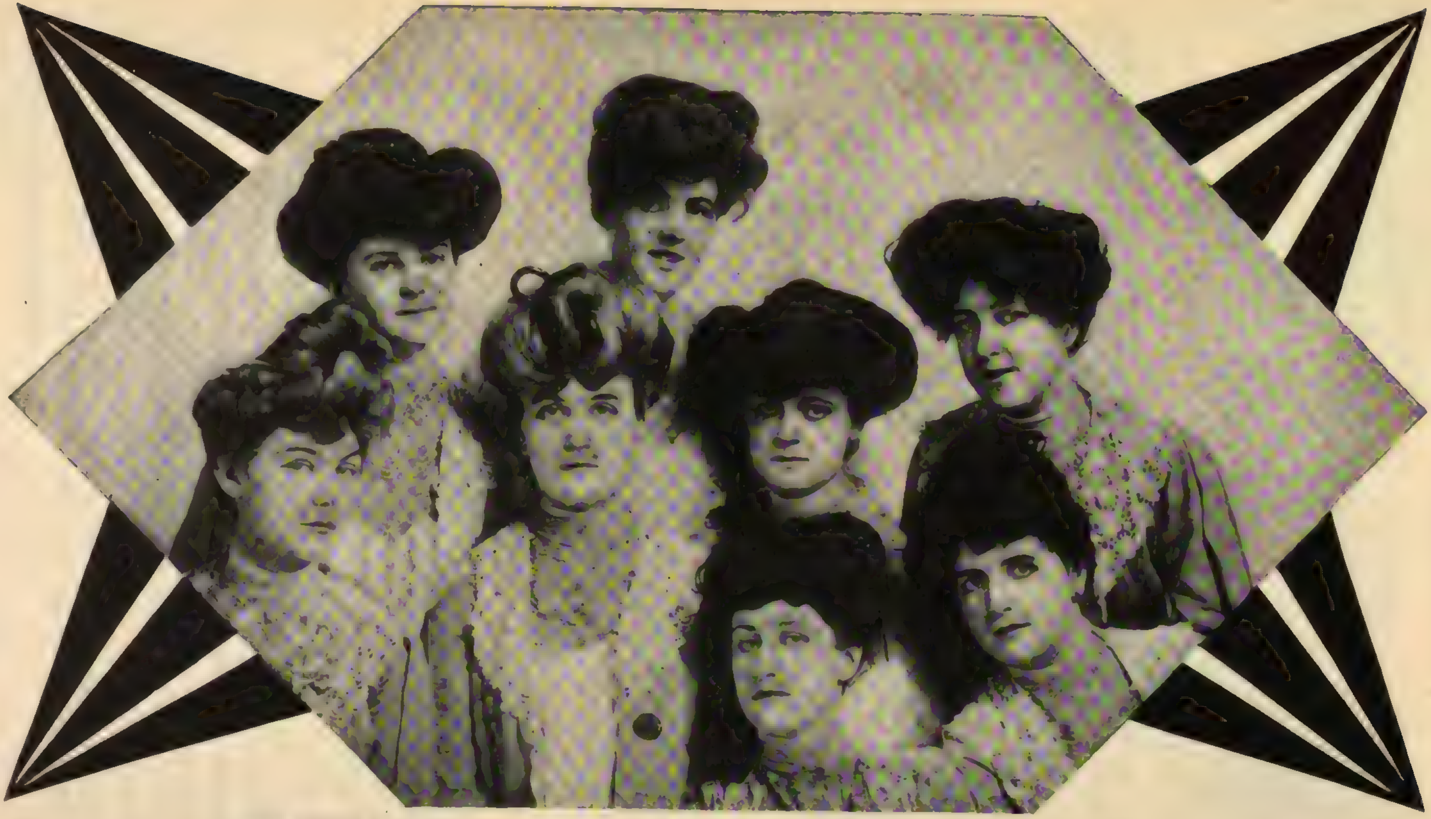
What? Review my own Autobiography! When Sidney Smith said of young author, "there are many things in this Book which are New! (author cheered) and many things which are Good! (loud cheers). But those which are Good are not New, (silent hisses) and those that are New are not Good!" (suppressed disgust.)

Unlike Smith's Review, I know all in this first volume is Good and all New. It is about time I Bouquetted myself! Publishers, (Bohemia) have exploited me half century and this is first time I ever scored Royalty. Reporters have always got big Space in Interviews, and I want Kipling Prices for all I write! Fish given away have bad odor. As Depew, Carnegie, (Captains of Industry,) always charge for all they write, they stand high! Why should I review myself unless am paid for it? I advertise Press, Newspapers, Magazines, they can't advertise me! I am known where *New York Herald* and *London Times* were never heard of. Editor Quinn, *Daily News*, sent reporter, who apologized for assignment! What is it? Dean (Son of Siam Missionary) handed me this! "*Why I am a Lunatic.*" Article was copied far and wide! I tried to have Appleton adopt that name for book! But they were too conservative, and named book themselves. What they have left out will be Sensation! You were only journal that typed my Banquet Card, and so I answer your request for 300 words (odd) review (of what Halsey and Stanhope Sams' Boycotted).

REVIEW OF WHAT IS NOT IN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Courtland Palmer's sketch of how I saved Woodhull and Claflin from Beecher, from Sing Sing (In *Social Science* '87). My cousin Luther Rawson Marsh's last letters. How I smashed Tweed Ring! Wiped out Bryan, '96 and '00! (I drop Moses & Son!) How I saved Union! Built Union Pacific! In Fifteen jails for no Crime! Banqueted notables! Chief Crowns! Never Smoking, Drinking, Gambling, Lying, Cheating, Stealing! Played Carnegie Forty Years ahead! Why I don't believe in God, Devil, Heaven, Hell, or Santa Claus! Gilder, of *Century*, has published New Version Bible leaving out Obscenity for children! Gerry—allows News-Boys, Cash-Boys, Cash-Girls under 16 (Twenty Thousand) to ply their Trade but arrests Children on Stage! I settled Strike, last year and this! I am now instructing Clark Bell, 39 Broadway, to organize score of Ablest Counsel in land to take my $30,000,000 in Omaha! But all this is omitted in what you want me to Revise. I am going to publish Hundred Books! How can I crowd Nineteenth Century into One Volume! How can I go on without Stanhope Sams (Stenographer) who can take down 250 words a minute!

George Francis Train,
73 years young.



MISS EDYTHE WHITNEY. MISS SYLVIA EGAN. MISS DESSA GIBSON. MISS EDNA HIXON.
MISS SYBIL ANDERSON. MISS EDNA FARRELL. MISS GENEVIEVE WHITLOCK. MISS ALINE REDMOND.

THE EIGHT BRIDESMAIDS IN "A CHINESE HONEYMOON."

(See the article beginning on the opposite page by Miss Edna Farrell, entitled "A Show Girl Discusses Show Girls.")

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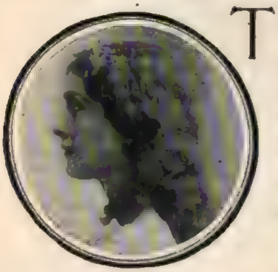
A Show Girl Discusses Show Girls.

Miss Edna Farrell, of "A Chinese Honeymoon," Chats About Her Sister Show Girls in a Candid Manner.



THERE are compensations as well as penalties attached to the life of a Broadway Show Girl, and just because I am optimistic to a degree I am ready to go on record with the statement that the former far outstrips the latter. There are girls in the same front line with me at the Casino, however, who really have more cause to be gay or contented than I, yet who take the most gloomy view of every happening and every speech uttered within their hearing. Perhaps the sunshine, brightness and climatic influence of the Gold Coast have much to do with making me see the prettiest, funniest or most enjoyable side of everything that goes on around me.

It is two years since I landed on Broadway from California and nearly all of that time has been spent as a Show Girl at the Casino. First it was as a "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden," tripper, making pretty ardent love to one of *Cyrus Gilfain's* well-dressed clerks. Now I am classed as one of the pests of *Mr. Samuel Pineapple* because cast by the exigencies of the piece to accompany that giddy old man and his pretty bride on "A Chinese Honeymoon." Like every other bridegroom, *Pineapple* wants to be alone with his "doll of a typewriter" wife, but Mr. George Dance, the London manager and librettist of the pretty musical play, saw so much humor is scooting the newly married pair off to China with a bunch of unwelcome attendants that here we are, and it seems here we are to stay for sometime to come.

Of course, there are Show Girls and Show Girls, and the folks who buy theatre seats have their preferences as to height, degrees of plumpness, complexion, facial contour and facial expression, but we of the sometimes admired and oftentimes harshly criticised tribe judge ourselves and fellow "front rankers" by altogether different standards. I have become a firm believer in the theory that early life environment has more to do with the later life, beauty and disposition of a girl than is generally acknowledged. In my first engagement as a Casino Show Girl it was forcibly brought to my notice that the brightest, wittiest, and most unconventional girls in the show come from the Far West; the haughtiest, and no doubt the prettiest, came from the South, and the most self-contained and intellectual from the East.

Now that I am filling my second engagement at the Casino, and have had more opportunity to observe, these convictions have become stronger. The girl from the Far West cares less for the opinion of the world than the girls from any other section of America. She leaves her bridges behind her and doesn't care a rap whether they burn or not, as long as she has a pretty good time, and in a measure, at least, realizes her ambition, whether it be directed to the stage or not. The Southern girl prates altogether too much about her family—about "Uncle Richard," who was elected mayor at home, and "my brother-in-law, Tom, who is a councilman in Lynchburg." The

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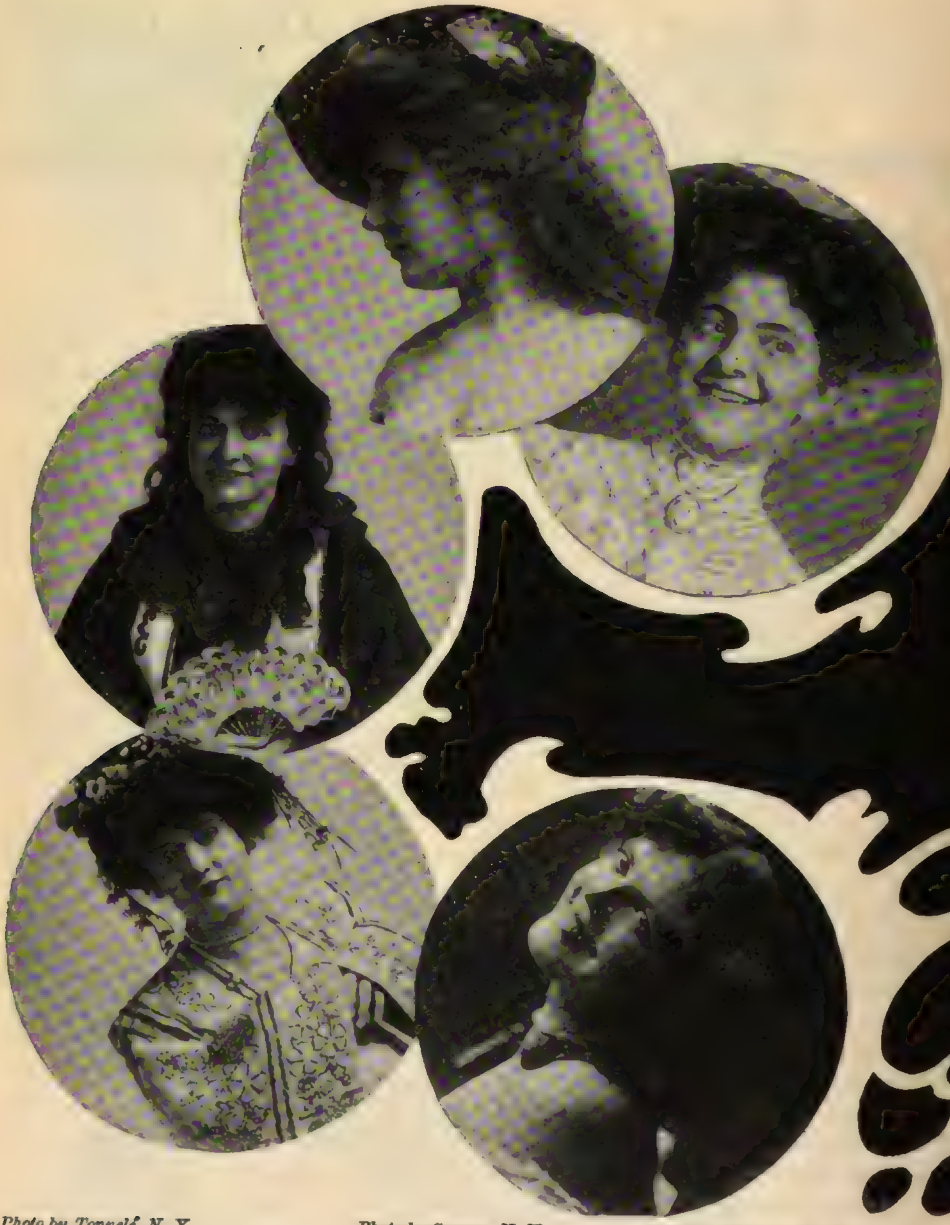

Photo by Tonnelé, N. Y.
MISS HELEN LATTEN.
Of "A Chinese Honeymoon."

Photo by Sarony, N. Y.
MISS ROSE CLARK.
Of the George Lederer Company.

Photo by Eddowes, N. Y.
MISS EDITH CAINE.
Of Weber & Fields' Company.

Photo by Tonnelé, N. Y.
MISS MAY LESLIE.
Of "A Chinese Honeymoon."

Photo by White, N. Y.
MISS NELLIE PIKE
Of the Dan Daly Company.

SOME WELL-KNOWN

(See article beginning

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Photo by Schloss, N. Y.
MISS MADGE ADAE.
Of Weber & Fields' Company.

Photo by McIntosh, N. Y.
MISS GERTRUDE TAYLOR.
Of Weber & Fields' Company.

Photo by White, N. Y.
MISS SADIE PETERS.
Of "The Billionaire" Company.

Photo by Bauland, Brooklyn.
MISS AGNES MARLE.
Of the Murray Hill Stock Company.

NEW YORK SHOW GIRLS.

on previous page.)

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Southern girl is always afraid somebody from her home town will see her and carry back bad stories about her to be circulated among friends of her childhood, and to the embarassment of her relatives. The girl from the no longer "wild and woolly West" dismisses a matter of that kind with the flat statement, accompanied by an independent toss of the head: "People will 'knock' anyhow, so if they want to go home and 'knock' me, let them 'knock.'"

The out and out Yankee girl in nine cases out of ten is a girl who has been too closely confined either by the prudishness of relatives or the pounding into her of a whole lot more "book learning" than is good for her. The result is, when she arrives on Broadway she is either so reserved that it is impossible for her to make friends who can aid her histronic ambitions or she simply plunges herself with utmost abandon into a life of wild recklessness that drives away true friends and shortens a career that might have been happy and useful if she had been given the freedom of the West or the considerate gallantry of the South while her mind and body were forming.

Naturally there will be exceptions to these deductions, and I may get a rap or two from the hard-headed, "notional" Yankee, but the above are the ideas formed by contact with the stage and its treaders from various sections of the country, and they'll have to stand as written until I find good and sufficient cause to change my mind.

Photograph by White, New York.

MISS HELEN BROOKS.

Show Girl with the Rogers Brothers' Company

Have you noticed the fact, however, that the Show Girl of to-day is a much prettier girl generally and of a much more statuesque type than her predecessors? Look at that line up at the Casino if you hesitate to believe me. Take them in a row. From Miss Genevieve Whitlock up to Miss Mabel Carrier, Miss Sylvia Egan, Miss Edith Whitney, Miss Aline Redmond, Miss Dessa Gibson and Miss Edna Hixon they are the "stunningest" looking bunch of girls ever assembled in one company.

The Show Girls are selected for different reasons than those which impel the choice of the chorus girls. The Show Girl must look like a lady, and be able to dress stylishly. All the above mentioned girls are typical in both respects. For obvious reasons I have not mentioned my name with theirs, but I must sign now as sponsor for this article. EDNA FARRELL.

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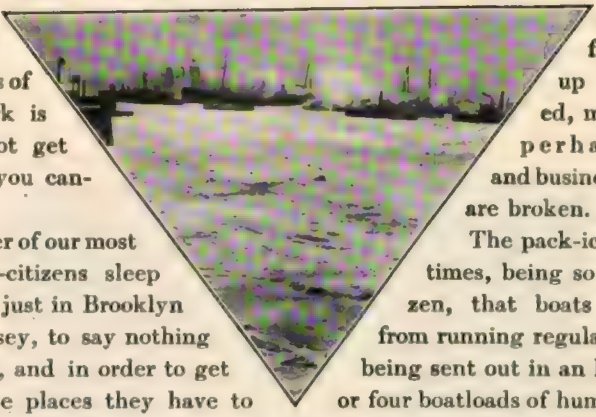
New York's Harbor Ice-Packed.

By D. L. Matthews.

Vessels making slow way up the North River.



PROBABLY one of the most interesting features of life in New York is when you cannot get there, or when you cannot get away.

A large number of our most esteemed fellow-citizens sleep the sleep of the just in Brooklyn and in New Jersey, to say nothing of Staten Island, and in order to get to and from these places they have to use the ferries, which afford an admirable and pleasant trip when there are no obstacles in the way but are by no means as fascinating when the river is choked with ice.

Things are seldom so bad that transportation is absolutely prevented, for we do not usually have such snowstorms as that which took place in the winter of 1889, but it is very frequent that the delay across the North River or the East River is very long, a trip sometimes taking two or three hours.

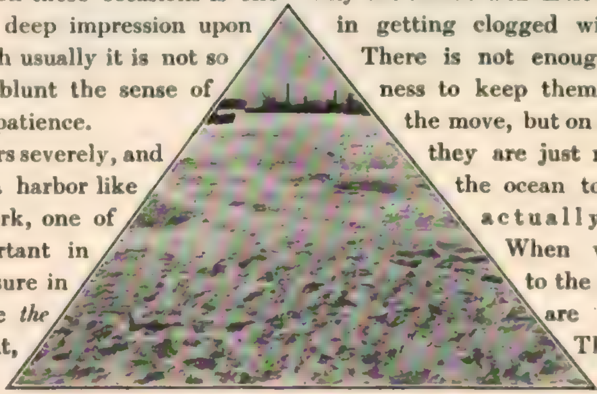
The scenery on these occasions is one which makes a deep impression upon the mind, though usually it is not so impressive as to blunt the sense of hunger or of impatience.

Shipping suffers severely, and in and around a harbor like that of New York, one of the most important in the world, and sure in time to become *the* most important, this means much. European mails are delayed, freights are held up and endangered, much of it being perhaps perishable, and business engagements are broken.

The pack-ice is so solid at times, being so thoroughly frozen, that boats are prevented from running regularly, one or two being sent out in an hour, and three or four boatloads of human beings being packed onto a boat, elbow to elbow, so that there is hardly breathing space.

The rush after business hours is felt on these public thoroughfares, and when they land, sometimes in some other ferry company's slip, there is a tremendous rush for the street cars or trains on the other side. It is marvelous that so few people, on an average, are hurt.

The fact of New York harbor being so sheltered from the wild storms which rage over the Atlantic in winter, but which are barred at the Narrows, is one reason why the North and East Rivers succeed in getting clogged with broken ice. There is not enough tempestuousness to keep them sufficiently on the move, but on the other hand, they are just near enough to the ocean to prevent their actually freezing over. When we advance up to the Hudson, things are quite different. Then we see a real frozen river in truth.



Choked ice and snow on the East River.

Hearst, the Gentleman from the 11th

A CERTAIN portion of New York and, in fact, the United States, does not quite approve of William Randolph Hearst ; and what more natural state of affairs ? Here is a man who, through a string of papers, by all odds the most powerful in the journalistic world to-day, is constantly treading on the toes of a certain percentage of the general public.

These same people, however, who disagree with Mr. Hearst cannot help admitting in their hearts that this young man from the West has not only the courage of his convictions, but is not slow to display unselfishness even at times when it looks as if popularity might not perch on the shoulders of honest endeavor.

For no man can say that William Randolph Hearst does not blaze the way; that he is afraid of his convictions; that he is not unselfish to the extent of dedicating his papers to what he considers the greatest good for the greatest number; and finally, that he does not put the welfare of the masses—that is, the hard-working, honest, intelligent American millions and not the anarchistic rabble—against any small personal or mean end.

Here is a man who is the son of a rich father and a famous Senator. Allied against the luxury of early youth, against the tremendous selfishness that often comes to the young rich, was the determination to serve the people in spite of his wealth. He started off early in San Francisco by making the *Examiner* the talk of the Pacific Coast. He made enemies almost as fast as he made friends amongst the powerful, but the people themselves were always with him because they claimed him as their own. Then he came to New York and acquired the *Journal*, now the *American*. I have many times heard clever men honestly deprecate what they have been pleased to call "the Hearst method," but never once have I heard any man, Republican, Democratic, Jew, Christian or Agnostic, claim that William Randolph Hearst was not as admirably honest as unselfish.

There are many rich men who own papers. There are few who apparently have sufficient stamina to leave the impress of their personalities on editorial pages. They are swayed more by the question of utility than one of brave conviction. Before adopting an editorial policy they consider the counting-room. They have no more force in their editorial rooms than the boy who runs the elevator.

What Mr. Hearst has done with the *New York Journal* and with his later paper, the *Chicago American*, is an open book. There is nothing of the crafty journalistic tradesman about Mr. Hearst. What he has done has been done openly, candidly and fearlessly. If he personally has advocated some political reform, that conviction has been mirrored in his newspapers. In many an editorial that has rung true and hit the mark, Mr. Hearst has shown that he was an American and an editor and no puling, weak-kneed cringer before the altar of Policy or Gain.

With a notably brilliant staff on each of his three papers, as the responsible head of journalistic machines that have been powerful always and just according to his lights, Editor Hearst has never been content to be a mere proprietor. He has been one of his own men. His voice has been heard in editorial counsel. When stringent means were necessary to attain a certain end, he has not cowered under the

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shelter of an employee's name and lickspittled for favor, but has stood in the breach, shouldered the musket, awaited the return fire and been ready to show himself at all times to the enemy.

His great efforts for bleeding Cuba, when he fought one-half his own party as well as the other side, and when he stood ready to spend his entire fortune in freeing a people that the whole world pitied but none seemed ready to help, must ever stand as a monument to a journalism that may be very yellow, but which in this case was all-powerful because God-sent. And the whole Island of Cuba may take off its hat to an editor who, believing that right was right, did more than any one man to free Cuba from the bloody grasp of Spain. It is this type of journalist who makes for good if his objects are meritorious, or for bad, if he is not the right kind. Mr. Hearst is ready to stand on his public deeds, *sans* all argument. This, then, is the man who was nominated for Congress in the 11th New York Congressional District.

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST.

Editor-Publisher of *New York American* and Congressman-Elect from the 11th New York District.

Congressman Hearst has a great responsibility to fulfil. In the first place he is a very wealthy man, and the majority of the residents in his District are poor. In the second place, he is at the head of three great and typical American newspapers, has been in the public eye since a very young man, and has always been foremost in anything he has undertaken; consequently the 11th New York expects much more

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Favorite Parts of Famous Players.

By Themselves.

Photo by Hall, New York.

MY favorite part is ***Mrs. Jack Orchard*** in "The Defender," because it was my first appearance on Broadway as a leading woman, and it gives me a chance to prove I can play a part as well as sing coon songs. EMMA CARUS.

I HAVE played over 200 parts in my career, ranging from *Topsy* in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to *Desdemona* in "Othello." I have played in every style of play, burlesque, musical comedy, drama, melodrama, comedy and tragedy, but in none of them have I ever had a rôle so entirely suited to my liking as *Mam'selle 'Awkins* in the musical comedy of that name. There are good reasons for this preference on my part. The rôle is a bright and breezy one and a good-natured one. AMY LEE.

Photo by Eddowes, New York.

of him than it would of a man from the ordinary walks of life, with no record to sustain and no ideals to look up to.

During the sitting of the next Congress, many pressing questions will be before the country. There is bound to be hot argument, a partisan line drawn more than fine, and a pressure from both parties that will be keenly felt, and, in the cases of weak men, become a crushing burden. It is to this Congress, then, that the 11th New York has sent William Randolph Hearst, editor, millionaire, congressman and typical young American. His enemies will watch him closely. His confreres will criticise him freely; and those who know him best trust him absolutely.

And on his record as Congressman will depend the great momentous question of nominees on the Presidential ticket in 1904.

For no man can say that William Randolph Hearst is not, barring accidents, in the direct line of succession to the White House. The Editor.

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Some Talented Feet.

By William Goldsworthy.

THAT the seemingly most unimportant details of the personalities of individuals in the public eye are of really intense interest is made plain by the manner in which newspaper accounts of such individuals are written for the public. A man of any prominence whatever, when making a speech or appearing in some public capacity, is sometimes described inch by inch. What kind of clothes he wears, their probable cost, the color of his necktie, the shape of his hat, his manner of walking, gesture and facial expression, the sound of his voice—all are noted down faithfully and are subsequently digested by the reader with appreciative gusto.

MISS MAUDE ADAMS'S

MRS EDNA WALLACE HOPPER'S

MAYOR CARTER HARRISON'S OF CHICAGO.

MISS EDNA MAY'S

The American people may be a hurrying people, but such things as these they always seem to have time to study.

As indications of character, it would be absurd to pretend that feet have any standing, for we frequently find that the most charming people are not blessed with the most charming feet.

Yet, to be sure, there are certain kinds of feet which are typical in their way. For instance, the foot of the Chinese woman is recognized anywhere; and those who are in a position to know have said that there is no mistaking the foot of a Central Office detective.

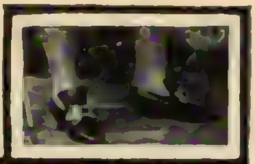
Nevertheless, as we become familiar with the appearance or the published pictures of the most prominent people of the stage, we receive a more or less lasting impression of their feet—that is, we receive it mentally.

For instance, the accompanying picture of Miss Maude Adams's feet was taken when she was appearing in "L'Aiglon," and consequently we see more of them than we would were it the picture of her as in "Juliet." Miss Adams's feet are good, sensible extremities, "with no nonsense about them."

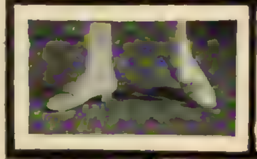
It has been said that Mrs. Edna Wallace Hopper has the prettiest feet in New York City. Just who said this we can neither recall nor trace. It may have been Mr. Hopper and then again, on the other hand, it may not. Mrs. Hopper being a very small woman and being at the same time exactly in proportion, her feet are necessarily small; and indeed they *are* models

MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD'S.

MR. JOHN DREW'S.

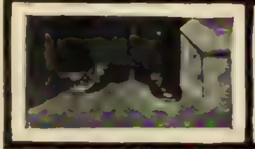


MISS ADA REHAN'S.

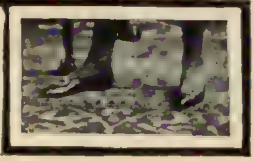


MR. EUGENE COWLES'S.

SENATOR CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW'S.



MR. PAUL KRUGER'S.



MR. E. H. SOTHERN'S.

of symmetry and daintiness. It is a pity that with such attractive feet she does not dance; but, on second thoughts, when we remember that dancing has a tendency to lower the calf of the leg and at the same time exaggerate its size, it is just as well that things are as they are.

For his very respectable size, Mayor Carter Harrison, of Chicago, has by no means a tremendous foot. Here we see him bicycling, and as we know the size of a bicycle wheel, we get a very good idea from the picture of the size of the mayoral foot. Yet this foot, medium size as it is, can come down on the floor with a decision and a promptness that insures respect from the local politicians as quickly as do their own stamps from their ward heelers.

Miss Edna May's feet, shod as they were in "The Girl From Up There," are pretty and neatly turned. Miss May may be a young woman of but one part, but she is pretty and graceful and her physical attractions have so far not been criticized.

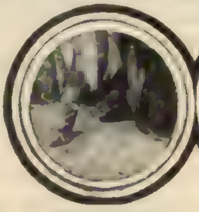
Mr. Mansfield is usually regarded as somewhat eccentric, but his feet walk pretty straight and our picture of him in "Prince Karl" show them in defiant attitude, and also show them to be well shaped.

Miss Ada Rehan's feet are strikingly like a man's and have rather a colonial look about them. If it were not so perilously close to sacrilege, one might even suspect that there was a slight bandiness present, but this of course is impossible to a lady like Miss Rehan. On the other hand, Mr. Eugene Cowles's feet are almost feminine in their daintiness, but Mr. Cowles's voice is so magnificient in its masculine depths that he can afford to look a little feminine in his feet.

Senator Depew's feet are very statesmanlike. Just precisely what statesmanlike feet are is somewhat difficult to describe, but they would be like Senator Depew's.

Ex-President Kruger of the South African Republic has two feet that stand in a pose thoroughly typical of his personal awkwardness, and in no way suggest his great courage or his sturdy heart.

Miss Lillian Russell's feet are healthy in size but not too much so. Miss Russell is a woman whose blood courses healthily through her veins and whose appetite is usually good, and it is natural to find her with fair-sized and solid feet.



MISS LILLIAN RUSSELL'S.

LORD ROBERTS'S.

MISS ELLA SNYDER'S.

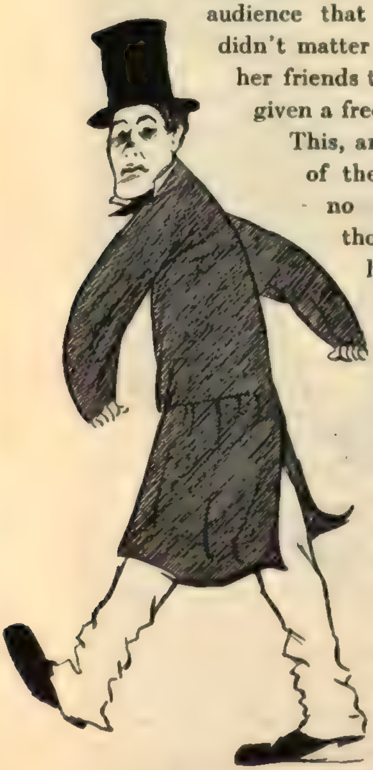
Americans at the Tivoli.

By James Gardiner Clarke.

Special London Correspondent for Broadway Magazine.

AMONG the "turns" which I witnessed the other evening at the Tivoli Music Hall here are several Americans, and it is these Americans who get the lion's share of the applause.

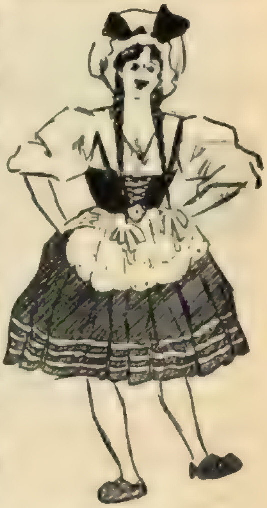
The best thing on the programme, for instance, is the performance of Fanny Fields, or as she prefers to be called, Happy Fanny Fields. It is in her patter and the interjected remarks provoked by interruptions that she scores. The evening I was there she asked a conundrum that was not new, and a man in a box called out the answer. She immediately came back at him by telling the audience that the gentleman didn't matter as he was one of her friends to whom she had given a free ticket.



R. G. Knowles.

This, and other remarks of the same kind, are no doubt carefully thought out beforehand, but Miss Fields gives them with such an appearance of real impromptuness, that she gets all the credt of their being spontaneous, which it is only right she should.

R. G. Knowles is a great success in London, although he was not regarded as a performer of the first class in America before he came to London. His monologue, however, is really excellent, and evokes continual bursts of laughter from the audience.

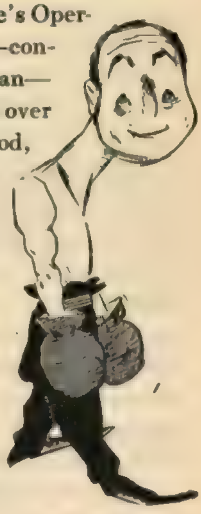


"Happy" Fanny Fields.

Did you know, by the way, that Knowles introduced base ball into England? Yes, that is so. He is interested in a team playing it, and is very wealthy. His wife plays the banjo, but I don't know how wealthy she is.

I rather like the xylophone, but not when it's as near my ear as it was the other night. "Baker and Balfe's Operatic Xylophone Team"—consisting of a man and woman—have a wonderful control over their musical chips of wood, but when they get carried away by the excitement of the moment I could almost imagine my brains were the wood and the performers were playing it.

Little Tich is not an American, of course, but he is so funny that I must include him.



Little Tich.

Girls of America's Famous Artists.

No. X.—The Emerson Girl.

MR. CASPER EMERSON JR

A CLEAN-CUT, real and distinct creature is the Casper Emerson Girl, with a swinging and delightful personality all her own—or all Mr. Emerson's, whichever way you may wish to look at it.

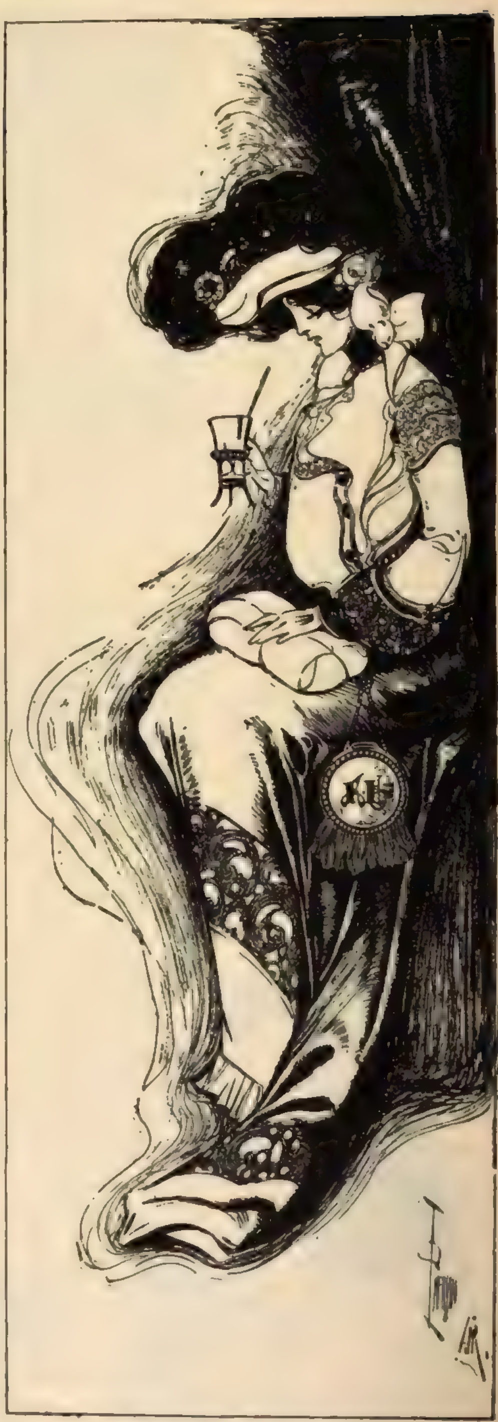
She is a bright success, and her advent into the charmed circle of the Girls of America's Famous Artists was welcomed with loud acclaim when it took place.

Mr. Emerson is an artist on the *New York Herald*, and his type of girl is always looked for, as being something quite different from what the jaded public have been getting rather frequently of late in the matter of "girl."

Her outline is, as has been said, clean-cut and distinct, yet there is never a suggestion of hardness about her. All is gentle, confiding and truly feminine.

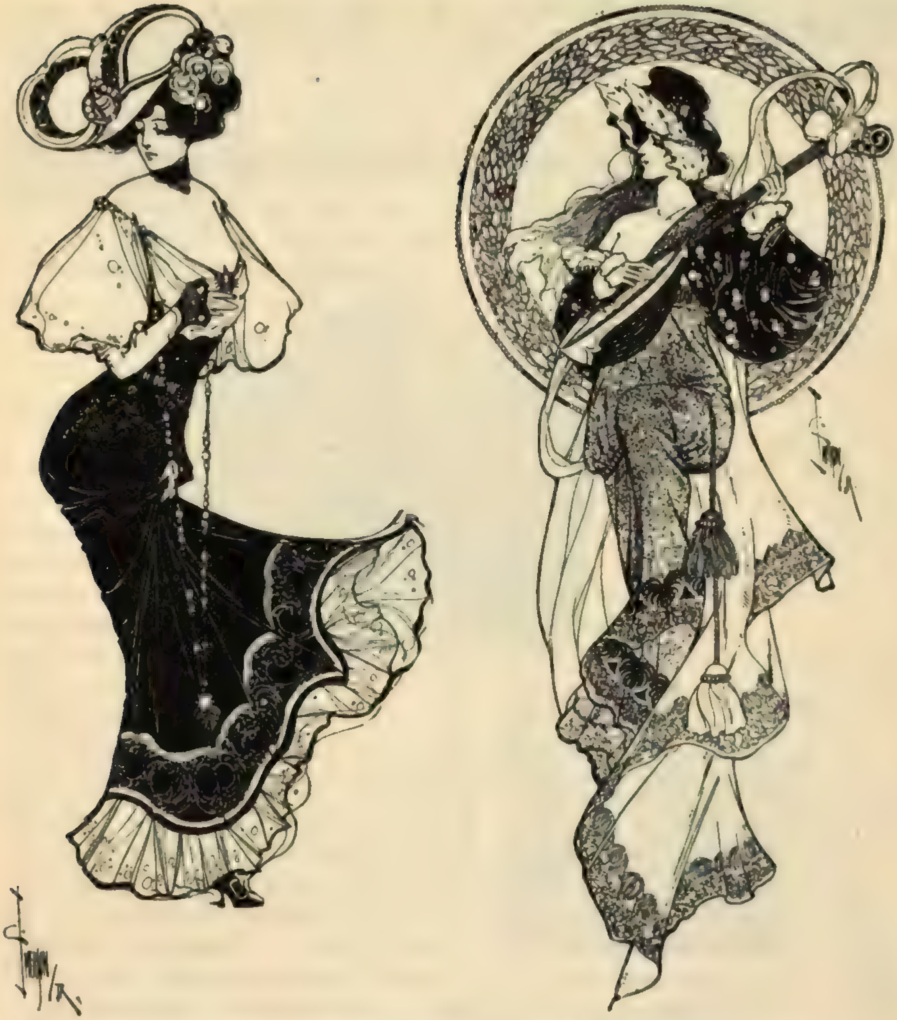
The Casper Emerson Girl is usually tall and of the type which lends itself readily to all phases, except those which repel. She is the shopping girl, or the Fifth avenue girl, or the higher kind of "show girl" of the theatre, or the idealistic girl. In all ways, however, she is clearly recognizable, for she breathes that personality without which no individual or no creation can be a positive success.

Does she know how to dress? Indeed she does, and that with a taste and an infinitude of expedient which stamps her



THE CASPER EMERSON GIRL.

Drawn especially for Broadway Magazine by Mr. Casper Emerson, Jr.



TWO OTHER EXAMPLES OF THE CASPER EMERSON GIRL.
Drawn especially for Broadway Magazine by Mr. Casper Emerson, Jr.

as innately of New York. Indeed the Casper Emerson Girl might be described as of New York and even convey, without another word of comment, a pretty good impression of her appearance to the observing person who had never seen the Emerson drawings.

And we may detect this in each of the three examples of the artist's work which he has contributed to Broadway Magazine. The first shows her when shopping. She has a sweet tooth—like the girls of all American cities, so far as that is concerned—and is indulging after her shopping tour in a glass of soda water at Huyler's, or Maillard's, or Hudnut's.

The second picture is of the up-to-date smart show girl who walks on the street serenely and quietly, as if thoroughly cognizant of the part she plays in the world. And the third is an ideal drawing, but the Casper Emerson Girl is there very plainly. Mr. Emerson has been giving recently a successful exhibition.

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Dens of New York Bachelor Girls.

By John G. Blake.

With Photographs by Vander Weyde, New York.

The studio of Miss Louise Elkert in the Carnegie Building.

IT is a peculiar commentary on the use of words and the changes which they undergo that "den," which at one time signified the haunt of a wild beast with a few bones scattered at the entrance is now usually applied to the apartment which contains comfortable and luxurious couches, richly bound books, silver candlesticks and electric light, lace curtains and a rosewood desk. And one of the remarks made lately by the kind of man that makes such remarks is that the principal difference between a den and an office consists of the fact that people work in an office.

The study of Miss Grubb, a Barnard College Girl.

Yet there is much work, and serious work, too, completed in the dens of New York's bachelor girls. They write, they sketch, they sing or play, and they think out ideas a-plenty. They have their schedule of working hours, to which they adhere as faithfully as if a dreaded taskmaster stood over them with punishment condign ready to fall upon them in case of idleness.

But when the work day is over and the late afternoon and evening arrive, the toil, physical or mental, is laid aside, and the social side of bachelor girldom is in the ascendant.

Very few men manage to find their way into the New York bachelor girl's den. When both men and women have studios in the same building, as happens more or less, in all of them, there is of cause a certain amount of visiting, but the guests are supposed to stay for only a few moments, and a girl in whose room the same man was frequently found by the other girls would come in for no little displeasing criticism.

But there are little suppers—real little suppers, that is to say, and not the kind usually garnished with quotation marks—which are given by the girls to each other which are charming feasts in their way. The up-to-date bachelor girl is not the blue stocking that she was considered to be

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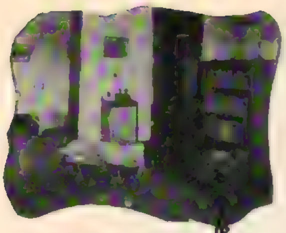
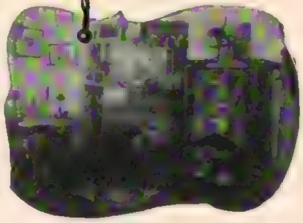


One of Miss Eimar's rooms in the Carnegie Building.

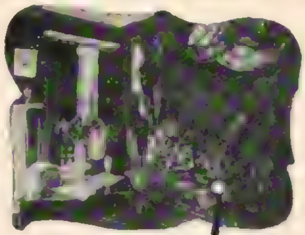
twenty or thirty years ago, or even so far back as the French dramatist Molière's time (who wrote one of his famous comedies around her), and such social gatherings as she makes for herself and her kind alone are not by any means lugubrious affairs. She knows the latest thing in Art, the Stage and even in Slang. And she uses the latter, too!



Miss Imogen De Witt's library in the West Fifty-sixth street studios.

The New York bachelor girl naturally takes views of life which are somewhat different from those entertained—or imagined to be entertained—by the ingenuous maiden who never leaves her mother's side until she is removed by the loving arms of a husband. The bachelor girl gets to know men pretty thoroughly. She knows their weaknesses and she knows their strength, and she can play the former against the latter in such a way as to ensure a pleasant social intercourse with them for herself without at the same time losing any of their respect. Many girls find this one of the most difficult things in the world to manage, but it can be done, if the proper method be pursued. The bachelor girl does it most successfully. A foreign writer has recently remarked of our people that the men are gradually acquiring certain feminine characteristics, while the women were becoming more manly. He made haste to explain that he meant not that the men were becoming effeminate, but that they were more sympathetic, had smaller hands and feet than they used to have, and were more susceptible to instinctive impression. By the change in the women he was referring to what is taking place with our bachelor girls, and in this regard he was quite right, while indulging in foolish statements in the other. The bachelor girl is certainly becoming more manly. In fact, this is so plain that we require no foreign writers to tell us of it.

How does the average of feminine beauty go among the bachelor girls of New York? Well, it cannot be said that it is any higher among them than in any other girl community, and it is probably not quite so high, for the prettiest girls among us do not care to live alone upon their own responsibilities, but though it is not desperately low, the New York bachelor girl is not hideous.



Turkish room in the suite of Miss Horner in the West Fifty-sixth street studios.

The music room in the apartments of Miss Dilley in the Carnegie Building

George J. Gould, Typical Young American.

THERE are, thank heaven, rich men among us who make us proud as a nation. In America we have men who are proud of having labored for their fortunes; who take up the great burden of wealth not as a pastime but as a sacred obligation; who are not content to hold wealth for mere luxury's sake, but are ready and willing to assume the duties of citizens. And every one loves a fighter—a man who will stand up for his rights and those of his friends because rights are to be defended.

Ask ten men who, in their opinion, is the leader amongst the foremost rich young men of the country in intelligence, energy and a fine and all-pervading Americanism, and unquestionably nine of them would give the name of George J. Gould. And whether he has courage, late events have shown.

The recent important fight in connection with the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company in which Mr. George J. Gould came out manfully for the interests of the stockholders, served over again to draw attention to a remarkable figure in the world of finance.

The late Jay Gould, a sharp, shrewd judge of his fellows and himself a man who had carved out his own fortune from the rough material of an humble beginning, paid the greatest tribute to his son when he left him the active working head of the great enterprises he had builded, and expressed in loving terms his appreciation of the worth, the brain and the heart of a son who at an early age shared his burdens.

To be merely rich is not commendable. George J. Gould is something more than this. Left with a fortune that would have turned the head of the average young man, he calmly, if perhaps anxiously, surveyed the situation, grasped the reins firmly, and set out to command conditions that might easily have been beyond the resources of older and more experienced men. So firm has been this grasp and so true the directing, that all the vast properties in which the Goulds are interested—the Manhattan Elevated, the Missouri Pacific, the Western Union and down the long line of important interests—have become greater in value, more important in their fields, and stand as splendid examples of American integrity and honor and fine monuments to the man who is guiding their destinies.

But Mr. Gould has another side entirely apart from the world of finance and railroads. Mr. Gould is charitable where charity seems helpful, not because he is rich but because his heart is in the right place.

He does not pose as a philanthropist. Posing is somewhat foreign to a man of his calibre. Only he himself knows (and he does not often care to tell), what good he has done and how he has done it during the course of a life which, though crowded as the life of such a man must be, has not yet kept him too busy for a glance with softened eyes at less fortunate mortals, and thus, while reaping as the brain has pointed out, he has also sown according to the dictates of one who is a man first and a leader afterwards.

Mr. Gould in starting in active life as he did himself when a very young man, has faith in young men. He loves independence, energy, enthusiasm, and those

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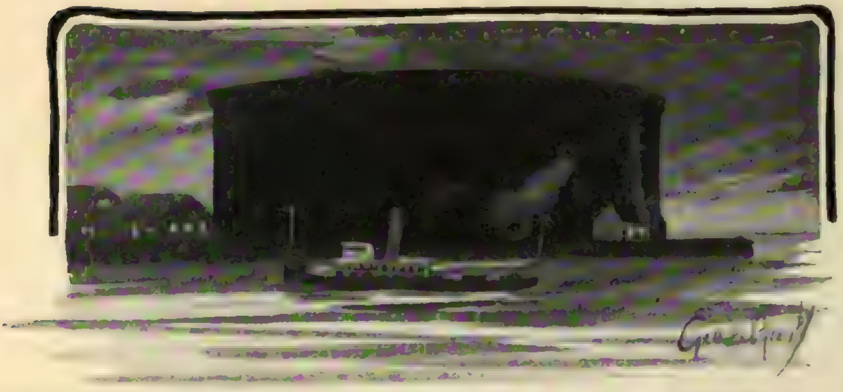
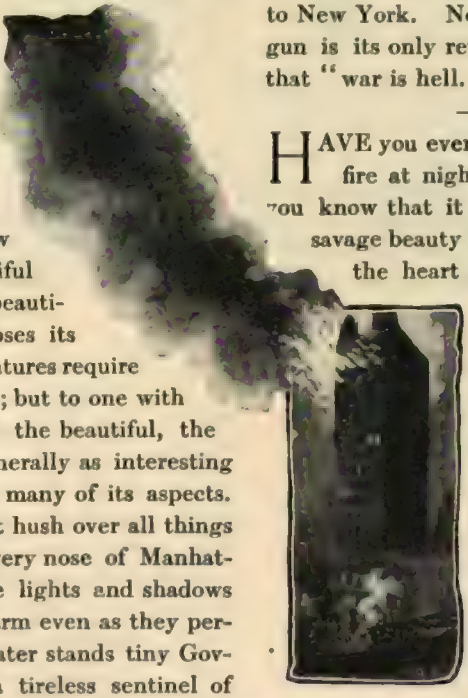


"*like a tireless sentinel of the night, with grim Fort Williams outlined against the darkling sky."

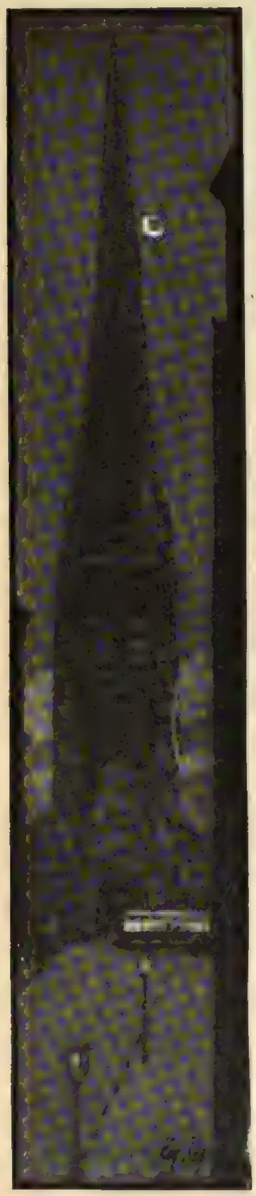
WHEN evening settles over the town and the normal colors of building, water and tree lose their definiteness in the great soft blue of twilight, there comes a change, and the things of day take on new shapes and significance. The commonplace becomes weird, or strange, or fascinating as the matter lends itself to the new influence; the beautiful often becomes more beautiful and as often loses its charm if its salient features require the glare of daylight; but to one with any appreciation of the beautiful, the transformation is generally as interesting as it is mysterious in many of its aspects.

Even with a great hush over all things at the Battery, the very nose of Manhattan Island, there are lights and shadows that lend a new charm even as they perplex. Across the water stands tiny Governor's Island like a tireless sentinel of the night, with grim Fort Williams outlined against the darkling sky. Governor's Island, during the day, is a vivid bit of stone and green, embedded in the seascape, and as clearly cut as a piece of glass. At night it is only an indefinite spot, hardly suggestive of those dark days when North was fighting South to the death. Then Fort Williams served as a prison for the Confederate prisoners sent to New York. Now the booming sunset gun is its only reminder to New Yorkers that "war is hell."



"*towering insolently far above their heads and spitting out angry forks of fire from its upper windows."

HAVE you ever seen a high building on fire at night? If you have, then you know that it has no counterpart in savage beauty or the terror that strikes the heart cold. New York has not had many serious fires in its great skyscrapers, but one fire of this kind in a generation is an object lesson that leaves its mark. Not long ago, in lower New York, a fire started in a big building that was supposed to be fireproof; that is to say, it was believed by its owners, and guaranteed by its builders, that if ever



"The glimpse of the new moon behind the graceful spire of Trinity.

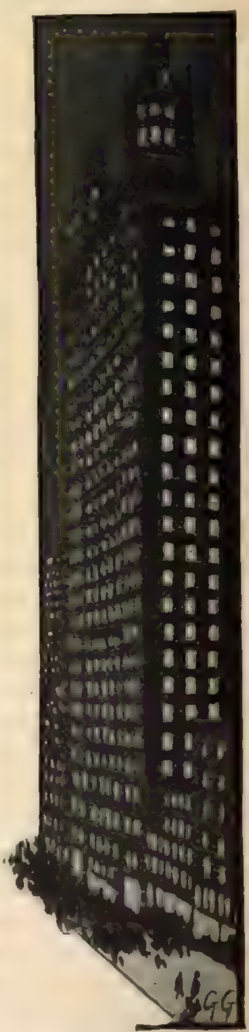
a fire started on any floor, it would be confined to the room, or the suites of rooms, in which it began. The owners were mistaken and the builders lied. The fire started on the top floor. Two minutes after the alarm had been rung in, the engines were on the spot. The hearts of the firemen quaked but did not fail. They knew the terrible work on hand and faced it like men. That tall building, towering insolently far above their heads, and spitting out angry forks of fire from its upper windows, seemed a living, spiteful menace that spoke its defiance in tongues of flame.

The firemen did their duty at once, unquestioningly, as they always do; but the building was lost. It served as a terrible lesson to cock-sure owners of so-called fireproof structures, but it also furnished one of the most gorgeous night spectacles New York has ever seen. The immense, hulking form of the granite giant glowered stories above its neighbors.

From the top floor downward the fire crept, sometimes stealthily, again with a hoarse crackle, and all the while leaping out from the structure on all sides in spiteful lurid jets, and lighting up the city for blocks around. Imagine a great bonfire, 250 feet high, burning fiercely and fed by fire-seasoned wood, and far out of reach of ordinary human agencies!

It was not, thank heaven, a dwelling house, and lives of inmates were not in peril. It was, therefore, all the more excusable that several thousand beings should have stood in awe-struck admiration of a spectacle that was far grander than any Nero could have conceived without the aid of a fireproof sky-scraper.

THESE same sky-scrapers furnish fairy-land pictures even when lighted in an ordinary manner. Take the Syndicate Building on Park Row. As dusk approaches and deepens, lights begin to dot the windows in its twenty-three stories, and when



"* brilliantly ablaze from the broad entrance to its eyrie top —away up in midair."

The grandeur of the Washington Arch and glare of the automobile in curious juxtaposition.

the full dark has finally arrived, that wonderful pile is brilliantly ablaze in dashes of light from the broad entrance to its eyrie top-away up in midair.

WALL STREET during the day is a seething ant-hill of humanity. It is a place of rush, and crush, and turmoil; at night it is like unto the Deserted Village. Stand at noon-time in front of the Sub-Treasury Building, look west towards Broadway and the eye is met by a changing panorama composed of swarming busy thousands; stand in the same spot seven hours later and the outline of Trinity Church facing Wall street is the only thing that meets the view. An occasional solitary figure only accentuates the barrenness of the deserted street. But the glimpse of the new moon behind the graceful spire of Trinity, sharply pointing its way heaven-ward, is in fitting accord with the grave toll of the church bell that lends the place an almost sylvan air. And not even a brightly lighted but almost empty Broadway car gliding swiftly by can mar the serious tones of the picture.

It is urban and suburban shown in fondest embrace.

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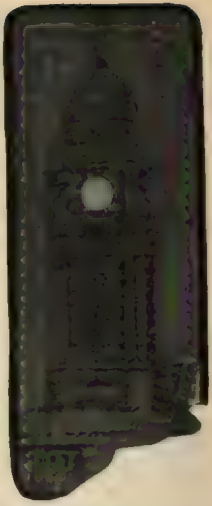
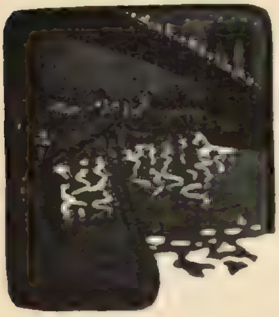
NEW YORK is a city of long, straight avenues. No other city in the world outside of the new part of Paris gives a better idea of street and block symmetry than New York above Fourteenth street. London of the daylight is a maze; at night it is all knots. Its streets, as a rule, begin anywhere and seem to end in the same way. But New York's wide avenues, running north and south, and intersected at regular intervals by the cross streets, are a good example of how a modern city should be laid out. And yet the average New Yorker would probably be surprised if he were told that his city is almost ideal in this respect. He has accepted the condition without question.

These long stretches of avenues are in themselves a picturesque feature of night life in New York. They unfold before the eye in serried blocks far to the north and to the south, dotted on each side with miles upon miles of street lamps, and furnishing an object lesson in municipal lighting. Not so many years ago, New York's illuminating facilities disgraced the city. To-day they are almost perfect. Thanks to the awful domination of Tammany, there is no other municipality in America that is so well and effectively lighted. This combination of utility and beauty adds a potent attractiveness to New York after dark. To be sure, in the lower east and west sides there is not much to boast of in the way of well-lighted avenues, for the streets are neither very long nor very well lighted. A more bewildering maze could hardly be imagined than the jumble of broken up streets in New York's Ghetto; and even old picturesque Greenwich village on the west side is strangely lacking in any degree of symmetry. But Broadway and Fifth and Madison avenues, and beautiful Eighth avenue running up along the west side of Central Park, sweep through the town in brave array; the Paris boulevards could scarcely show a more gorgeous aspect when the lights are lit than these splendid examples of New York's street engineering. During the day they are busy, and crowded, and


The clock in the City Hall tower that gives the time to homeward bound Brooklynites.

When the Storm King holds reign in New York.


A night impression of Brooklyn Bridge.

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" Beautiful Eighth avenue running up along the west side of Central Park." The Columbus Monument is shown in the foreground. It is centred in the Circle at West Fifty-ninth street.

thoroughly metropolitan. At night they are glittering avenues of Fairyland—truly a transformation of the commonplace.

NEW YORK is to-day in a state of upheaval; the subway, the numerous theatres, hotels and apartment houses going up in block after block, east, west, north and south form a bewildering if not a beautiful display of building materials. Every new structure means new life and new ambitions and new activities; and consequently a greater spending of money and more lavish entertainment —which means active night-life.

(Other articles will follow in this series.)

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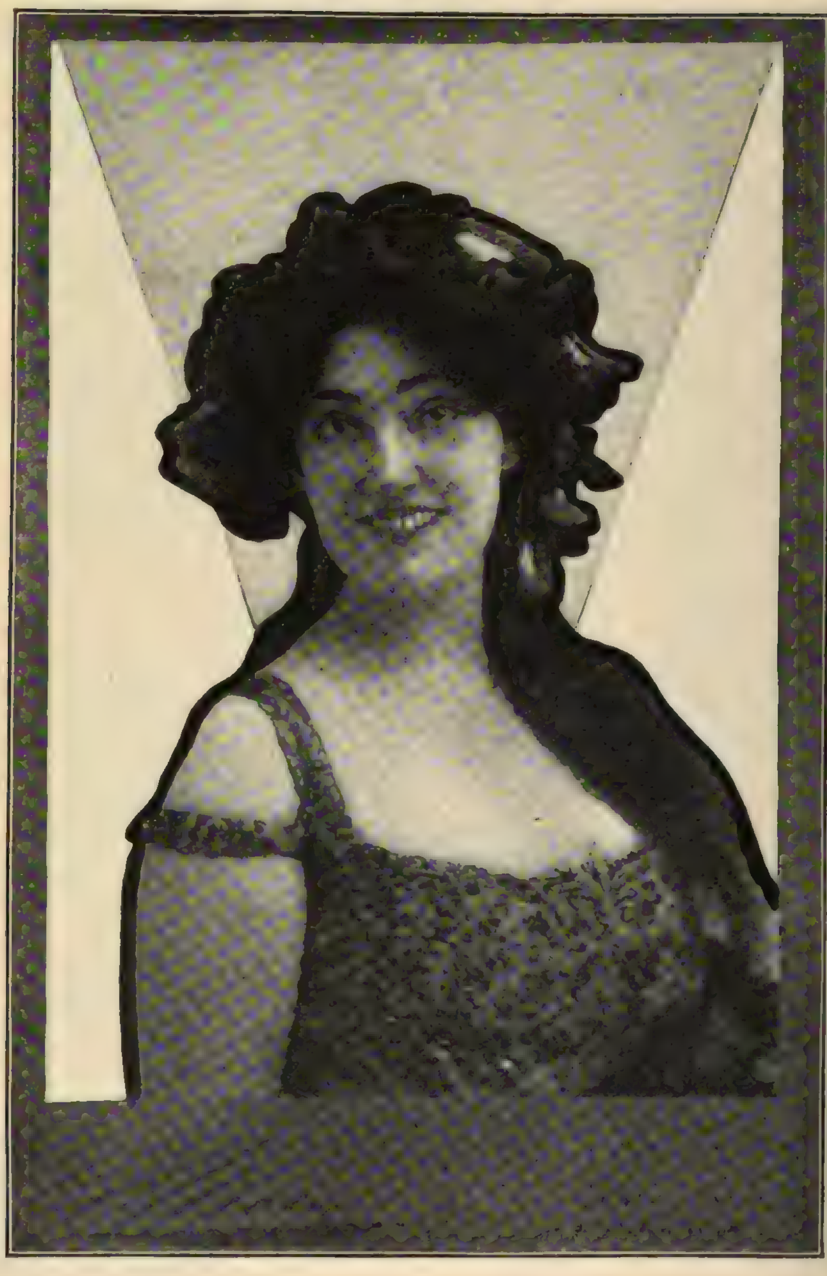

MISS HELEN MARVIN.

Who takes the part of *Nan* in "The Country Girl." Miss Marvin comes from the chorus.

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MISS KATHERINE KEYES.

A member of the Walker Whiteside Company, presenting Shakespearian and romantic plays on the road.

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The Stage in New York.

DISCUSSED WITH VERY LITTLE PREJUDICE.

WITH FLASHLIGHTS BY BYRON AND HALL, NEW YORK, AND BAKER, COLUMBUS.

"THE STUBBORNNESS OF GERALDINE."

MISS MARY MANNERING is a most beautiful woman. There are few women on the stage to-day who can boast of half her physical charms; but there have been many folks who have contended that Miss Mannering could not act. She did not disprove this in "Janice Meredith," which was a good money maker, but a bad play. In the new Fitch comedy, "The Stubbornness of Geraldine," Miss Mannering is still beautiful; but she also acts.

Mr. Fitch has written a play that does not in its every act show the hand of the skilled craftsman; it is almost uncouth in some of its structural weaknesses, and yet it possesses an undeniable charm and a pretty sentiment which atone for mere technical faults.

Geraldine Lang (Miss Mannering) is an heiress returning home to America for the first time in fourteen years. A young Hungarian nobleman, *Count Carlos Kinsey*, who is coming to America to seek his fortune, meets her in the moonlight, and over the steamer rail makes love in the insidious fashion of his kind. But he is no purse-seeking noble; he hides his title, though he plays a Magyar air on his violin; and this ends a very pretty bit of wooing. In the next act *Geraldine* is found in the house her uncle has left her. *Count Kinsey, sans* title, calls. He meets *Geraldine's* friends; there are stories of a *Kinsey* who is a devil of a roué and a bad man generally; *Geraldine* is told of these things; this is where her stubbornness comes in, for she has absolute faith in her lover and refuses to believe he is not the man he seems.

Photo by Schloss, N. Y.

MISS ELEANOR KENT.

Prima donna in "The Billionaire."

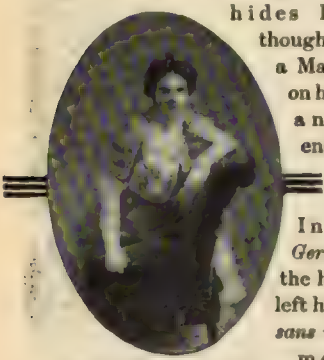

Photo by Sarony, N. Y.

MISS FAY DAVIS.

Who makes her first American appearance as Mr. Faversham's leading lady in H. V. Esmond's latest play "Imprudence."

The rest of the story is the attempt of every one to overcome *Geraldine's* stubbornness by apparently proving that the man she loves is a scoundrel and her final triumph when it is shown that Mr. Fitch has given *Count Kinsey* a very bad brother for dramatic purposes. Naturally, there is a wedding after the curtain goes down.

Photo by White, N. Y.

MISS OLA HUMPHREY.

Princess Flavia in Messrs Shipman's "The Prisoner of Zenda" Company.

Miss Mannering is winning and altogether lovable as *Geraldine*. She looks girlish, is girlish and the illusion of the stubborn girl with the heart of a woman is complete. There is about Miss Mannering's latest rôle an odor of freshness and schoolgirlishness grown into womanliness that is a great solace and relief in these days of tempestuous emotions and psychological mental processes that fatigue even as they interest.

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Blood will tell. In "The Stubbornness of Geraldine" the rôle of *Mrs. Wrighton* is played by Mrs. Hone. This is her début on the stage; but as the daughter of the famous old actress, Mrs. Hoey, it is not surprising that she shows all the skill of a veteran player. Mrs. Hone at once takes her place amongst the very foremost

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of our stage exponents of the middle-aged matron. A Mrs. Le Moyne could not play *Mrs. Wrighton* with greater grace or distinction than are displayed by Mrs. Hone, and that is a double-ply compliment.

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Photo by Sarony, N. Y.

MISS VIRGINIA HARNED.

Who takes the part of *Iris* in the much-discussed play of that name.

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Photo by McMichael & Gro, New York.

MR. EDWARD ELSNER.

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Miss N. De Silva again handicapped her husband's performance by a voice and a method that more nearly fit an American soubrette than a leading lady of an eminent English star. But Mr. Harvey is loyal; he will have no other leading lady.

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THE hero of the play by Charles Hannon, adapted from Marion Crawford's novel, could be played as well by only one American actor, Mr. Richard Mansfield—although the methods of the two men differ vastly. *Count Skariatine*, who knows that he is noble but cannot remember his name, and who goes to work in a cigarette factory, and becomes beloved of his fellow workers who think him mad, is suited to the temperament, the methods and the personality of Mr. Harvey. This gentle nobleman who for six days in the week is content to lead the honest but hard, dull life of a cigarette maker, but who on each Wednesday dresses himself in his poor rusty best and awaits the coming of his friends and the restoration of his estates, is an appealing and sympathetic figure which, played by an artist like Mr. Harvey, arouses a keen admiration and a strange tugging love; and when, with the help of his honest co-workers, his memory returns to him and he discovers that his cousin has used both title and wealth and is told to go forthwith without punishment, it is like the great simple heart of the man. Finally, when he introduces as his future countess the girl who has sold her beautiful head of hair in order that he might pay a debt of honor, it is a tribute to the player and the rôle that the audience accepts the situation with brimming eyes and a belief that it should be so.

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Photo by McIntosh, N. Y.

MISS MOLLIE SHERWOOD

Who is to appear in a new Lederer production, and in private life is Mrs. W. A. McConnell.

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George J. Gould, Typical Young American.

THERE are, thank heaven, rich men among us who make us proud as a nation. In America we have men who are proud of having labored for their fortunes; who take up the great burden of wealth not as a pastime but as a sacred obligation; who are not content to hold wealth for mere luxury's sake, but are ready and willing to assume the duties of citizens. And every one loves a fighter—a man who will stand up for his rights and those of his friends because rights are to be defended.

Ask ten men who, in their opinion, is the leader amongst the foremost rich young men of the country in intelligence, energy and a fine and all-pervading Americanism, and unquestionably nine of them would give the name of George J. Gould. And whether he has courage, late events have shown.

The recent important fight in connection with the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company in which Mr. George J. Gould came out manfully for the interests of the stockholders, served over again to draw attention to a remarkable figure in the world of finance.

The late Jay Gould, a sharp, shrewd judge of his fellows and himself a man who had carved out his own fortune from the rough material of an humble beginning, paid the greatest tribute to his son when he left him the active working head of the great enterprises he had builded, and expressed in loving terms his appreciation of the worth, the brain and the heart of a son who at an early age shared his burdens.

To be merely rich is not commendable. George J. Gould is something more than this. Left with a fortune that would have turned the head of the average young man, he calmly, if perhaps anxiously, surveyed the situation, grasped the reins firmly, and set out to command conditions that might easily have been beyond the resources of older and more experienced men. So firm has been this grasp and so true the directing, that all the vast properties in which the Goulds are interested—the Manhattan Elevated, the Missouri Pacific, the Western Union and down the long line of important interests—have become greater in value, more important in their fields, and stand as splendid examples of American integrity and honor and fine monuments to the man who is guiding their destinies.

But Mr. Gould has another side entirely apart from the world of finance and railroads. Mr. Gould is charitable where charity seems helpful, not because he is rich but because his heart is in the right place.

He does not pose as a philanthropist. Posing is somewhat foreign to a man of his calibre. Only he himself knows (and he does not often care to tell), what good he has done and how he has done it during the course of a life which, though crowded as the life of such a man must be, has not yet kept him too busy for a glance with softened eyes at less fortunate mortals, and thus, while reaping as the brain has pointed out, he has also sown according to the dictates of one who is a man first and a leader afterwards.

Mr. Gould in starting in active life as he did himself when a very young man, has faith in young men. He loves independence, energy, enthusiasm, and those

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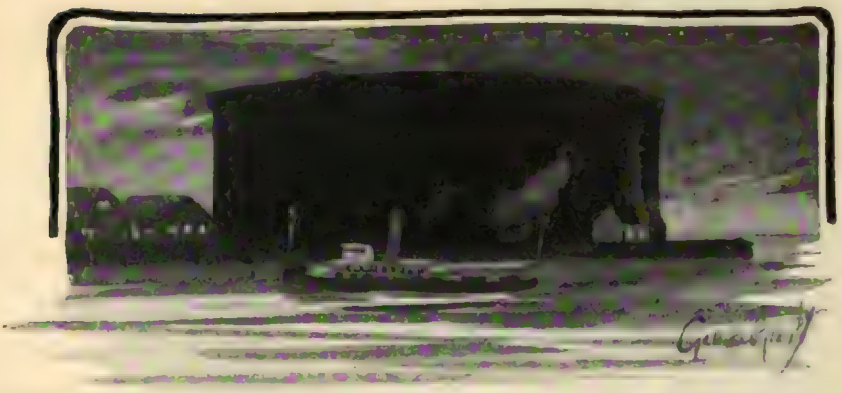
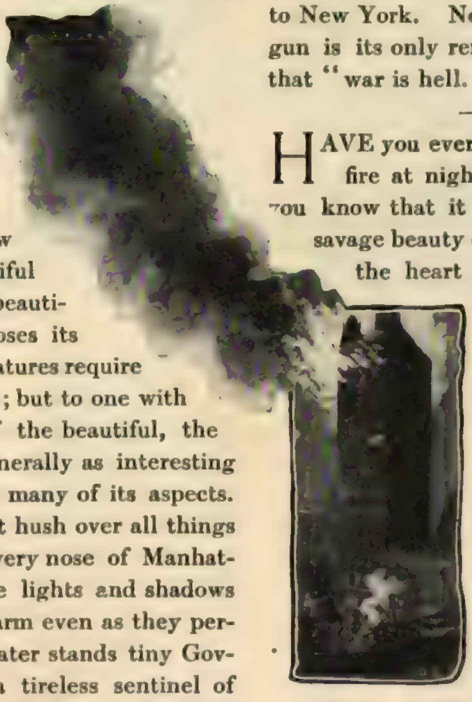


" * like a tireless sentinel of the night, with grim Fort Williams outlined against the darkling sky."

WHEN evening settles over the town and the normal colors of building, water and tree lose their definiteness in the great soft blue of twilight, there comes a change, and the things of day take on new shapes and significance. The commonplace becomes weird, or strange, or fascinating as the matter lends itself to the new influence; the beautiful often becomes more beautiful and as often loses its charm if its salient features require the glare of daylight; but to one with any appreciation of the beautiful, the transformation is generally as interesting as it is mysterious in many of its aspects.

Even with a great hush over all things at the Battery, the very nose of Manhattan Island, there are lights and shadows that lend a new charm even as they perplex. Across the water stands tiny Governor's Island like a tireless sentinel of the night, with grim Fort Williams outlined against the darkling sky. Governor's Island, during the day, is a vivid bit of stone and green, embedded in the seascape, and as clearly cut as a piece of glass. At night it is only an indefinite spot, hardly suggestive of those dark days when North was fighting South to the death. Then Fort Williams served as a prison for the Confederate prisoners sent to New York. Now the booming sunset gun is its only reminder to New Yorkers that "war is hell."

HAVE you ever seen a high building on fire at night? If you have, then you know that it has no counterpart in savage beauty or the terror that strikes the heart cold. New York has not had many serious fires in its great skyscrapers, but one fire of this kind in a generation is an object lesson that leaves its mark. Not long ago, in lower New York, a fire started in a big building that was supposed to be fireproof; that is to say, it was believed by its owners, and guaranteed by its builders, that if ever



" * towering insolently far above their heads and spitting out angry forks of fire from its upper windows."

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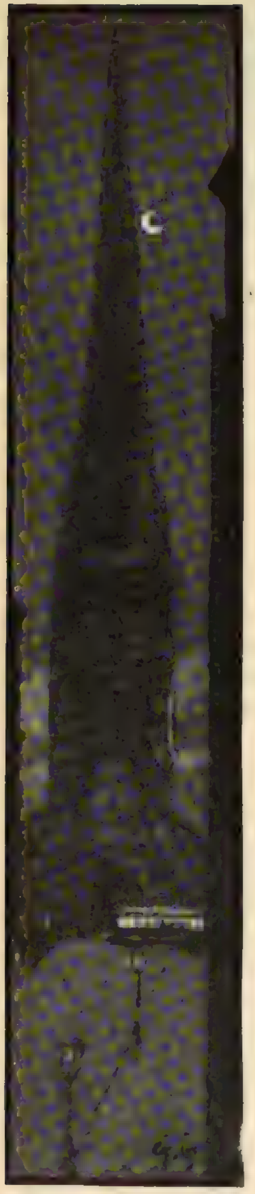


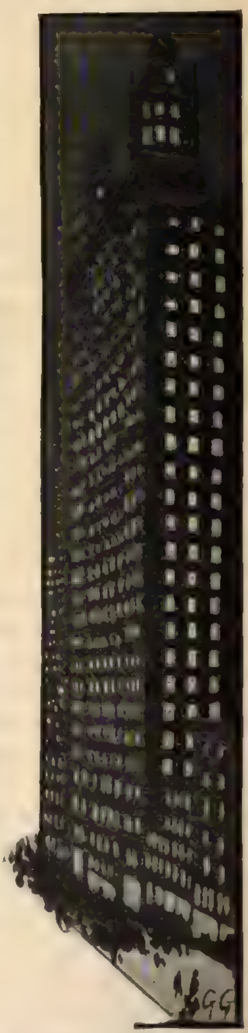
“The glimpse of the new moon behind the graceful spire of Trinity.

a fire started on any floor, it would be confined to the room, or the suites of rooms, in which it began. The owners were mistaken and the builders lied. The fire started on the top floor. Two minutes after the alarm had been rung in, the engines were on the spot. The hearts of the firemen quaked but did not fail. They knew the terrible work on hand and faced it like men. That tall building, towering insolently far above their heads, and spitting out angry forks of fire from its upper windows, seemed a living, spiteful menace that spoke its defiance in tongues of flame.

The firemen did their duty at once, unquestioningly, as they always do; but the building was lost. It served as a terrible lesson to cock-sure owners of so-called fireproof structures, but it also furnished one of the most gorgeous night spectacles New York has ever seen. The immense, hulking form of the granite giant glowered stories above its neighbors.

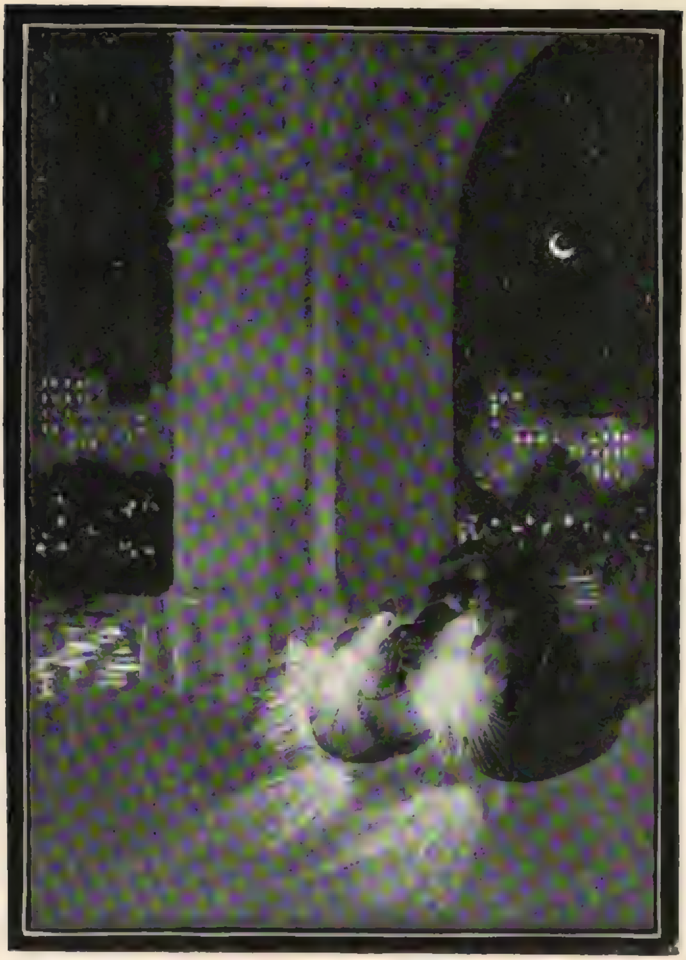
From the top floor downward the fire crept, sometimes stealthily, again with a hoarse crackle, and all the while leaping out from the structure on all sides in spiteful lurid jets, and lighting up the city for blocks around. Imagine a great bonfire, 250 feet high, burning fiercely and fed by fire-seasoned wood, and far out of reach of ordinary human agencies!

It was not, thank heaven, a dwelling house, and lives of inmates were not in peril. It was, therefore, all the more excusable that several thousand beings should have stood in awe-struck admiration of a spectacle that was far grander than any Nero could have conceived without the aid of a fireproof sky-scraper.



“* brilliantly ablaze from the broad entrance to its eyrie top —away up in midair.”

THESE same sky-scrapers furnish fairy-land pictures even when lighted in an ordinary manner. Take the Syndicate Building on Park Row. As dusk approaches and deepens, lights begin to dot the windows in its twenty-three stories, and when



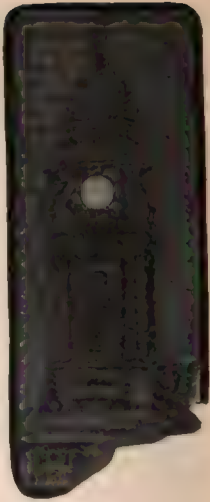
The grandeur of the Washington Arch and glare of the automobile in curious juxtaposition.

the full dark has finally arrived, that wonderful pile is brilliantly ablaze in dashes of light from the broad entrance to its eyrie top-away up in midair.

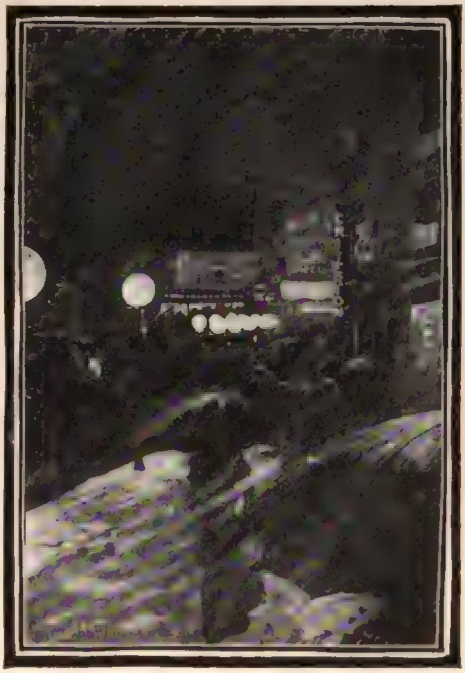
WALL STREET during the day is a seething ant-hill of humanity. It is a place of rush, and crush, and turmoil; at night it is like unto the Deserted Village. Stand at noon-time in front of the Sub-Treasury Building, look west towards Broadway and the eye is met by a changing panorama composed of swarming busy thousands; stand in the same spot seven hours later and the outline of Trinity Church facing Wall street is the only thing that meets the view. An occasional solitary figure only accentuates the barrenness of the deserted street. But the glimpse of the new moon behind the graceful spire of Trinity, sharply pointing its way heaven-ward, is in fitting accord with the grave toll of the church bell that lends the place an almost sylvan air. And not even a brightly lighted but almost empty Broadway car gliding swiftly by can mar the serious tones of the picture.

It is urban and suburban shown in fondest embrace.

NEW YORK is a city of long, straight avenues. No other city in the world outside of the new part of Paris gives a better idea of street and block symmetry than New York above Fourteenth street. London of the daylight is a maze; at night it is all knots. Its streets, as a rule, begin anywhere and seem to end in the same way. But New York's wide avenues, running north and south, and intersected at regular intervals by the cross streets, are a good example of how a modern city should be laid out. And yet the average New Yorker would probably be surprised if he were told that his city is almost ideal in this respect. He has accepted the condition without question.



The clock in the City Hall tower that gives the time to homeward bound Brooklynites.



When the Storm King holds reign in New York.

These long stretches of avenues are in themselves a picturesque feature of night life in New York. They unfold before the eye in serried blocks far to the north and to the south, dotted on each side with miles upon miles of street lamps, and furnishing an object lesson in municipal lighting. Not so many years ago, New York's illuminating facilities disgraced the city. To-day they are almost perfect. Thanks to the awful domination of Tammany, there is no other municipality in America that is so well and effectively lighted. This combination of utility and beauty adds a potent attractiveness to New York after dark. To be sure, in the lower east and west sides there is not much to boast of in the way of well-lighted avenues, for the streets are neither very long nor very well lighted. A more bewildering maze could hardly be imagined than the jumble of broken up streets in New York's Ghetto; and even old picturesque Greenwich village on the west side is strangely lacking in any degree of symmetry. But Broadway and Fifth and Madison avenues, and beautiful Eighth avenue running up along the west side of Central Park, sweep through the town in brave array; the Paris boulevards could scarcely show a more gorgeous aspect when the lights are lit than these splendid examples of New York's street engineering. During the day they are busy, and crowded, and

A night impression of Brooklyn Bridge.

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" Beautiful Eighth avenue running up along the west side of Central Park." The Columbus Monument is shown in the foreground. It is centred in the Circle at West Fifty-ninth street.

thoroughly metropolitan. At night they are glittering avenues of Fairyland—truly a transformation of the commonplace.

NEW YORK is to-day in a state of upheaval; the subway, the numerous theatres, hotels and apartment houses going up in block after block, east, west, north and south form a bewildering if not a beautiful display of building materials. Every new structure means new life and new ambitions and new activities; and consequently a greater spending of money and more lavish entertainment—which means active night-life.

(Other articles will follow in this series.)

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MISS HELEN MARVIN.

Who takes the part of *Nan* in "The Country Girl." Miss Marvin comes from the chorus.

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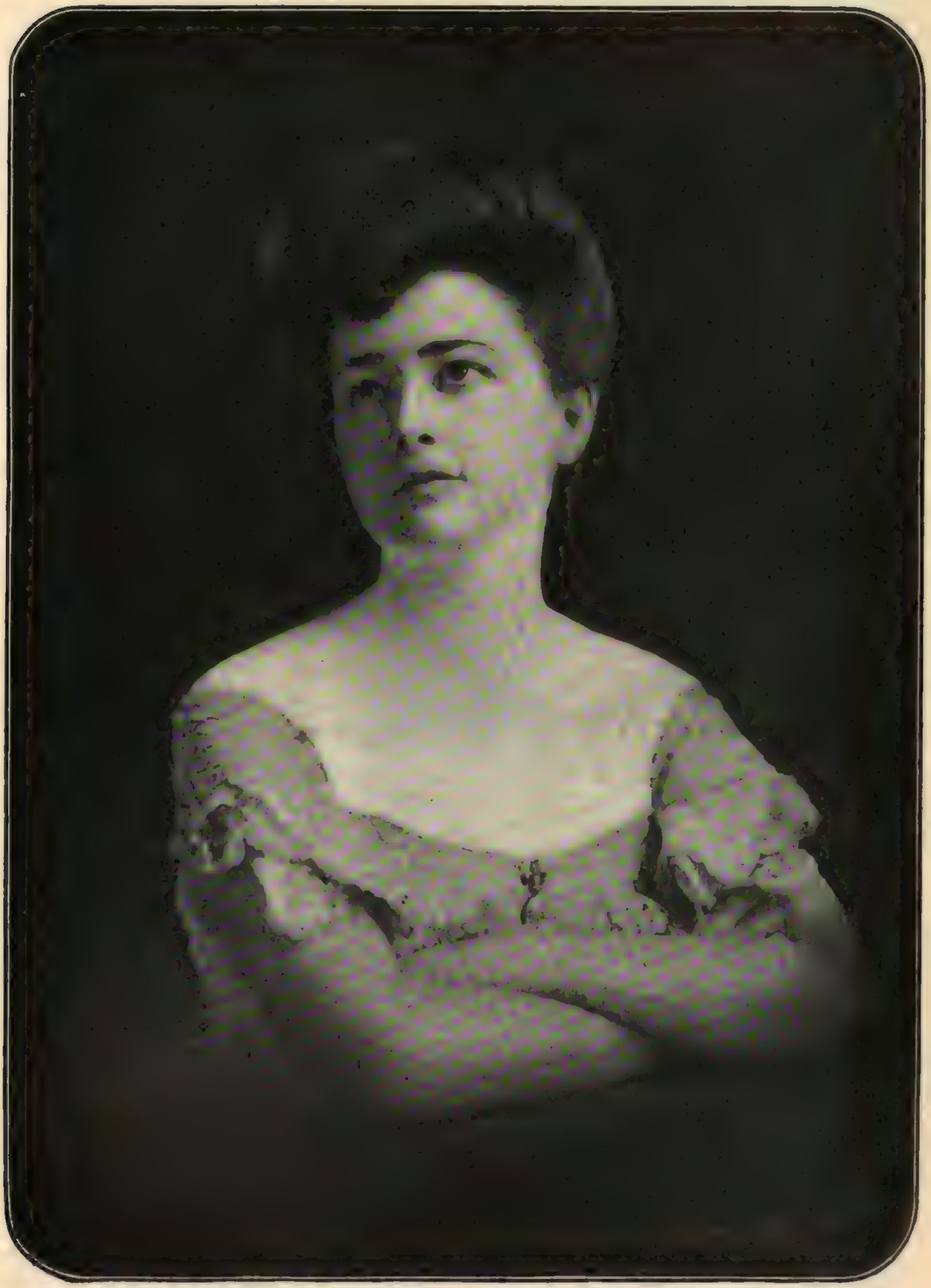

MISS KATHERINE KEYES.

A member of the Walker Whiteside Company, presenting Shakespearian and romantic plays on the road.

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The Stage in New York.

Discussed With Very Little Prejudice.

With Flashlights by Byron and Hall, New York, and Baker, Columbus.

"THE STUBBORNNESS OF GERALDINE."

MISS MARY MANNERING is a most beautiful woman. There are few women on the stage to-day who can boast of half her physical charms; but there have been many folks who have contended that Miss Mannering could not act. She did not disprove this in "Janice Meredith," which was a good money maker, but a bad play. In the new Fitch comedy, "The Stubbornness of Geraldine," Miss Mannering is still beautiful; but she also acts.

Mr. Fitch has written a play that does not in its every act show the hand of the skilled craftsman; it is almost uncouth in some of its structural weaknesses, and yet it possesses an undeniable charm and a pretty sentiment which atone for mere technical faults.

Geraldine Lang (Miss Mannering) is an heiress returning home to America for the first time in fourteen years. A young Hungarian nobleman, *Count Carlos Kinsey*, who is coming to America to seek his fortune, meets her in the moonlight, and over the steamer rail makes love in the insidious fashion of his kind. But he is no purse-seeking noble; he hides his title, though he plays a Magyar air on his violin; and this ends a very pretty bit of wooing. In the next act *Geraldine* is found in the house her uncle has left her. *Count Kinsey*, *sans* title, calls. He meets *Geraldine's* friends; there are stories of a *Kinsey* who is a devil of a roué and a bad man generally; *Geraldine* is told of these things; this is where her stubbornness comes in, for she has absolute faith in her lover and refuses to believe he is not the man he seems.

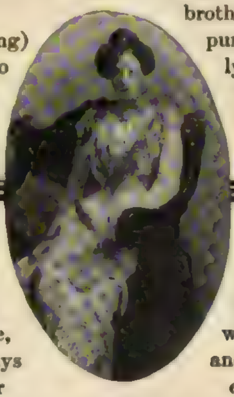

Photo by Schloss, N. Y.

MISS ELEANOR KENT.

Prima donna in "The Billionaire."

Photo by Sarony, N. Y.

MISS FAY DAVIS.

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Photo by McIntosh, N. Y.

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Scene from "Tommy Rot" at Mrs. Osborn's Playhouse, showing Mr. Richard Lambart, as *Lord Dope*, singing to the pretty Show Girls of the company.

New York and during his tour throughout the country. This play deserves full houses.

Miss De Silva plays the rôle of *Skariatine's* sweetheart. To those who have seen Mr. Harvey's leading lady in any of his productions at the Herald Square, this statement is sufficient.

Scenes from the second and fourth acts of "The Crisis," the play dramatized by the author from Winston Churchill's novel.

"AMONG THOSE PRESENT."

MRS. LE MOYNE must be exceedingly careful. She cannot afford to try the patience of her many admirers as she has been doing this season. It is a very laudable ambition to star, but even enthusiastic friends are likely to lose all hope when a woman of Mrs. Le Moyne's undoubted ability would rather appear in a dramatic monstrosity like "Among Those Present" rather than not star at all. Mr. Glen MacDonough has been pretty roundly abused during the past few years by New York's critics although he has done some good work, notably for Miss Irwin. How a man of his experience, could possibly imagine that "Among Those Present" is or ever could be a satire on society is past comprehension. It is the dolefullest, most irritating and innocuous piffle amongst any of the so-called society plays that New York has seen for the past ten years. Mr. MacDonough could more easily have dramatized any copy of *Town Topics* and made a much better society play than he offered to Mrs. Le Moyne, for he would then at least have given New York some glimpses of society as it is.

Mr. MacDonough should not be entirely blamed. He had a play to sell and he sold it. Mrs. Le Moyne, however, is a cultured woman and an experienced actress. She must also have a good knowledge of what constitutes society; then, too, she owed something to those many friends who have been doing their best to bottle up their enthusiasm, and she owed something to New York theatre-goers, who do not easily forget insults to their intelligence.

"Among Those Present" will undoubtedly hereafter be among the absent. As this sounds very trite, let me rather say: "Requiescat in pace."

Photo by Marceau, N. Y.
Mrs. Le Moyne, the star of "Among Those Present."

"THE MOCKING BIRD."

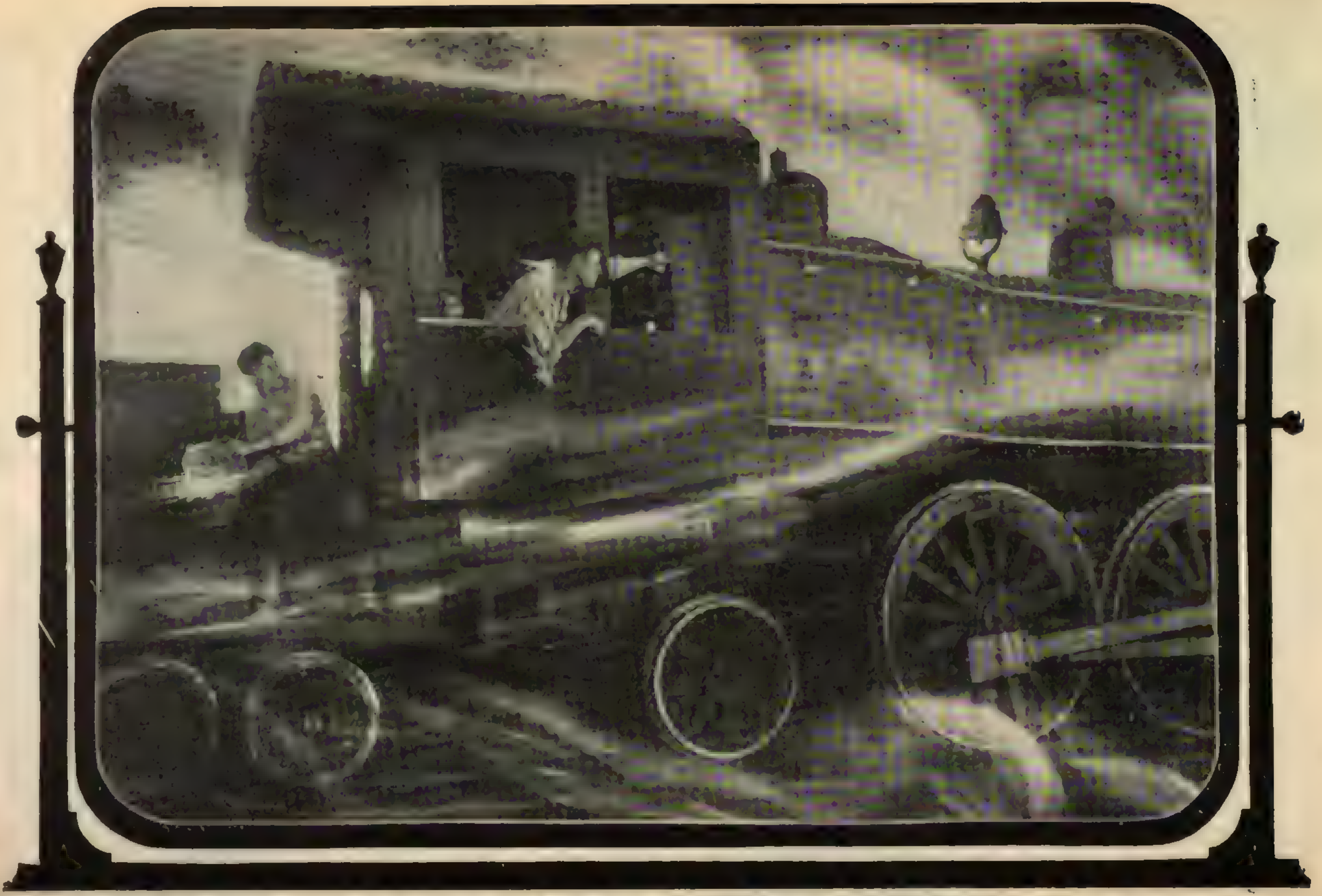
MR. SYDNEY ROSENFELD is one of our good old dramatic standbys. First of all, however, he is Tinker-in-Ordinary to the American stage. He has propped up more limping dramas and covered more dramatic sins committed by other playwrights than any man in America to-day, and yet, when writing a play all by himself, his loneliness palls upon him and he grows fidgity and uncertain. However, he is a fine member of the good old Order of United Theatrical Workmen.

Mr. Hackett and Miss Charlotte Walker in Act II. of "The Crisis."

Now, as to "The Mocking Bird." Here is more nearly a good libretto of the old comic opera school than New York has had for a long time. It has three times as much coherency as the book of average musical comedy, with about one-half of its easy charm. It has the saving grace of being intelligible and at the same time there seems to be more or less dramatic purpose for the scenes; and the lyrics themselves were written for ordinarily sane people. The book, however, is not of the vintage of '03.

A. Baldwin Sloane wrote the music. Any composer whose wish it is to write popular musical jingle is terribly handicapped with a name that suggests a railroad president or the re-

Scene in last act of "The Stubbornness of Geraldine" at the Garrick. Miss Mannering on the extreme left, with Mrs. Hone standing beside her.



BYRON'S REMARKABLE FLASHLIGHT OF THE GREAT ENGINE SCENE FROM "THE NINETY AND NINE" AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

In this scene the hero mounts an engine and rides through a torrent of flame to the rescue of a town. The scene is made tremendously realistic by the illusion of the passing country as the engine dashes on.

Go gle

tired member of a furniture house. However, Mr. Sloane does very well notwithstanding his handicap. The music of "The Mocking Bird" is trifling in the extreme, but it is dainty and—to use a word that described the Sullivan operas away back in the 80's—catchy. There is never any paroxysm of feeling or depth of significance about Mr. Sloane's music; it is just nice, smooth, tripping melody that makes you sit up without giving you a headache. To say that he has done his best for "The Mocking Bird," is to admit that there are several earfulls of song and dance in the piece. Miss Mabelle Gilman whose song, "Eyes of Blue" at the New York Theatre last winter, made her a celebrity for the entire membership rolls of Columbia and Princeton, is more of a soubrette and at the same time less of a soubrette than any of the young women now before the public in comic opera and musical comedy rôles. She has much of the archness of Lulu Glaser and the quiet humor of Virginia Earle; coupled with these is her own deprecating gayety and a pouting, girlish simpering that is not unpleasant to behold. In "The Mocking Bird" Miss Gilman has a rôle that fits her well; or, rather, she has taken a rôle and made it fit her like a glove. Miss Gilman knows how to sing a song so that it does not sound like an illustrated joke or nursery patter. The lines are as plainly rendered as if given in recitative—which is nice for the lyric writer if the words are good, and not nice if they are bad.

The impressive closing scene of the morality play, "Everyman." Miss Wynne Matthieson as *Everyman* in the centre.

The Sire Brothers have given a very handsome mounting to "The Mocking Bird," and as comic opera stars are scarce and good ones almost extinct it is probable that they will have a gold mine in Miss Gilman.

Photo by McIntosh, N. Y.
Miss Drina De Wolfe in "Tommy Rot" at Mrs. Osborn's Playhouse.

Photo by Schloss, N. Y.
Mr. Chauncey Olcott as *Neil O'Brien* in "Old Limerick Town."

"TOMMY ROT."

MRS. OSBORN is a courageous woman. Otherwise she would not have kept "Tommy Rot" on the stage of her playhouse for any length of time after the white-heat roasting it received at the

AMERICA'S MATINEE HEROES.

MR. ASA LEE WILLARD.

One of the coming leading men is Asa Lee Willard. Mr. Willard is from Seattle and has done fine work in support of Henry Miller, Nance O'Neill and Frederick Warde. He has been leading man in "The Village Postmaster" and "Brother Officers," but his strong work is in stock. He has been prominently connected with companies in San Francisco, Denver, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Chicago and Toledo. He has started his New York career with the Proctor companies. Mr. Willard has a fine presence and strong personality; he is exceedingly clever and versatile, and is destined before long not only to reach, but to remain on Broadway. His work is of too high an order for his present atmosphere. He has strong dramatic ability and handles his roles with the finish of an artist.

Photograph by Bundy, Albany.

MISS ADELAIDE WISE, LEADING WOMAN.

Miss Wise is a handsome young woman from California who recently went on the stage. She began at the foot of the ladde by playing small parts, but quickly graduated, and this season is leading lady with Hendrick's Company appearing in "Ole Oleson" on the road. Miss Wise has talent of a high order, and a fine comedy manner.

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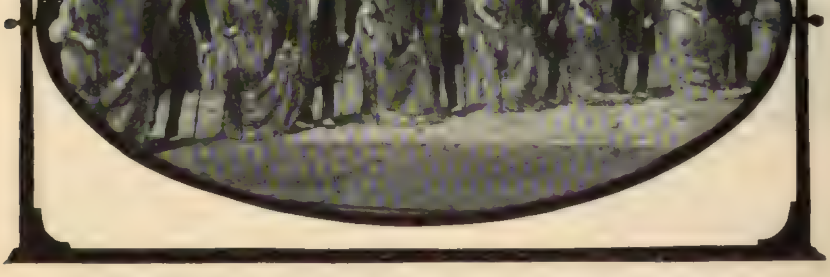
THE CHAMPAGNE DANCE

The dance of six English

hands of the critics. Instead, however, taking it for granted that "Tommy Rot" was irretrievably bad because the critics said it was, she started to improve it with the result that the second edition was immeasurably better than the first in every way. Mrs. Osborn is too sensible a woman to put all her eggs in one basket; she did not open her playhouse for the purpose of banking on one piece, and she made up her mind that after spending fifteen or twenty thousand dollars in remodeling the old Berkeley and producing "Tommy Rot" it would be exceedingly foolish to withdraw the piece because it was not well received the first night by the contingent that never has paid for seats and never expects to. Whether the second edition of "Tommy Rot" is good enough to run indefinitely is another question, but Mrs. Osborn has absolutely proven that she has the courage of her convictions.



Scene from the Second Act of "The Silver Slipper," showing the double sextette that has been compared with the famous Florodora Sextette. Mr. Leslie Stuart wrote the music for both "The Crystal Slipper" and "Florodora."

Google

FROM "THE SILVER SLIPPER."

girls who have caught the town.

"OLD LIMERICK TOWN."

WHY seriously criticize an Irish drama! There have been many good ones from the volatile "The Shaughran" down to our crops of recent seasons. Fine dramatic purpose and high regard for the nicer distinctions have not always distinguished writers of the shillalah drama, but, thank God, there are still enough of us left to appreciate the rugged honesty and entire lack of kid-gloved literary knavery that characterize the efforts of men who cater to the Fourteenth Street Theatre.

Mr Chauncey Olcott has, in the first place, a voice that would wheedle a hermit from his cell. To hear him sing "If All Those Endearing Young Charms" is to get a glimpse of Paradise. Then again he is good-looking—with the ruddy-skinned, curly-haired brothish sort of good looks that inspire confidence and win the heroine. As to acting—well, some critics even say that Joseph Jefferson does not act, but is merely an automaton.

Mrs. Edna Wallace Hopper and Mr. Cyril Scott in a scene from "The Silver Slipper."

There you have a more or less truthful criticism of "Old Limerick Town," the latest piece in which Mr. Olcott has been seen in New York. Mr. Olcott is the figure and the play merely the garment. Incidentally, "Old Limerick Town" does not break half as many dramatic rules as some of the plays we see on Broadway every year. Besides, it has as star a man to whom God has given a voice. That's a great deal.

"THE SILVER SLIPPER."

NEW YORK has become more or less used to fine spectacles. It would be pretty difficult to startle Metropolitan theatre-goers with the splendor of any stage production after such gorgeous offerings as "Beauty and The

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Beast," and other pieces beside which plays like Mr. George W. Lederer's "Sally In Our Alley" look foolish and futile.

I would advise Mr. Lederer to go and see "The Silver Slipper," and to note how a great production can be made with ordinary materials by the joining of capital, brains and experience. "The Silver Slipper," if produced by the ordinary stage huckster would amount to nothing. As put on by Mr. John C. Fisher it makes one of the handsomest series of footlight pictures New York has ever seen.

Photo by Marceau, N. Y.
MISS JULIA RING
A vaudeville singer and the sister of Miss Blanche Ring. Miss Julia has the family cleverness.

Photo by Bassano, London.
MISS MAUD HOBSON.
Gipsy Vandeleur in Weedon Grossmith's "The Night of the Party," played by Mr. Grossmith's English company.

Photo by McIan, N. Y.
MISS AMELIA BINGHAM.
As she will appear in "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson," the new play by Clyde Fitch, scheduled at the Princess Theatre for February 9th.

Photo by McIntosh, N. Y.
MISS HELENA FREDERICK
Prima donna with Jefferson De Angelis in "The Emerald Isle."

Photo by Marceau, N. Y.
MISS DAISY GREEN
Who plays *Judicia* in "The Silver Slipper"

The champagne dancers have caught the town. They are importations, and are quite as recklessly lively and tremendously active as any set of young women that have ever come across the water to us. They dance like wildfire, pirouette like pinwheels and kick like Ephraim's mule—only more gracefully. But they are something besides enthusiastic; they are good examples of English dancers who have had time to run over to the Continent for the finishing touches that transform them from good dancers to divine danseuses. The champagne dancers are not shrinking, or coy, or afraid. They are the embodiment of motion; they are like unto a subway explosion in midair, and consequently a law unto themselves.

"The Silver Slipper" is a spectacle, with enough dramatic dialogue and action to give plenty of opportunities to such well-known players as Mrs. Edna Wallace Hopper, Mr. Cyril Scott and a full dozen other men and women who have won their spurs.

Mr. Fisher has given a magnificent setting to "The Silver Slipper." The stage pictures have seldom been equaled on the American stage.

There is not a coarse line, costume or suggestion in "The Silver Slipper" from first to last.

VIOLA ALLEN IN "THE ETERNAL CITY."

MR. HALL CAINE is not usually given to the weakness of considering too closely the feelings of religionists who do not belong to the Manxman's own sect. Mr. Caine makes the third known playwright who has had the temerity to place the Pope on the stage under any kind of circumstances.

There must be a rather strange streak in any dramatist who will drag before the footlights even a suggestion of the fine, gentle old man who reigns at Rome and who by has been considered for a quarter of a century one of the intellectual giants of the age by the savants of all countries, irrespective of religion.

Mr. Caine brings on the Pope in "The Eternal City" and excuses this breach of bad taste by explaining that the play is of a future time and a future Pope. Even with this explanation the situation is not relieved of its brutality. Without it, however, Mr. Caine might well be expected to be excoriated from one end of the country to the other.

"The Eternal City" cannot, however, be disregarded merely because Mr. Caine insists on being unconventional. The book from which the play has been dramatized, the author and the production itself, are too important to be judged flippantly even by those who do not consider Mr Caine a shy, shrinking person. "The Eternal City" is in many respects a lurid melodrama. Without such capable and artistic players as Miss Viola Allen, Mr. Frederick de Belleville, Mr. E. M. Holland and Mr. Edward J. Morgan, and the fine setting that the Liebler Company has given the play, it would be terrible to contemplate just what "The Eternal City" might become. It has taken the deftest kind of stage management and the most intelligent efforts of the players to keep "The Eternal City" well away from the line that marks the sane drama from shouting irresponsible melodrama.

Photo by Bassano, London.
MISS EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON.
Everyman in the mystical miracle play of that name.

Photo by Smith, N. Y.
MR. GEORGE BACKUS.
Johnathan Phenix in "When Johnny Comes Marching Home."

Photo by Allsky, S. F.
MISS BELLE THORN.
A clever actress in operatic roles.

Photo by Schloss, N. Y.
MISS FLOYE REDLEDGE.
Playing the Edna May role in "The Belle of New York."

Photo by Hara, London.
MR. CLARENCE M. BRUNE.
Who stars with his wife.

Miss Viola Allen plays *Donna Roma Volonna.* In the book *Roma* is the mistress of *Baron Bonneli* the scheming Minister of State. In the play *Roma* is a brilliant woman, an artist and a courtier in chiffon who has been closely connected with *Baron Bonneli's* schemes but is a good woman to suit the personal view of Miss Allen. She is in love with *David Rossi*, who first insults her and then falls a victim to both the intellectual and sensuous infatuation exerted by *Roma* over most men. *Roma* finally causes the undoing of her lover, who murders the Prime Minister and who, after killing *Bonneli*, works himself into a tremendous madness that carries the scene along with a splendid power.

Miss Allen's taste in making *Roma* a confidante instead of the mistress of *Bonneli* should not perhaps be questioned. There is no doubt however that much of the dramatic purpose of the play is done away with, and nothing that is strongly fibred is made to take its place.

Roma is a character of so many diversifications, with so many appeals to the different emotions and of such varying degrees of good and bad that it is not surprising when even a woman of Miss Allen's capabilities should occasionally fall short of the requirements in some scenes. During the performance in which I saw Miss Allen play, she was satisfying in everything except the scene in the studio where she works on the bust of *Rossi*. And yet so many and varying are the emotions of *Roma* that it is quite possible to see Miss Allen on six different nights and to find a variation on what is both good and bad in the many strong situations that crowd so closely upon each other in Mr. Caine's play. It may be a tribute to Miss Allen to say that there are many actresses on the American stage who would at certain periods play *Roma* with more vehemence than she displays but there are few who could equal her in the rôle from the rise to the fall of the curtain.

MRS. MINNIE MADDERN FISKE.

As *Mary of Magdala* in that play at the Manhattan Theatre.

Mr. Morgan as *Rossi* plays the part much as he played *John Storm*—with a seriousness born of his earnest method and with few of the lighter touches that should be noted in the work of the most serious player before the public. Mr. Morgan is all shadow as *Rossi*, and no doubt this is the intention of the author. What a wonderfully fine and altogether commendable player Mr. Morgan would be if he permitted a few glints of sunshine to enter into his work.

Scene from the First Act of "Imprudence," showing Miss Hilda Spong and Mr. William Faversham.

That veteran of many fine achievements, Mr. Frederick de Belleville as *Bonneli* is forceful, crafty and quite the diplomatist. *Bonneli* is not a difficult part in the hands of Mr. de Belleville, who must see that there is a certain affinity between Mr. Caine's character and his *Scarpia* which has for years been accepted as one of the best rounded-out characters on our stage.

Messrs. Liebler & Company have given "The Eternal City" a most beautiful dress. Experience, intelligence and capital have combined to give "The Eternal City" a series of settings that are a feast to the eye.

Scene from "The Sword of the King," showing Miss Henrietta Crosman (on the right) and Mr. Block.

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MR. FREDERICK DE BELLEVILLE AND MISS VIOLA ALLEN.

In the second act of "The Eternal City," the play which has been dramatized by Hall Caine from his celebrated book.

MR. FAVERSHAM IN "IMPRUDENCE."

MR. H. V. ESMOND is above all things a literary stage writer. That is to say, he does not depend entirely upon situations for the humor of his characters. He does not merely build a play—he *writes* it. In "Imprudence," which is being used this year by Manager Frohman for Mr. William Faversham's second starring season, Mr. Esmond has written a clever little comedy in which his characters say and do things in a refreshingly natural way.

Jack Frere has principles; he wants to enter the church, to remain a bachelor all his life and all that sort of thing. He suddenly learns, however, that there is a prospect of his becoming wealthy on the death of an uncle and principles immediately go high in the air as he makes desperate love to a person bearing the remarkable name of *Miss Wilhelmina Marr.* This young woman wrote some very foolish love letters when she was quite young, and these letters, with the aid of several old dowager

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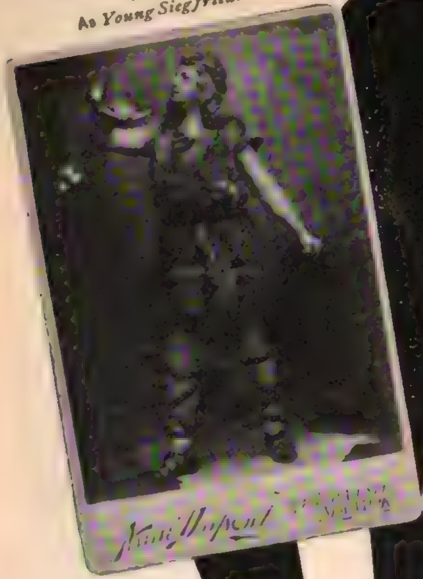
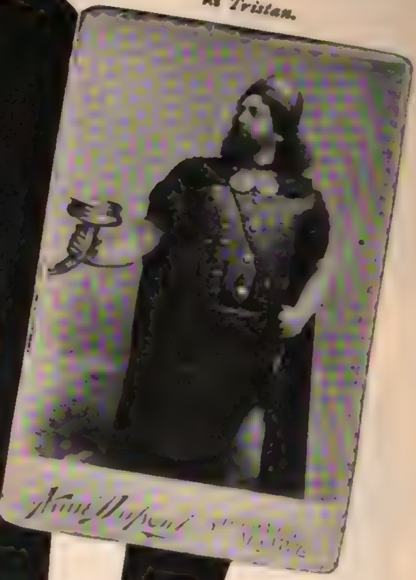
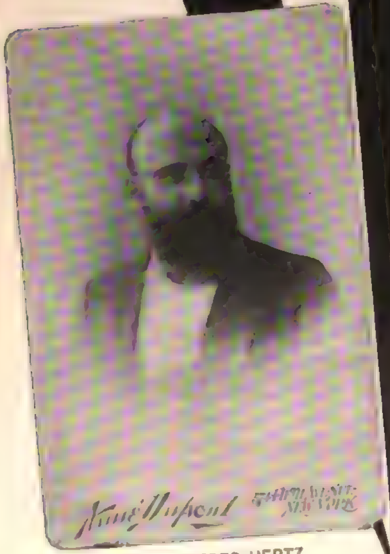
HERR EMIL GERHÄUSER.
(Tenor.)
As *Young Siegfried.*



HERR GEORG ANTHES.
(Tenor.)
As *Tristan.*





HERR ALFRED HERTZ.
(Conductor.)
Of the Breslau Opera House.

SIGNOR DE MARCHI.
(Barytone.)
As *Radames.*

All copyright by Dupont, New York.

FOUR NEW COMERS TO THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE THIS SEASON.

scandalmongers, a jealous wife and a backboneless husband, cause considerable trouble. These letters constitute the "imprudence" and for three acts *Jack Frere* is busily engaged in clearing the good name of *Wilhelmina Marr.* It goes without saying that he does this enthusiastically and with much success; otherwise, what need of Mr. Esmond to write the play?

Mr. Faversham must be very good indeed as

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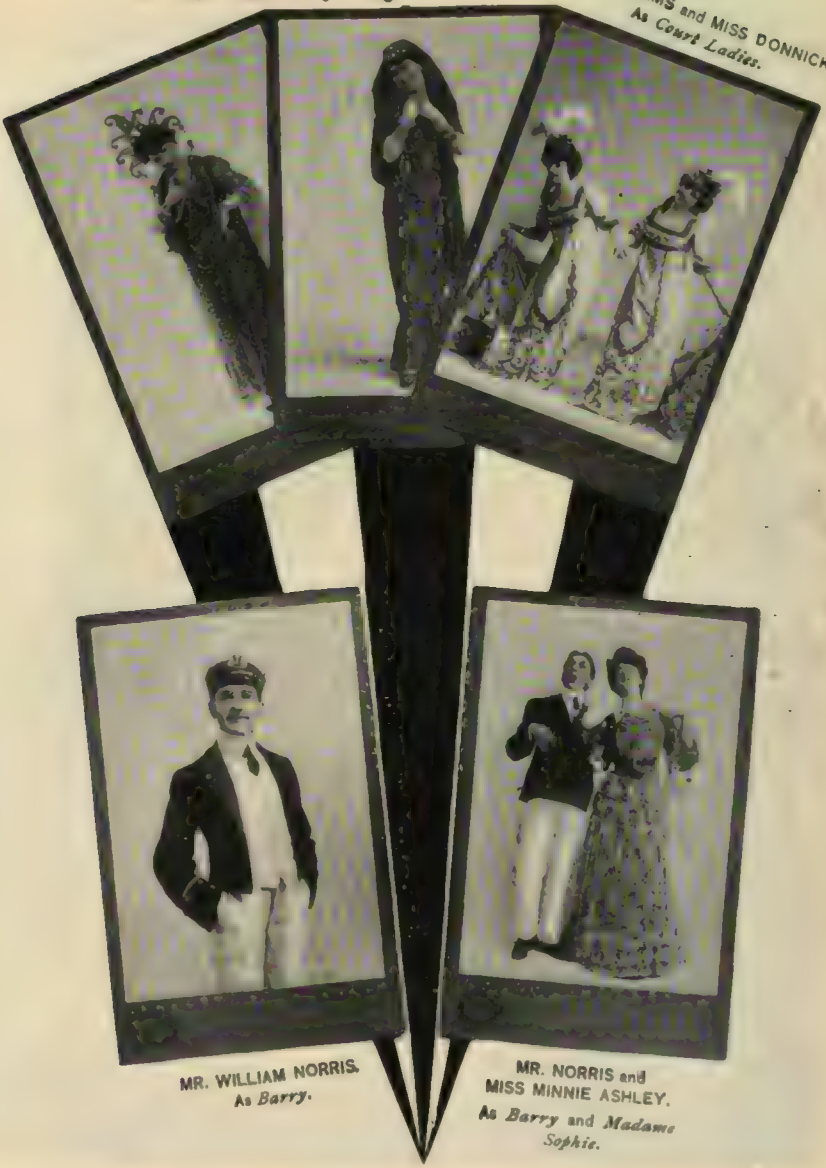

MISS GENEVIEVE FINLAY.
As *Princess Mehelaneh of Bhong.*

MISS ADAMS and MISS DONNICK
As *Court Ladies.*

MR. WILLIAM NORRIS.
As *Barry.*

MR. NORRIS and
MISS MINNIE ASHLEY.
As *Barry* and *Madame Sophie.*

Photographs by Sarony, and McIntosh, New York.

A GROUP OF CHARACTERS FROM "A COUNTRY GIRL" AT DALY'S THEATRE.

Jack Frere, because on the opening night at the Empire Theatre there sat next to me a blonde, rather fleshly, lady, who was either twenty-six or forty-two and who might have been a manicure or a Newport celebrity. There was with her a tall, funereal gentleman with side whiskers —but he does not matter. When Mr. Faversham as *Jack Frere* made his entrance in the first act, and many minutes before he had done anything at all, this blonde lady fairly chortled in a paroxysm of suppressed admiration and said in audible tones to her companion: "There he is; isn't he just *lovely*!" But for some reason the gentleman did not respond. R. B. H.

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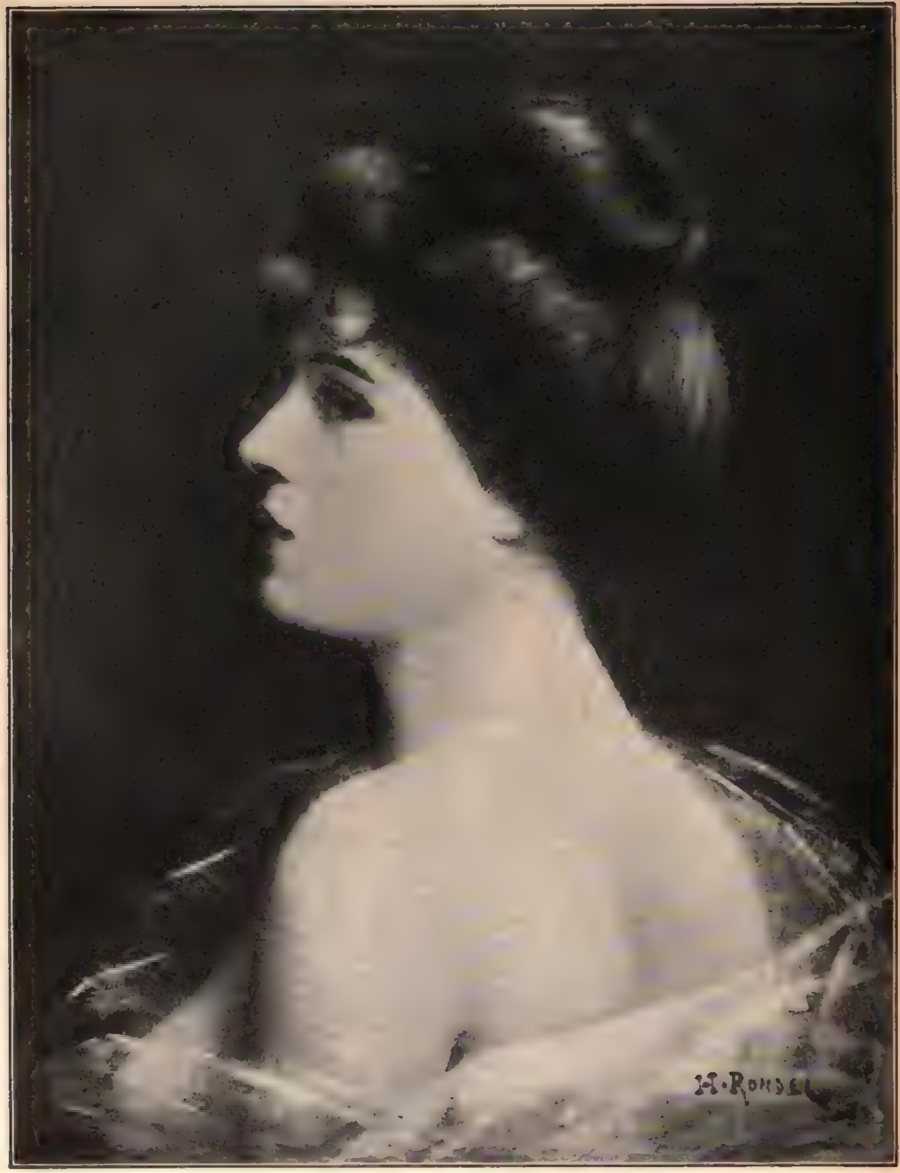

A NEW PICTURE OF THE YEAR.

This is a reproduction of a picture which is to be one of the artistic sensations of 1903. It has been bought by a prominent American art collector, in whose private gallery, on Fifth Avenue, it has already been placed.

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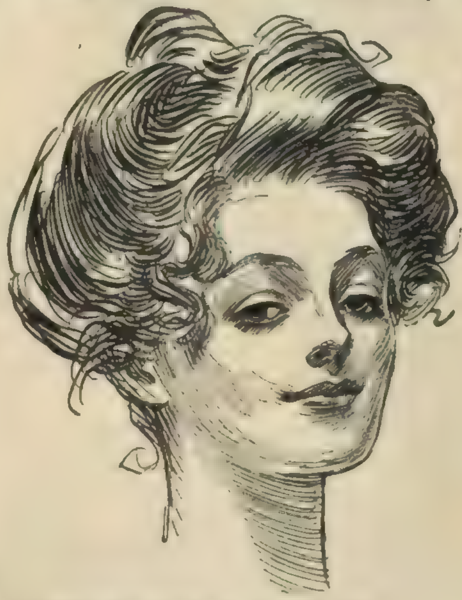
THE GIBSON GIRL



From "The Social Ladder." Copyright, 1902, by Robert Howard Russell.

As Depicted by
Charles Dana Gibson
In "The Social Ladder."
Copyright, 1902
by Robert Howard Russell
New York

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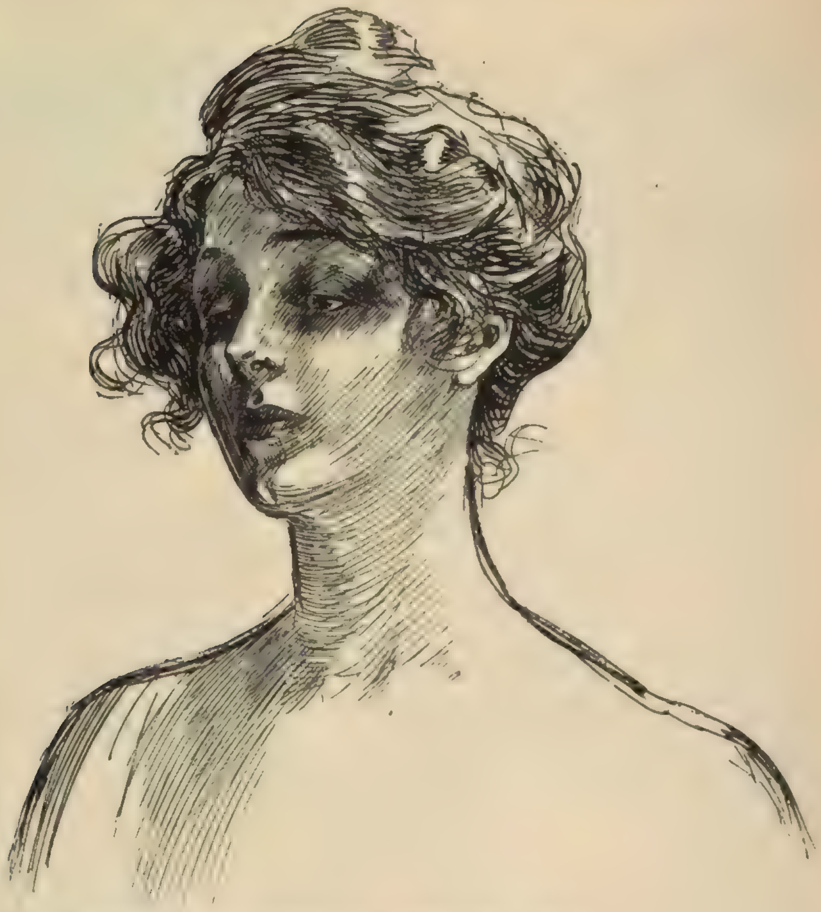


From "The Social Ladder." Copyright, 1902, by Robert Howard Russell.

The Dignified Gibson Girl.

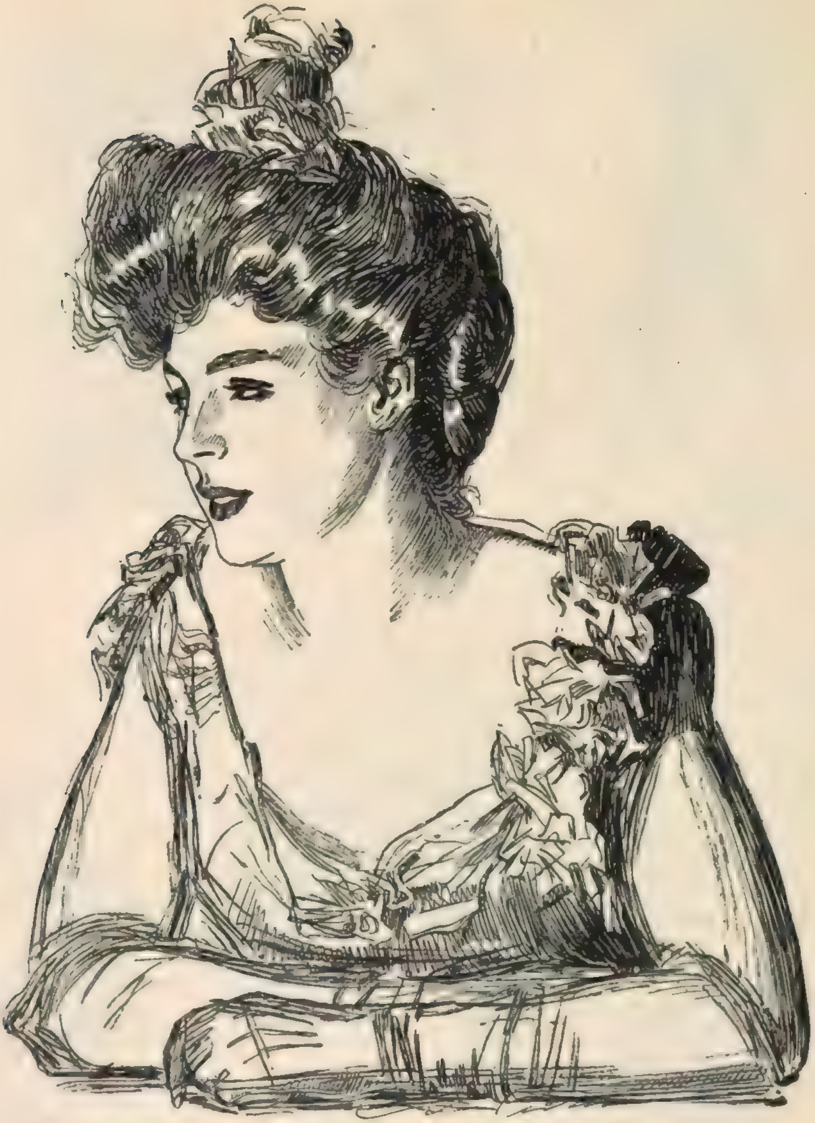
The Charles Dana Gibson Girl.

By Theodore Mayhew.

CHARLES DANA GIBSON has been called the matinee hero of the artists. The phrase needs no description.

The time has gone by when it was considered good artistic form to cavil at the mention of the success of the Gibson Girl—just because she was artistic. There is always a certain cult of persons who affect to despise success, but we notice that it is the success of other people that they despise—never their own. They scarcely ever get it to despise, but when it does come their appreciation of it is so keen that they almost wound themselves with the edge thereof. This cult was the loudest in its disapprobation of the Gibson Girl a few years ago. She was too tall, she was too long-necked, she was not representative, she was out of drawing, said they.

Nobody ever does pay any attention to this sort of people, and nobody did then. Mr. Gibson went on drawing his Gibson Girls, and the public continued to admire them, and it was



From "The Social Ladder." Copyright, 1902, by Robert Howard Russell.

The Knowing Gibson Girl.

not long before the cries of the petty ones were silenced, and now everybody admires. Perhaps some against their will, but they admire.

In truth, the Gibson Girl is representative, beyond question. She stands as the type of the American Girl and is so recognized, not only here, but abroad. The English, French and German publications speak casually of the Gibson Girl as if the reference were thoroughly understood by their readers, which it is. The artist has had exhibitions of his work in London, where not only it, but he himself, is well known.

Mr. Gibson began first to draw for the weekly publication *Life*. Whether *Life* made Gibson or Gibson made *Life* is one of those interesting problems which admit of endless argument on both sides but which can never be solved. It is akin to that which seeks to discover which first came into being, the hen or the egg. Both Mr. Gibson and the proprietors

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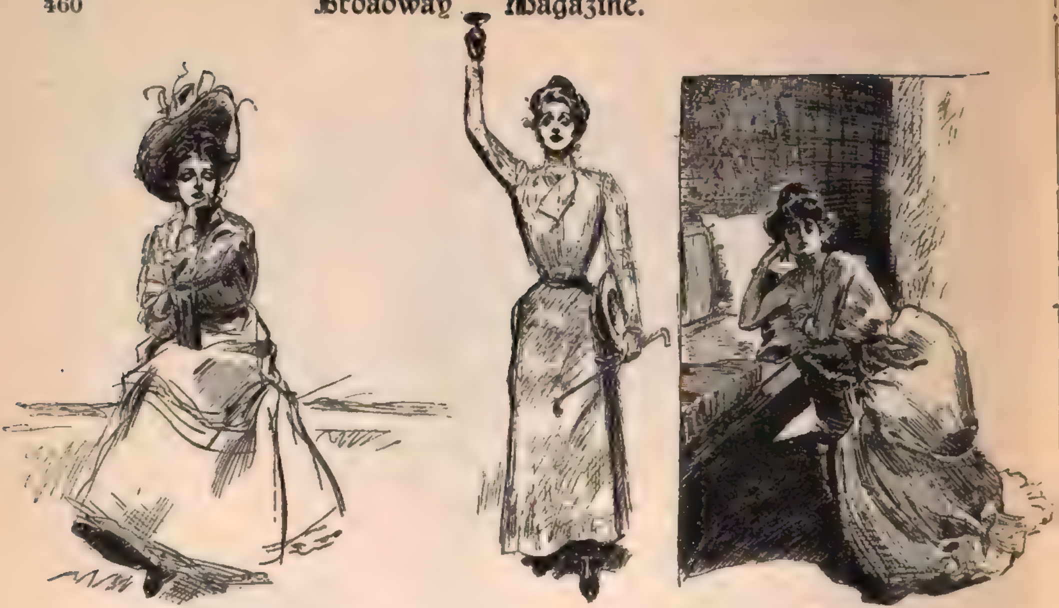
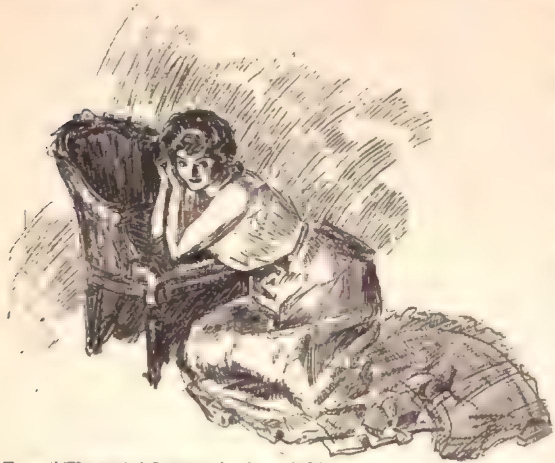


From "The Social Ladder." Copyright, 1902, by Robert Howard Russell.

The pensive Gibson Girl. The horsey Gibson Girl. The drawing room Gibson Girl.

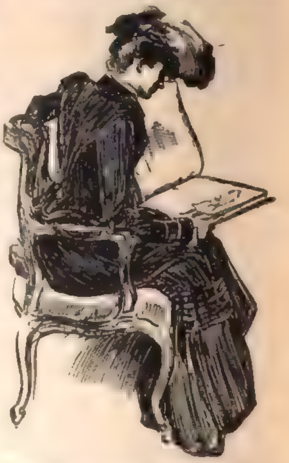
of *Life* owe a great deal to one another, and each of them is willing to acknowledge it. The publishers soon recognized what an invaluable ally they had in Mr. Gibson, and Mr. Gibson realized that as the paper grew, so would grow his own fame as an artist in a field that was all his own. And so has it been.

But Mr. Gibson is not merely a draughtsman of girls. He is a born cartoonist also. He has a keen insight into character and a real ability to delineate that insight in his work. His cartoons sparkle with humorous points which, though suggested only by a line or two, are as patent to the intelligent observer as the noonday sun. With all classes of people has he familiarized himself. From the dowager leader of society, through the ranks of struggling would-be smart-setters, past the servants' quarters, across to the politicians and to the theatrical people, and thence down to the inhabitants of the Bowery he travels with his pen and ink and touches everything with the unmistakable needle-point of genius.



From "The Social Ladder." Copyright, 1902, by Robert Howard Russell.

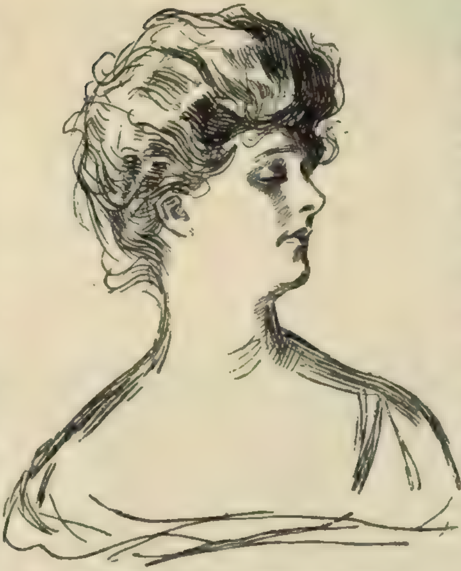
The dreamy Gibson Girl.



From "The Social Ladder." Copyright, 1902, by Robert Howard Russell.

The artistic Gibson Girl.

As an illustrator of books Charles Dana Gibson is almost as well known as a cartoonist and an artist of pretty girls. One reason for this is that he scarcely ever—if ever—illuminates a book that has not the necessary sterling qualities for success of its own, and therefore becomes popular, and the other reason is that such books are bought because of his drawings.

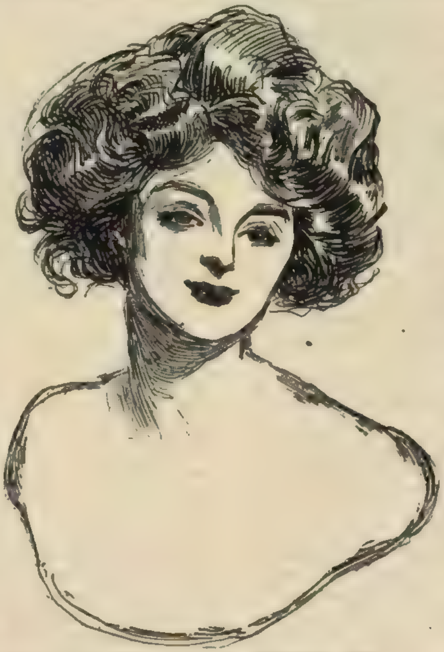


From "The Social Ladder." Copyright, 1902, by Robert Howard Russell.

The haughty Gibson Girl.

In this connection, it is interesting to note that when he has illustrated the books written by Richard Harding Davis, he has invariably selected that gentleman as the model from which to draw his hero. This has evoked some amusement, especially from those persons who do not admire or like Richard Harding Davis—a decidedly brilliant young man by the way, and one whose writings so far give the best promise of some great literary work in the future, for no matter how readable his novels up to the present have been they are, without prejudice, mere "pot boilers."

Mr. Gibson's work has improved, like everybody else's work, since the time when he first began to draw for publication, but even in the very early sketches we find the work so clever and so full of strength that it is no surprise to find the artist's fame seek him so quickly.



From "The Social Ladder." Copyright, 1902, by Robert Howard Russell.

The mischievous Gibson Girl.

Many are the imitators of Charles Dana Gibson, and—a curious thing—deep the indignation of the artist who is accused of imitating Gibson. The drawer of pictures seems to resent being an imitator of Gibson more energetically than if he were accused of stealing his lead pencils, and yet a good imitator of Gibson, that is, one who possesses a virility equal to the original's, would be a success by himself. This is what makes his indignation curious. But then, looking at it again from another point of view, perhaps it doesn't.

Mr. Gibson has received a quantity of useful advertising from the newpapers, apart from his weekly illustrative work and his illustrations in books. The Sunday newspapers have featured him as a part of the national life, and whenever the ball needed rolling it could always be started in this way. It is all legitimate advertising, of course, and of the character to meet the prejudice of the modest artist.

Mr. Gibson married a beautiful Southern girl—one of the famous Langhorne sisters—who resembles in a slight degree many of his favorite "girl" types. His paid models have been numerous but all of the highest class. He goes in society a good deal, but his work does not suffer on that account. He is young.

And by the way—ask an artist's model for whom she has posed and ten to one she will say "Gibson." It's the hall mark of the studios.

Mr. Gibson is said to be wealthy.

by Google

Bohemian Paris of To-day.

"THE BALL OF THE FOUR ARTS." BY W. C. MORROW.

With sketches by Edouard Cucuel.

FROM "BOHEMIAN PARIS OF TO-DAY," PUBLISHED AND COPYRIGHTED BY J. B. LIPPINCOTT
COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA AND LONDON.

"AH! ah! vive les Quat'z' Arts! Au Moulin Rouge—en route!" wildly rang through the lamplit streets of Paris as cab after cab and 'bus after 'bus went thundering across-town towards Montmartre, heavily freighted with brilliantly costumed revellers of les Quart'z' Arts. Parisians ran from their dinner-tables to the windows and balconies, blasé boulevardiers paused in their evening stroll or looked up from their papers at the café-tables, waiters and swearing cabbies and yelling newsboys stopped in the midst of their various duties, and all knowingly shook their heads, "Ah, ce sont les Quat'z' Arts!"

For to-night was the great annual ball of the artists, when all artistic Paris crawls from its mysterious depths to revel in a splendid carnival possible only to the arts. Every spring, after the pictures have been sent to the Salon, and before the students have scattered for the summer vacation, the artists of Paris and the members of all the ateliers of the four arts—painting, sculpture, architecture, and engraving—combine their forces in producing a spectacle of regal splendor, seen nowhere else in the world; and long are the weeks and hard the work and vast the ingenuity devoted to preparations,—the designing of costumes and the gorgeous floats.

During the last three weeks the élèves of the Atelier Gérôme abandoned their studies, forgot all about the concours and the Prix de Rome, and devoted all their energies to the construction of a colossal figure of Gérôme's great war goddess, "Bellona." It was a huge task, but the students worked it out with a will. Yards of sackcloth, rags, old coats, paint rags, besides pine timbers broken easels and stools, endless wire and rope, went into the making of the goddess's frame, and this was covered with plaster of paris dexterously moulded into shape Then it was properly tinted and painted and mounted on a chariot of gold. A Grecian frieze of galloping horses, mounted, the clever work of Siffert, was emblazoned on the sides of the chariot. And what a wreck the atelier was after all was finished! Sacré nom d'un chien! How the gardiens must have sworn when cleaning-day came round!

The ateliers in the École are all rivals, and each had been secretly preparing its coup with which to capture the grand prix at the ball.

The great day came at last. The students of our atelier were perfectly satisfied with their handiwork, and the massier made all happy by ordering a retreat to the Café des Deux Magots, where success to the goddess was drunk in steaming "grog Américain." Then Bellona began her perilous journey across Paris to Montmartre and the Moulin Rouge. This was not an easy task, as she was fifteen feet high; signs and lamp-posts suffered, and sleepy cab horses danced as their terrified gaze beheld the giant goddess with her uplifted sword. Crowds watched the progress of Bellona on the Avenue de l'Opéra, drawn by half a hundred students yelling the national hymn. The pull up the steep slope of Montmartre was heavy, but in less than two hours from the start at the École the goddess was safely housed in the depths of the Moulin Rouge, there to await her triumphs of the night

Bishop, besides doing his share in the preparation of the figure, had the equally serious task of devising a costume for his own use at the ball. It was not until the very last day that he made his final decision,—to go as a Roman orator. Our supply of linen was meagre, but our only two clean bed sheets and a few towels were sufficient, and two kind American ladies who were studying music and who lived near the old church of St. Sulpice did the fitting of a toga. The soles of a pair of slippers from which Bishop cut the tops served as sandals, and some studio properties in the way of Oriental bracelets completed his costume. I was transformed into a Apache Indian by a generous rubbing into my skin of burnt sienna and cadmium, which I was weeks in getting rid of; a blanket and some chicken-feathers finished my array. Our friend Cameron, next door, went in his Scotch kilts, After supper we entered the Boul' Mich' and proceeded to the Café de la Source, where the students of the Atelier Gérôme were to rendezvous.

The Boul' was a spectacle that night. Time had rolled back the curtain of centuries; ancient cemeteries had yielded up their dead; and living ghost of the ages packed all the gay cafés. History from the time of Adam had sent forth its traditions, and Eves rubbed elbows with ballet-girls. There was never a jollier night in the history of the Quartier Latin.

We found the Café de la Source already crowded by the Gérôme contingent and their models and friends, all in costume and bubbling with merriment and mischief. It was ten o'clock before all the students had arrived. Then we formed in procession, and yelled and danced past all the cafés on the Boul' Mich' to the Luxembourg Palace and the Théâtre de l'Odéon to take the 'buses of the Montmartre line. These were quickly seized and overloaded in violation of the law, and then, dashing down the quiet streets of the Rive Gauche, headed for Montmartre, making a noise to rouse the dead. As we neared the Place Blanche we found the little streets merging from different quarters crowded with people in costume, some walking and others crowding almost innumerable vehicles, and the balconies and portes-cochères packed with spectators. The Place Blanche fronts the Moulin Rouge, and it was crowded and brilliantly lighted. The façade of the Moulin Rouge was a blaze of electric lights and colored lanterns, and the revolving wings of the mill flamed across the sky. It was a perfect night. The stars shone, the air was warm and pleasant, and the trees were tipped with the glistening clean foliage of early spring. The bright cafés fronting the Place were crowded with gay revellers. The poets of Bohemia were there, and gayly attired cocottes assisted them in their fun at the café tables, extending far out into the boulevard under the trees. At one corner was Gérôme's private studio, high up in the top of the house, and standing on the bal-

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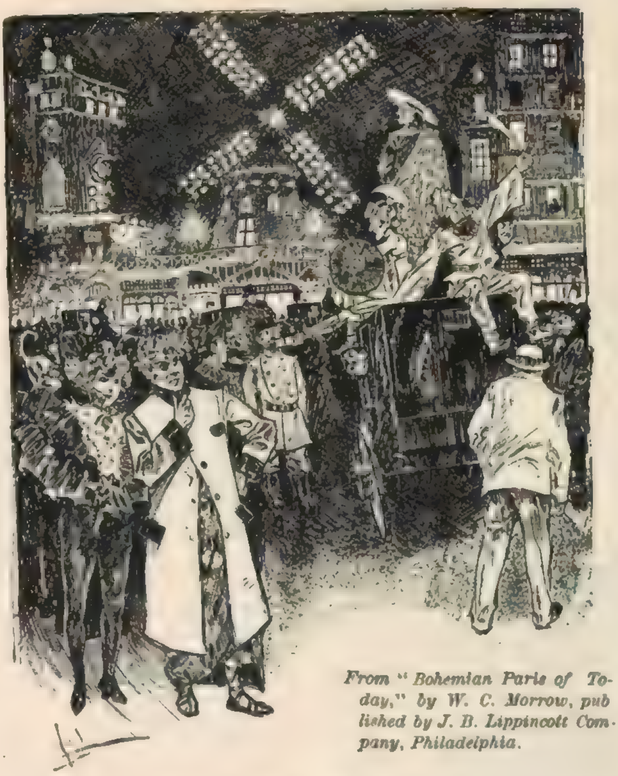
cony was Gérôme himself, enjoying the brilliant scene below.

As this Bal des Quat'z' Arts is not open to the public, and as none but accredited members of the four arts are admitted, the greatest precautions are taken to prevent the intrusion of outsiders; and wonderful is the ingenuity exercised to outwit the authorities. Inside the vestibule of the Moulin was erected a tribune (a long bar) behind which sat the massiers of the different studios of Paris, all in striking costumes. It was their task not only to identify the holders of tickets, but also to pass on the suitability of the costumes of such as were otherwise eligible to admittance. The costumes must all have conspicuous merit and be thoroughly artistic. Nothing black, no dominoes, none in civilian dress, may pass. Many and loud were the protestations that rang through the vestibule as one after another was turned back and firmly conducted to the door.



From "Bohemian Paris of To-day," by W. C. Morrow, published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

The Moulin Rouge on the Night of the Ball.

Once past the implacable tribunes, we entered a dazzling fairyland, a dream of rich color and reckless abandon. From gorgeous kings and queens to wild savages, all were there; courtiers in silk, naked gladiators, nymphs with paint for clothing,—all were there; and the air was heavy with the perfume of roses. Shouts, laughter, the silvery clinking of glasses, a whirling mass of life and color, a bewildering kaleidoscope, a maze of tangled visions in the soft yellow haze that filled the vast hall. There was no thought of the hardness and sordidness of life, no dream of the morrow. It was a wonderful witchery that sat upon every soul there.

This splendid picture was framed by a wall of lodges, each sumptuously decorated and hung with banners, tableaux, and greens, each representing a particular atelier and adorned in harmony with the dominant ideals of their masters. The lodge of the Atelier Gérôme was arranged to represent a Grecian temple; all the decorations and accessories were pure Grecian, cleverly imitated by the master's devoted pupils. That of the Atelier Cormon represented a huge caravan of the prehistoric big-muscled men that appeal so strongly to Cormon; large skeletons of extinct animals, giant ferns, skins, and stone implements were scattered about, while the students of Cormon's Atelier, almost naked, with bushy hair and clothed in skins, completed the picture. And so it was with all the lodges, each typifying a special subject, each carrying it out with perfect fidelity to the minutest detail.

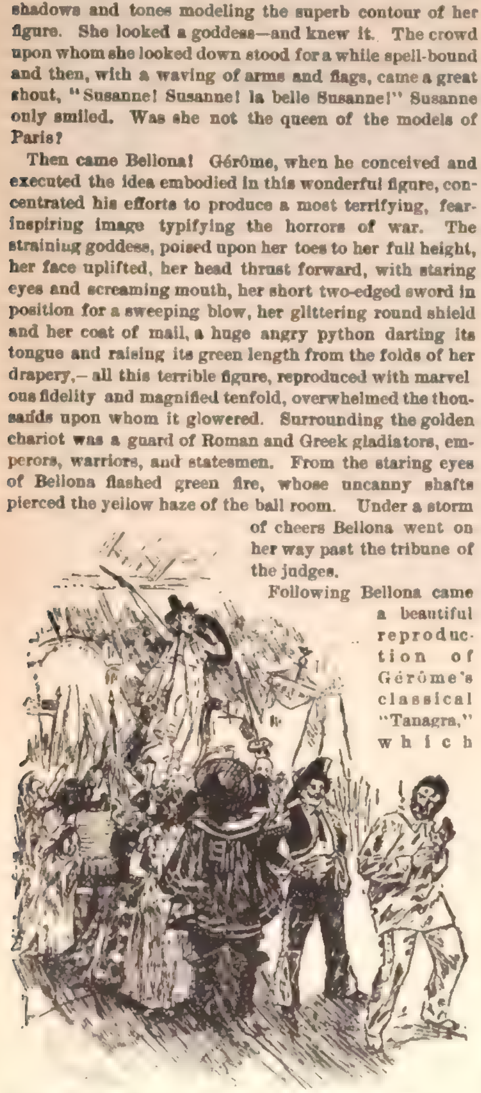
The event of the evening was the grand cortège; this, scheduled for one o'clock, was awaited with eager expectancy, for with it would come the test of supremacy,—the awarding of the prize for the best. For this was the great art centre of the world, and this night was the one in which its rivalries would strain the farthest reach of skill.

Meanwhile, the great hall swarmed with life and blazed with color and echoed with the din of merry voices. Friends recognized one another with great difficulty. And there was Gérôme himself, at last gaudily gowned in the rich green costume of a Chinese mandarin, his white moustache dyed black, and his white locks hidden beneath a black skull cap topped with a bobbing appendage. And there also was Jean Paul Laurens, in the costume of a Norman, the younger Laurens as Charlemagne. Léandre, the caricaturist was irresistible as a caricature of Queen Victoria. Puech, the sculptor, made a graceful courtier of the Marie Antoinette régime. Willett was a Roman emperor. Will Dodge was loaded with the crown, silks, and jewels of a Byzantine emperor. Louis Loeb was a desperate Tartar bandit. Castaigne made a hit as an Italian jurist. Steinlen, Grasset, Forain Rodin,—in fact, nearly all the renowned painters, sculptors, and illustrators of Paris were there; and besides them were the countless students and models.

"La cavalcade! le grand cortège!" rose the cry above the crashing of the band and the noise of the revellers; and then all the dancing stopped. Emerging from the gardens through the open glass door, bringing with it a pleasant blast of the cool night air, was the vanguard of the great procession. The orchestra struck up the "Victor's March," and a great cry of welcome rang out.

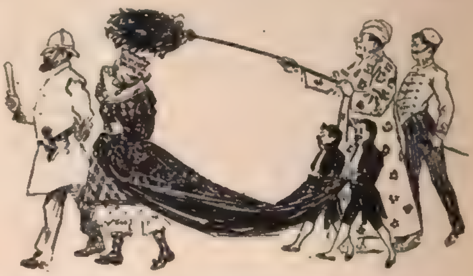
First came a band of yelling Indians dancing in, waving their spears and tomahawks, and so cleaving a way for the parade. A great roar filled the glass-domed hall when the first float appeared. It was daring and unique, but a masterpiece. Borne upon the shoulders of Indians, who were naked but for skins about their loins, their bodies stained a dark brown and striped with paint, was a gorgeous bed of fresh flowers and trailing vines; and reclining in this bed were four of the models of Paris, lying on their backs, head to head, their legs upraised to support a circular tablet of gold. Upon this, high in air, proud and superb, was the great Susanne in all her peerless beauty of face and form,—simply that and nothing more. A sparkling crown of jewels glowed in her reddish golden hair; a flashing girdle of electric lights encircled her slender waist, bringing out the marvelous whiteness of her skin, and with delicate shadows and tones modeling the superb contour of her figure. She looked a goddess—and knew it. The crowd upon whom she looked down stood for a while spell-bound and then, with a waving of arms and flags, came a great shout, "Susanne! Susanne! la belle Susanne!" Susanne only smiled. Was she not the queen of the models of Paris?

Then came Bellona! Gérôme, when he conceived and executed the idea embodied in this wonderful figure, concentrated his efforts to produce a most terrifying, fear-inspiring image typifying the horrors of war. The straining goddess, poised upon her toes to her full height, her face uplifted, her head thrust forward, with staring eyes and screaming mouth, her short two-edged sword in position for a sweeping blow, her glittering round shield and her coat of mail, a huge angry python darting its tongue and raising its green length from the folds of her drapery,— all this terrible figure, reproduced with marvelous fidelity and magnified tenfold, overwhelmed the thousands upon whom it glowered. Surrounding the golden chariot was a guard of Roman and Greek gladiators, emperors, warriors, and statesmen. From the staring eyes of Bellona flashed green fire, whose uncanny shafts pierced the yellow haze of the ball room. Under a storm of cheers Bellona went on her way past the tribune of the judges.



From "Bohemian Paris of To-day," by W. C. Morrow, published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.
Bellona.

Following Bellona came a beautiful reproduction of Gérôme's classical "Tanagra," which adorns the sculpture gallery of the Luxembourg. The figure was charmingly personated by Marcelle, a lithe, slim, graceful model of immature years, who was a rage in the studios. Gérôme himself applauded the grace of her pose as she swept past his point vantage in the gallery.



From "Bohemian Paris of To-day," by W. C. Morrow, published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.
Leandre as Queen Victoria.

Behind Tanagra came W——, also of the Atelier Gérôme, dressed as an Apache warrior and mounted on a bucking broncho. He was an American from Nebraska, where he was a cowboy before he became famous as a sculptor. He received a rousing welcome from his fellow-artists.

The Atelier Cormon came next,—a magnificent lot of brawny fellows clothed in skins, and bearing an immense litter made of tree branches bound with thongs and weighted down with strong naked women and children of a prehistoric age. It was a reproduction of Cormon's masterpiece in the Luxembourg Gallery, and was one of the most impressive compositions in the whole parade.

Then came the works of the many other studios, all strong and effective, but none so fine as the three first. The Atelier Pascal, of architecture, made a sensation by appearing as Egyptian mummies, each mummy dragging an Egyptian coffin covered with ancient inscriptions and characters and containing a Parisian model, all too alive and sensuous to personate the ancient dead. Another Atelier strove hard for the prize with eggs of heroic size, from which as many girls, as chicks, were breaking their way to freedom.

After the grand cortège had paraded the hall several times it disbanded, and the ball proceeded with renewed enthusiasm.

The tribune, wherein the wise judges sat, was a large and artistic affair, built up before the gallery of the orchestra and flanked by broad steps leading to its summit. It was topped with the imperial escutcheon of Rome—battle-axes bound in fagots—and bore the legend, "Mort aux Tyrants," in bold letters. Beneath was a row of ghastly, bloody severed heads,—those of dead tyrants.

The variety and originality of the costumes were bewildering. One Frenchman went as a tombstone, his back representing a headstone, containing a suitable inscription and bearing wreaths of immortelles and colored beads. Another from the Atelier Bonnet, went simply as a smell, nothing more, nothing less, but it was potent. He had saturated his skin with the juice of onions and garlic and there was never any mistaking his proximity. Many were the gay Bacchantes to be seen on the floor.

At intervals during the evening the crowd would suddenly gather and form a large circle, many deep, some climbing upon the backs of others the better to see, those

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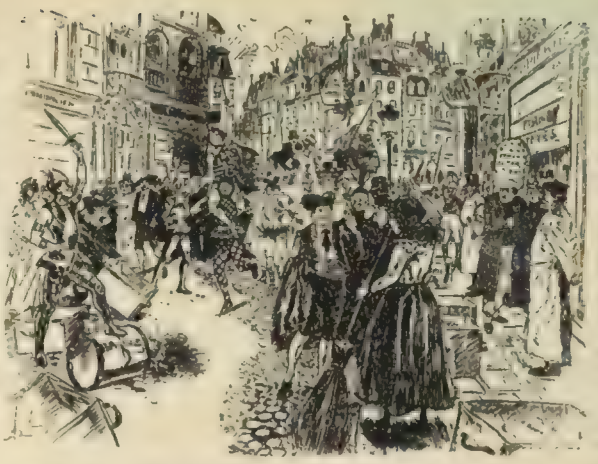

From "Bohemian Paris of To-day" by W. C. Morrow, published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

Coming Home at Seven A. M.

in front squatting or lying upon the floor to accommodate the mass behind. The formation of these circles was the signal for the danse du ventre.[*] The name of some favorite model would be yelled, and the orchestra would strike up the familar Oriental strain. And there was always a model to respond. Then the regular dancing would be resumed until another circle was formed and another favorite goddess of the four arts would be called out.

It was three o'clock when supper was announced by the appearance of two hundred white aproned waiters carrying scores of tables, chairs, and hampers of plate and glassware. The guests fell to with a will and assisted in spreading and setting the tables; almost in a moment the vast hall was a field of snow pricked out with the brilliant costumes of the revellers. Then came a frightful din of pounding on the tables for the supper. Again marched in the two hundred waiters, loaded with cases of champagne, plates of creamy soup, roasts, salads, cheeses, creams, cakes, ices, —a feast of Bacchus, indeed. The banquet was enjoyed with Bohemian abandon.

The twelve wise judges of the tribune now gravely announced their award of prizes, and each announcement was received with ringing applause. The Atelier Gérôme received first prize,—fifty bottles of champagne, which were immediately taken possession of. The other ateliers received smaller prizes, as their merits deserved, and all were satisfied and happy. The banquet was resumed.

Now here was Susanne, not content with her triumph of the early evening, springing upon one of the central tables, sending the crockery and glassware crashing to the floor with her dainty foot, and serenely surveying the crowd as it greeted her tumultuously, and, seizing a bottle of champagne, sending its foaming contents over as wide a circle of revellers as her strength could reach, laughing in pure glee over her feat, and then bathing her own white body with the contents of another bottle that she poured over herself. A superb Bacchante she made! A general salute of popping corks and clink ing glasses greeted her, and she acknowledged the compliment with the danse du ventre. Susanne was so sure of the adoration and affection of the ateliers! Her dance was a challenge to every other model in the chamber. One after another, and often several at a time, they mounted the tables, spurned the crockery to the floor, and gave the danse du ventre. The Moulin was indeed a wild scene of joyous abandonment, and from an artistic point of view grand, a luminous point in the history of modern times. Here were the life, the color, the grace of the living picture, with a noble background of surrounding temples, altars, statues,—a wonderful spectacle, that artists can understand and appreciate.

The feast wore merrily through the small hours until the cold blue dawn began to pale the lights in the ceiling. Strangely beautiful was this color effect, as the blue stole downward through the thick yellow glamour of the hall, quickening the merry-makers with a new and uncanny light, putting them out of place, and warning them thence. But still the ball went rolling on.

Though the floor was slippery with wine and dangerous from broken glass, dancing and the cutting of capers proceeded without abatement. The favorite danse du ventre and songs and speeches filled the night to the end of the ball, and then the big orchestra, with a great flourish, played the "Victor's March." This was the signal for the final procession. The vast concourse of students and artists poured forth into the cool, sweet morning air, and the ball was at an end.

Paris was asleep, that early April morning, save for the street-sweepers and the milkmaids and the concierges. But the Place Blanche was very much awake. The morning air was new wine in stale veins, and it banished fatigue.

"En cavalcade! en cavalcade!" was the cry; and in cavalcade it was. A great procession of all the costumers was formed, to march ensemble across Paris to the Quartier Latin. Even the proud Bellona was dragged along in the rear, towering as high as the lower wings of the now motionless red windmill. She seemed to partake in the revelry, for she swayed and staggered in an alarming fashion as she recklessly plunged down the steeps of Montmartre.

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[*] The danse du ventre (otherwise, muscle-dance) is of Turkish origin, and was introduced to Paris by Turkish women from Egypt. Afterward these women exhibited it in the Midway Plaisance of the Columbian Exposition, Chicago, and then at the California Midwinter Exposition, San Francisco. As danced by Turkish women it consists of astonishing control and movements of the abdominal and chest muscles (hence its other name, muscle-dance), varied with more or less graceful steps and gyrations, with adjuncts, such as castanets, scarfs, etc., and the seemingly perilous use of swords. Such clothing is worn as least obscures the play of the muscles. It is danced to a particular Turkish air, monotonously repeated by an orchestra of male Turkish musicians, with Turkish instruments, and the dance is done solus. A dance closely analogous to it, though of a wholly independent origin, is the hula-hula of the Hawaiian women; but the hula hula lacks the grace, dash, and abandon of the Turkish dance. The danse du ventre as danced by French and American women who have "picked it up," is very different from that of the Turkish women—different both in form and meaning. Whatever of suggestiveness it may be supposed to carry is in the adaptation, grossly exaggerated, and whatever of grace and special muscular skill, evidently acquired by Turkish women only from long and thorough drill, is eliminated.

W. C. M.

The deserted Rue Blanche re-echoed the wild yells and songs of the revellers and the rattling of the string of cabs in the rear. The rows of heaped ash cans that lined the way were overturned one after another, and the oaths and threatening brooms of the outraged concierges went for nothing. Even the poor diligent rag-and bone-pickers were not spared; their filled sacks, carrying the result of their whole night's hunt, were taken from them and emptied. A string of carts heavily laden with stone was captured near the Rue Lafayette, the drivers deposed, and the big horses sent plunging through Paris, driven by Roman charioteers, and making more noise than a company of artillery.

When the Place de l'Opéra was reached a thousand revellers swarmed up the broad stairs of the Grand Opéra like colored ants, climbed upon the lamp posts and and candelabra, and clustered all over the groups of statuary adorning the magnificent façade. The band took up a position in the centre and played furiously, while the artists danced ring-around-a-rosy, to the amazement of the drowsy residents of the neighborhood.

The cavalcade then re-formed and marched down the Avenue de l'Opéra toward the Louvre, where it encountered a large squad of street-sweepers washing the avenue. In an instant the squad had been routed and the revellers, taking the hose and brooms, fell to and cleaned an entire block, making it shine as it had never shone before.

Cabs were captured, the drivers decorated with Roman helmets and swords, and dances executed on the tops of the vehicles. One character, with enormous india-rubber shoes, took delight in permitting cabs to run over his feet, while he emitted howls of agony that turned the hair of the drivers white.

As the immense cavalcade filed through the narrow arches of the Louvre court-yard it looked like a mediæval army returning to its citadel after a victorious campaign; the hundreds of battle-flags, spears, and battle-axes were given a fine setting by the noble architecture of the Pavilion de Rohan. Within the court of the Louvre was drawn up a regiment of the Garde Municipale, going through the morning drill; and they looked quite formidable with their evolutions and bayonet charges. But when the mob of Greek and Roman warriors flung themselves bodily upon the ranks of the guard, ousted the officers, and assumed command, there was consternation. All the rigid military dignity of the scene disappeared, and the drill was turned into such a farce as the old Louvre had never seen before. The officers, furious at first, could not resist the spirit of pure fun that filled the mob, and took their revenge by kissing the models and making them dance. The girls had already done their share of the conquering by pinning flowers to military coats and coyly putting pretty lips where they were in danger. Even the tall electric-light masts in the court were scaled by adventurous students, who attached brilliant flags, banners, and crests to the mastheads far above the crowd.

To the unspeakable relief of the officers, the march was then resumed. The Pont du Carrousel was the next object of assault; here was performed the solemn ceremony of the annual sacrifice of the Quat'z' Arts to the river Seine. The mighty Bellona was the sacrifice. She was trundled to the centre of the bridge and drawn close to the parapet, while the disciples of the four arts gathered about with uncovered heads. The first bright flashes of the morning sun, sweeping over the towers of Notre Dame, tipped Bellona's upraised sword with flame. The band played a funeral march. Prayers were said, and the national hymn was sung; then Bellona was sent tottering and crashing over the parapet, and with a mighty plunge she sank beneath the waters of the Seine. A vast shout rang through the crisp morning air. Far below, poor Bellona rose in stately despair, and then slowly sank.

The parade formed again and proceeded to the Beaux Arts, the last point of attack. Up the narrow Rue Bonaparte went singing the tired procession; the gates of the École opened to admit it, cabs and all, and the doors were shut again. Then in the historic court yard of the government school, surrounded by remnants of the beautiful architecture of once stately chateaux and palaces, and encircled by graceful Corinthian columns, the students gave a repetition of the grand ball at the Moulin Rouge. A strange and incongruous sight it was in the brilliant sunshine and the neighboring windows and balconies were packed with onlookers. But by half-past seven every trace of the Bal des Quat'z' Arts had disappeared—the great procession had melted away to the haunts of Bohemia.

"Audrey" Is a Wonder.

MARY JOHNSON is a talented American novelist. So far as I know, she is a pleasant, inoffensive woman. It is, therefore, the more surprising that playwrights Harriet Ford and E. F. Boddington should have found it necessary to be so cruel to her. We have had some pretty bad dramatizations of novels during the past few years, but none that were more weak puerile or ineffective than "Audrey" as seen in the Madison Square Theatre.

"Audrey" does not even aspire to the dignity of a melodrama. The original novel is a fine, strong romance; the dramatization is a concoction that would not impress even the most callow

In the first place, it is not a play. It is merely a series of tableaux without any special continuity and no convincing force or sensible climaxes. A dramatization of a book, to be any good, should carry some import and sequence even to those who have not read the story. There are a few theatre-goers in New York who have not read "Audrey." If any of these have seen the Liebler production they have sat stern, forbidding, and absolutely at sea regarding the meaning of things on the stage. In the book *Marmaduke Haward* becomes seriously ill and this accounts for many of his strange doings. In the play, *Haward* makes his appearance in one of the early scenes, passes his hands over his eyes, staggers around a little and acts as if he were very, very drunk. The audience is not told that all this is due to illness until so late in the game that they have lost all interest beyond wishing that *Haward's* fever is of the malignant kind that will not permit him to return.

Mr. James E. Wilson, the leading man of the company, who plays *Marmaduke Haward*, is an amazing actor. See him and wonder.

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4. **MISS VIOLA ALLEN, now starring as *Roma* in Hall Caine's "The Eternal City."**
5. **MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT (Mrs. N. C. Goodwin), often called the handsomest brunette on the American stage.**
6. **MISS MARY MANNERING (Mrs. James K. Hackett), the English beauty, starring in "The Stubbornness of Geraldine."**
7. **MRS. EDNA WALLACE HOPPER, the petite comedienne of "The Silver Slipper."**
8. **MISS JULIA MARLOWE, the eminent young American player.**
9. **MISS ANNA HELD, the fascinating French actress, who speaks English so piquantly in "The Little Duchess."**
10. **MISS LULU GLASER, starring in "Dolly Varden."**
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The Woman of the World

By Carolyn Lowrey.

A YACHTSMAN LOSES HIS HEAD.

IT is just possible that New York may enjoy a choice bit of scandal which envolves a member of one of the best families.

The hero of this sensation is no youth, having cut his wisdom teeth many moons ago. He is a benedict, and recently left his Newport home when the atmosphere had grown a little chilly, to return with his family to New York, leaving a certain little shop girl to enjoy the cliff walk alone, waiting future orders.

However, the man's yacht, which is stocked with Ruinart, will rest in Rhode Island waters this winter, and society anxiously waits to see what is brought back by him.

FROM THE SUBLIME TO THE RIDICULOUS.

TO think that a little girl who has been selling chairs in an auction room should give the cold shoulder to the son of Senator George Peabody Wetmore in favor of Cornelius Vanderbilt's coachman!

The coachman has been accused, and it is said justly, of spending his money more freely than the Senator's son.

The idea of a plebian coachman winning the lady from the society man, however, is very funny.

In the meantime, I hear that "Rogers," who by the way is in Paris at present, continues to send his love ditties by every steamer, in blissful ignorance of his aristocratic rival.

Photos by Marceau. and Davis & Sanford, New York.

MRS. FRANK LESLIE
(Baroness de Bazus.)

And her dog, Mimi Pincon, her constant pet and companion, named from one of Beranger's heroines. Mrs. Leslie, who long directed the publications which her late husband founded, is the centre of a literary coterie which the public refuse to take seriously. But that does not worry the Baroness de Bazus.

MISS GIBSON'S CLOSE-FITTING ORNAMENT.

DESSA GIBSON of "A Chinese Honeymoon" refuses to wear anything so ordinary as diamonds.

As Miss Gibson was born in Dublin, and is an acknowledged Irish beauty, she will henceforth wear the symbol of her country. A shamrock is hereafter to be fastened on her bare neck by means of sticking plaster.

Miss Gibson has the sticking plaster propensity in many directions. She is to a great extent her own press agent, and some of the results are startling.

Miss Gibson is known in private life as Mrs. W. P. Stevens, being the former wife of a Denver millionaire.

MARIE CAHILL REFUSES MONEY.

SOME rash vaudeville man tried to entice Marie Cahill into an engagement, and baited his tempting offer with the small sum of seven hundred per week. But Marie's artistic soul revolts at the very thought of variety after enjoying the classical atmosphere of "Sally In Our Alley," and the aristocratic presence of Mr. Daniel MacAvoy.

There are not wanting some to say that the blonde Marie's head is swelled, but others say no. Still—— You seldom can tell about these things.

What is seven hundred a week to Miss Cahill? Nothing; has she not deserted her "papa's Waldorf" in Brooklyn?

Google

The Terrible Platt-Odell Feud.

The Story of a Fearful Duel That Never Took Place.

By R. Burke.

SENATOR THOMAS C. PLATT is a peaceful gentleman. Governor Benjamin B. Odell, Jr., is not bloodthirsty. And yet, according to the daily newspapars, both these eminent Republicans have been wildly clutching each other's throats for a long time, and in the case of one newspaper at least, a minute description of the death-rattle was given.

The whole amount of it is that all these fights are merely the outcome of the wildest guessing. Both Senator Platt and Governor Odell are men of stamina—men who have ideas of their own, who have attained their present positions by force of personality and not by slave-like submission to the opinions of others. They have not always agreed on every small matter that has come up in the various discussions regarding the policy of the Republican party. What two men of brains and original ideas could always agree with each other on every point, important or trivial, without finally losing that high regard for brains and ability which must always figure in the conduct of one strong man toward another?

Senator Platt has reached a high place in the councils of his party. He has served the people of New York State at Albany and Washington in no uncertain manner. He has not been for nearly forty years in the calcium of the public gaze without becoming pretty well known to those who look for worth in a man whether they agree with him politically or not.

Governor Odell is a considerably younger man. He has almost since a lad looked up to Senator Platt as a friend and a mentor. There has for years epicted a sympathy between them which all the newspaper carping and criticisms or machinations of a century could not upset. Even though eminently successful in what he has undertaken, he also possesses the high sense of loyalty that would make it utterly impossible for him to consider his long-time friend anything but a friend in all that the word implies. The idea of a Platt-Odell feud is absolutely ridiculous.

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SENATOR THOMAS C. PLATT, OF NEW YORK.

Photograph by Bundy, Albany.

GOVERNOR BENJAMIN B. ODELL, OF NEW YORK.

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BROADWAY

New Year Number.

MAGAZINE

Vol. X. JANUARY, 1903. No. 4.

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ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY, Editor. GEORGE A. SHERIN, General Manager.

It's good to start the New Year with pleasant thoughts. Here are a few.

Howard Gould is a very rich young man. He is also generous and very American like most of his family but also independent. Some time ago he was sued for the second time by a man who had been his valet. It was acknowledged that Mr. Gould had treated this man fairly, had taken care of him when he met with an accident on board his yacht, for which the man alone was responsible, and discharged him only when he believed this to be a necessary step. Under the circumstances, many men in Mr. Gould's position would have refused to be bothered and would have compromised on a certain sum in order to be relieved of all further annoyance. But Mr. Gould has the courage of his convictions. He felt that he was in the right—and so refused to pay, pay, pay. He fought the case to a finish, with the redoubtable A. H. Hummel as his counsel, and won a notable victory in the New York courts. All through the trial, Mr. Gould's beautiful wife, who was Miss Katherine Clemmons, sat by his side and encouraged her husband in a fight for what both considered their inalienable rights.

Such cases as these easily prove that our young millionaires have backbone and the stamina which makes us the great people we are, whether rich or poor.

There is a man in New York of the name of David Rothschild. There may be many such, but this particular Rothschild about ten years ago lost his personal fortune of $2,500,000. After giving up all his real estate holdings, he still found that his firm, whose paper he had endorsed, owed something like $700,000. He was, therefore, that much worse off than nothing. With no money in his pocket, no particuler prospects, and his only capital a good financial training and the faith of those who knew him best, he faced the world penniless but not hopeless. The Bankruptcy Law of 1898 gave him a chance to file a petition in bankruptcy. He told his creditors, when he was adjudged free of debt, that this was only a legal release—that he still considered his debts as moral obligations. Then he began the hardest work a man can undertake—making a living for himself and family in the face of past failure and at the same trying to pay old debts. This struggle was not for many years, but Mr. Rothschild could tell a long story of self-denial, of the help of good friends and of an optimism that did not desert him even when things looked blackest. He sold bonds, was successful and made money. He started in by paying all his creditors something on account and finally not long ago he found himself out of debt, and, for the first time in years, free from the awful, gnawing anxiety of a proud, earnest man who is working against terrible odds. But to-day David Rothschild owes no one, is regarded as an honest man, a brilliant financier and is President of the new and important Federal Bank of New York City. During all this period, Louis Rothschild, who also gave up his resources to the creditors of the defunct concern, stuck bravely by his brother.

I am not much given to preaching. It's an idiotic method of convincing people; but in these days of pessimism on the part of those who should know better, it is stimulating and refreshing to call the country's attention to a man who was honest because he wanted to be and not because it was the best policy.

David Rothschild, honest men salute you!

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General Molineux is a veteran of the Civil war. He was a brave Federal soldier who won his spurs by hard fighting; he is a member of the G. A. R. in high standing, a business man of integrity and an esteemed citizen. And yet it is as a father that the General is best loved by his friends and the public. His son was accused of a terrible crime; he was prosecuted with zeal and much legal deftness by the shrewdest lawyers in the District Attorney's office. The General avowed his absolute and unshaken confidence in the innocence of his boy and proceeded to prove this by an unselfishness that was sublime. Although an old man, tired out with fighting for his country and in the industrial fight for an honorable competence for extreme old age, he placed his entire fortune at the service of his son, and when almost prostrated by the blow of a conviction on the first trial, smiled sweetly in the manner that old folks have and started in all over again to battle for a life. Only he himself knows - yes, there was one other, a gentle mother—what he suffered during those awful months he spent in a cottage at Sing Sing near the dreaded death house when the appeal was before the highest tribunal of the State. And when a new trial was ordered and the light of a new hope came, how great was his joy only a parent may know; and, during the second trial, the father sat by the son day by day, never quailing, never complaining and always, always sure that innocence would win. And finally, when before a hushed court, the foreman gravely announced the verdict "Not Guilty" and the news was flashed far and wide by electric currents of sympathy, a whole cityful sighed in relief and thanked God for the sake of the father. The son was considered afterwards.

And now, what excuse can a divorce-seeking wife offer an old man in palliation of another wound to a splendid scarred soul? An old wound reopened is more exquisitely painful than a new wound. And there are more ways of separating from a man than by shameless hysterics before the world.

But it is still of the old man that most people think in this latest crisis. Truly, the heart of a woman is beyond comprehension.

The world loves fair play. That is why Chief Croker of New York's Fire Department is more popular to-day than ever before during his career. He had been putting out fires for years; had been instilling into the hearts of his men, by actual example, the dogma that attention to duty, the bravery of strong men and a keen knowledge of what was required of them were of far greater importance than political pull; he had brought the efficiency of the department up to a splendid, standard by a policy that was stern but just; he had been doing all these things and then was brought to trial on the most paltry charges and under conditions that made the blood of decent men boil. From the moment that he was put on trial Chief Croker became a more popular official than he had ever been. Persons of every shade of political opinion eagerly sought an opportunity to show their faith in him. He did not become a more conscientious public officer, for he had always done his duty; but from a man who was regarded highly by those who were in a position to prove his worth, he became a public idol and the town was with him from sole to feather.

All of which is very nice and consoling, for loyalty in a people is like unto the love of a mother—all-covering and beautiful to behold. It is also very useful when someone else tries to smash the idol. It often happens that there is a boomerang in the woodpile.

New Year Resolves.

In reply to letters which Broadway Magazine has not sent to the following persons, asking for their New Year's Resolutions the replies appended have not been received.

Carrie Nation: I will cut out my hatchet—if David axes me properly.

President Baer: The very wealthy and divinely-inspired need not make New Year Resolutions, therefore I don't have to.

Policeman 41144: Quit piping off Piper.

W. R. Hearst: My New Year commences March 4th. Write me again then.

Mark Twain: Will stop reading my own obituaries.

Books Received.

THE WHIRLWIND—A civil war story; by Rupert Hughes. Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston.

THE MILLIONAIRES—A story of life in New York; by Julian Ralph. Lothrop Publishing Co, Boston.

EAGLE BLOOD—A vigorous romance of English and American life; by James Creelman. Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston.

CAPTAIN MACKLYN—A story of love and adventure; by Richard Harding Davis. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

THE MAID AT ARMS—A love story; by Robert W. Chambers. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

POCO A POCO—A novel of newspaper life: by William Franklin Johnson, Saalfield Publishing Co., Akron, O.

ON THE CROSS—A romance of the Passion Play: by Wilhelmine von Hillern. Drexel Biddle. Philadelphia, Pa.

THOSE BLACK DIAMOND MEN—A tale of the Anthrax Valley; by William Futhey Gibbons. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York and Chicago.

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The Red Soubrette.

SA—AY——

I'll never, never drink any more of Mrs. Frank Leslie's punch!

Nor talk with Marshall Wilder between the acts.

I'll cut Reginald DeKoven the next time he looks at me through his monocle——

And I'll always applaud Bijou Fernandez when Mamma Fernandez is sitting behind me.

No more Detroit for me when I go back on the stage again and Boston is off my list till I become a Viola Allen. Then I'll play Pawtucket, R. I., by preference.

If I can help it, I'll never go into George Lederer's company. I have my reasons.

I swear not to smoke cigarettes ever again—before breakfast.

And if I star in tragedy, I'll act in a Glen MacDonough comedy.

I promise not to tell all I know about everyone I know; life's too short.

And sa-ay——

If ever I become Richard Mansfield's leading lady, I'll be sure to have my smile, good nature, patience and nerve insured.

That's about all for me.

The Red Soubrette.

Heart Letters.

Sub-Editor Broadway Magazine.

Sir:

I am in love with a young man who is very rich. He loves me very tenderly, and all my parents and friends approve of him. I simply worship him. Do you think we ought to get married. Beatrice.

Ah, Beatrice, this is a hard question to answer. There must be something queer about the whole thing, it looks so rosy. Better wait about forty-five years, and see how both your hearts are, then.

Sub-Editor Broadway Magazine.

Sir:

What is a good cure for cold feet?

Handsome Dan.

Coming in on a pair of sevens.

Sub-Editor Broadway Magazine.

Sir:

I owe you four dollars, but I'm ashamed to pay you such a small sum of money. Don't you want to lend me ninety-six more dollars so as to make it a decent amount, and worth talking about? G.

I would like to add the ninety-six awfully much, G., but I intend to restrain myself. Hand over the four and I will think about the other amount afterwards. Don't bother about being bashful. I won't notice your blushes.

Sub-Editor Broadway Magazine.

Sir:

I stepped on the foot of a female foreigner in a car the other day. She looked like a Hungarian. She said—to the best of my recollection: "Cmlw x jeelimpz pip!" and hit me on the head with her umbrella. Can you translate her remark for me. Subscriber.

We can, but we wont. There are reasons.

Localettes.

The clock on Low's Town Hall was three minutes fast last week.

Pearl buttons and canned lobster at Macy's.

Our terribly esteemed contemporary, *The Noonday Bun*, took in a subscription last week. We mention this now because the subscription manager of *The Bun* (who also sweeps out the office), will claim that his circulation has doubled. So it has.

Manager Grau promises some fine shows at the Opry House this winter. Monsoor de Bonjoor will sing on Friday night till he's blue in the face.

After a severe illness, our jovial and popular townsman, Mr. Russell Sage, is again about—well, about the same as he always has been, only more so.

Look out for the circus next Thursday; it will be here Friday. Go and see it on Saturday.

Prunes at Mrs. Gilhooly's fashionable theatrical boarding house. Thanks accepted as collateral.

John Jones will be in town next Tuesday. He went visiting last Wednesday.

Mollie Gray is lucky. She found a solid pewter spoon in her ice cream at the Broadway Tabernacle festival Saturday night.

The weather is all right.

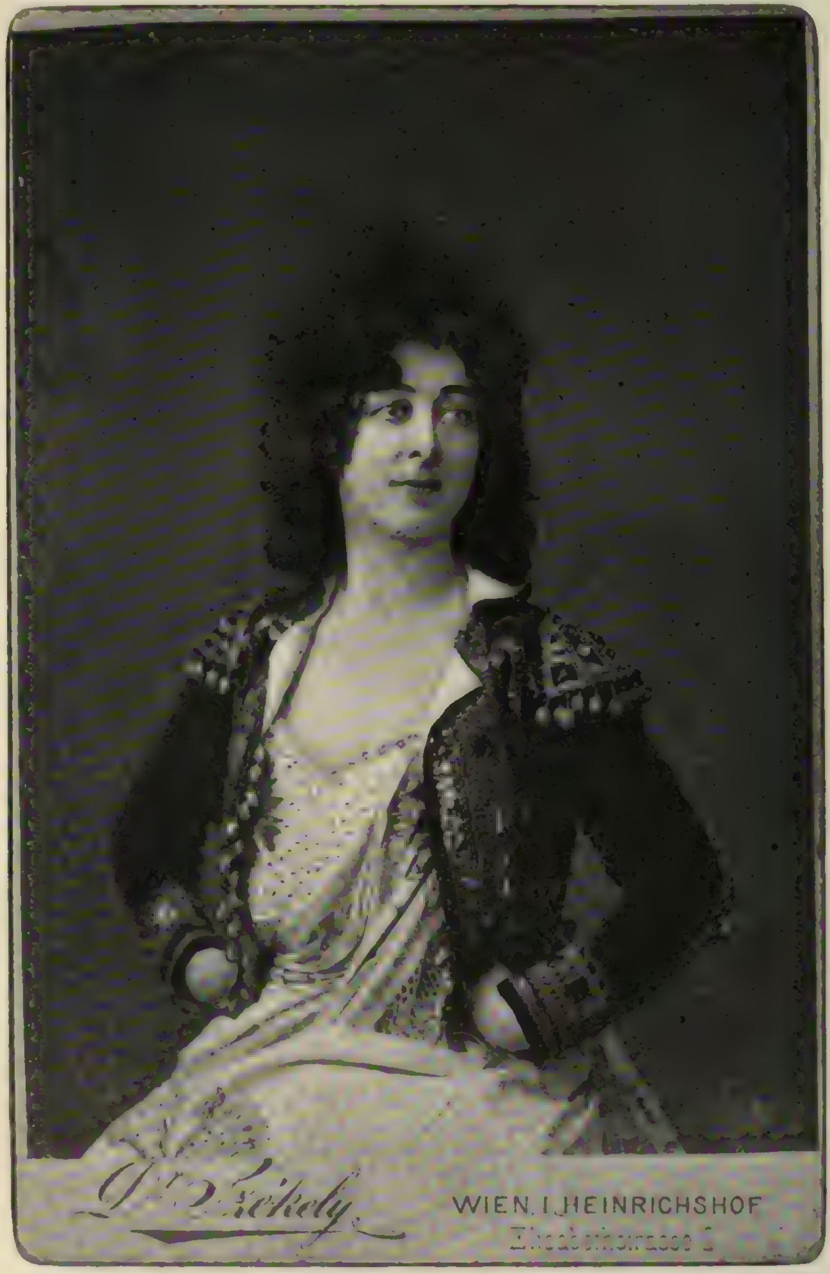
Coal is still high.

Use Mud's Little Liver Sarsaparilla.

Vote early even if it rains.

Well, well!

WILLIE FLANNELL,
Our Special Reporter.


WIEN, I. HEINRICHSHOF

SAHARET.

The wild and tempestuous dancer in the Anna Held Company playing "The Little Duchess."

Photograph by C. G. Moller, Jr., New York.

MISS JEANNE CALDUCCI.

Of the "King Dodo" Company.

Google

Photograph by C. G. Moller, Jr., New York.

MISS CAROLYN GORDON,

Of "The Toreador" Company.

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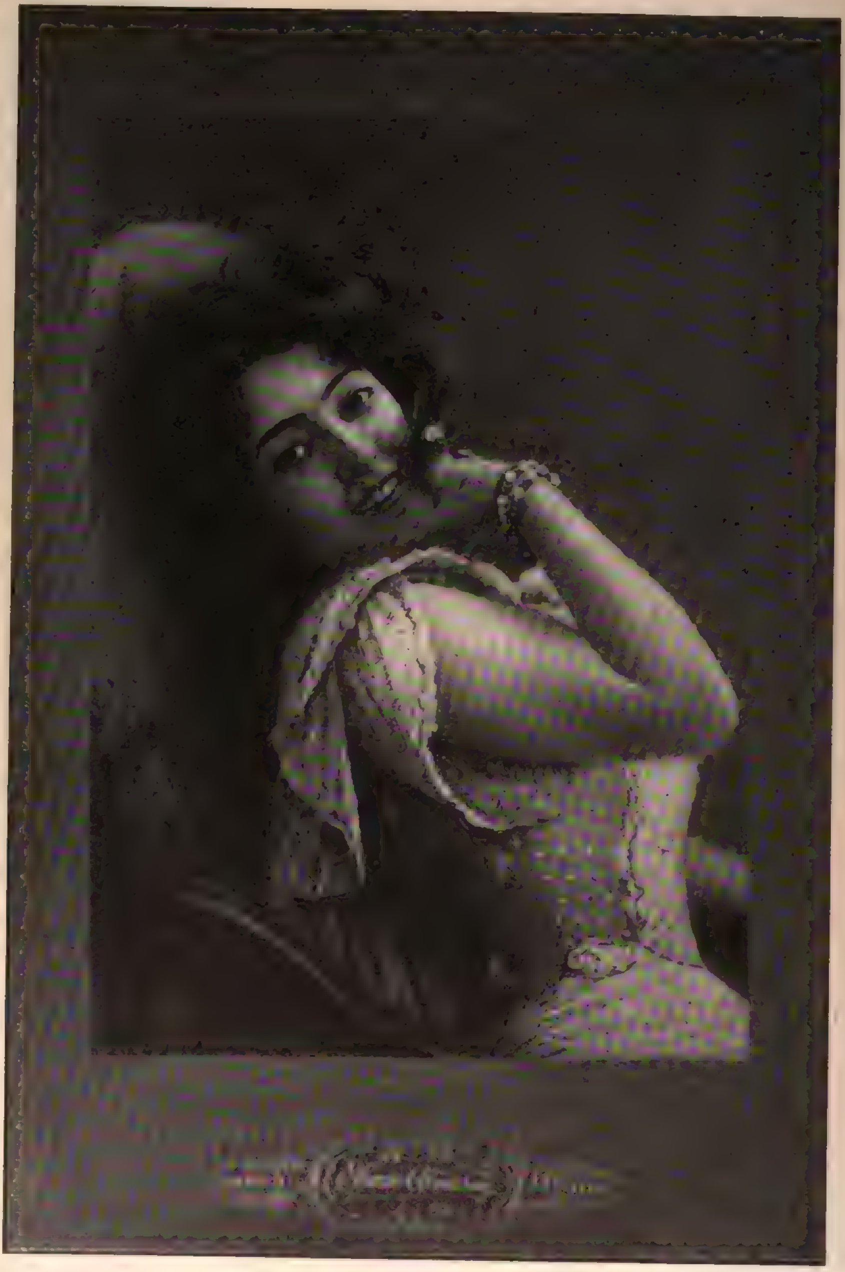
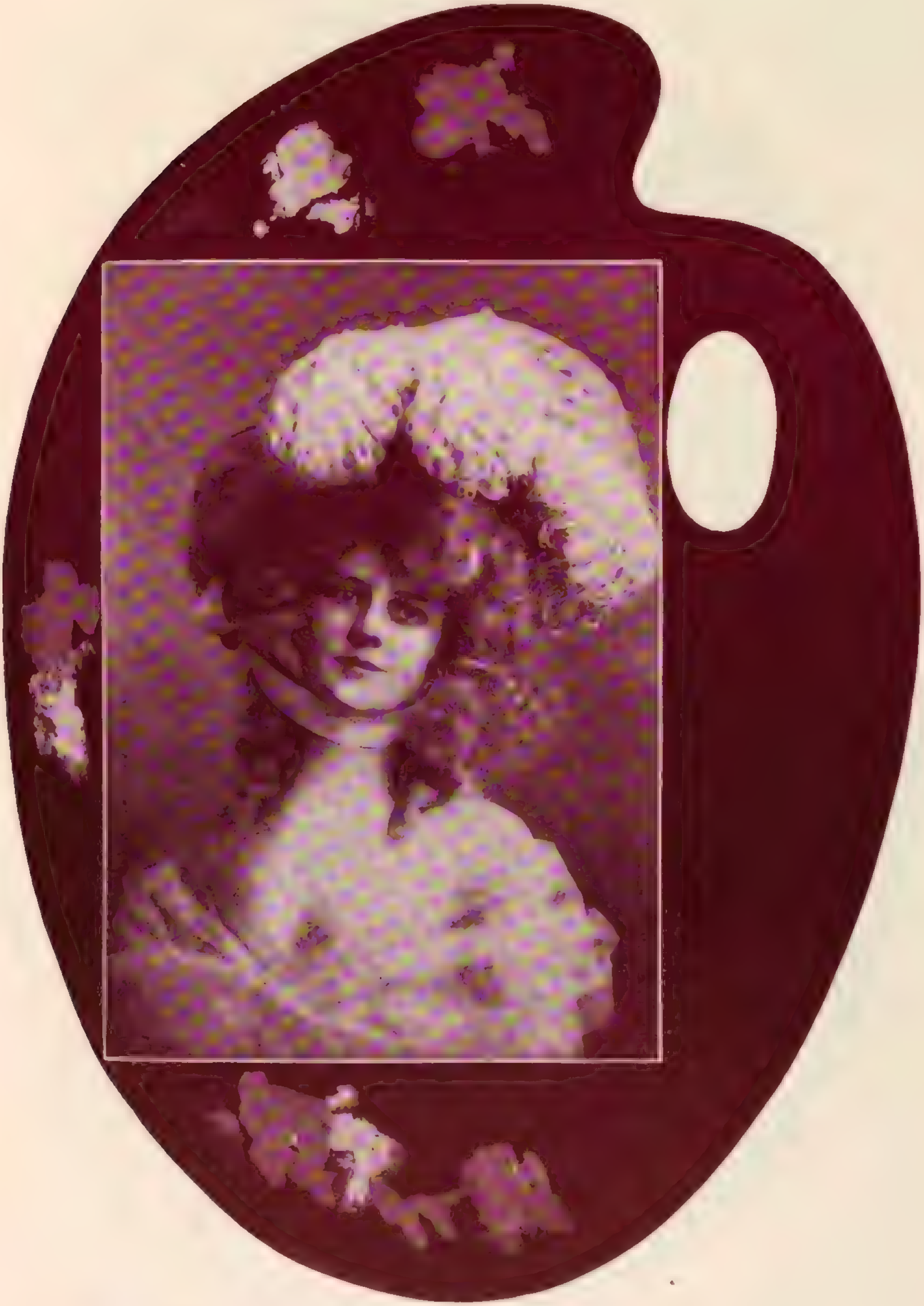


MISS ANNA HELD.

As she appears in "The Little Duchess," with which she is starring under the management of F. Ziegfeld, Jr.

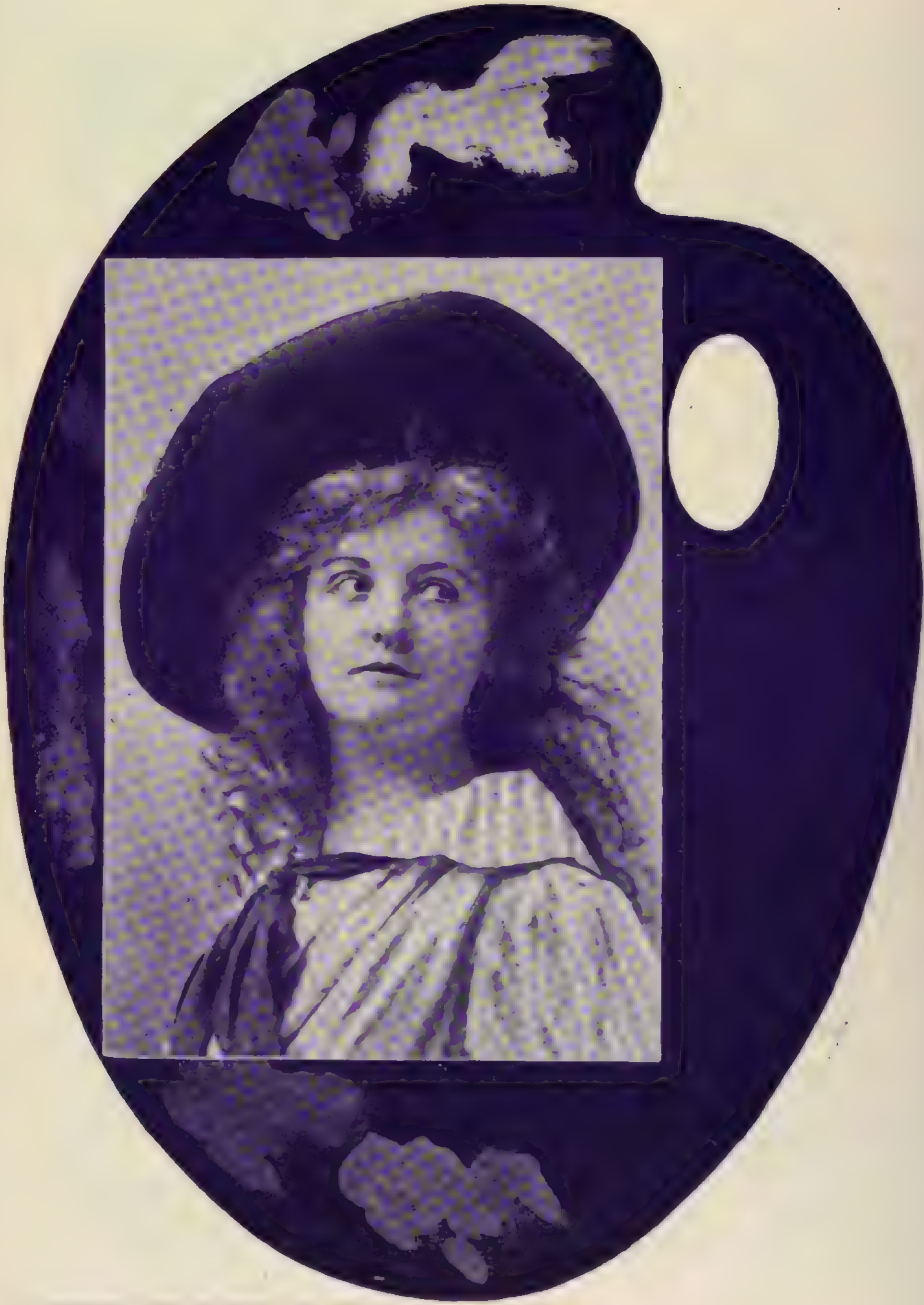
Camera Valentines of 1903.



Photograph by Eddowes, New York.

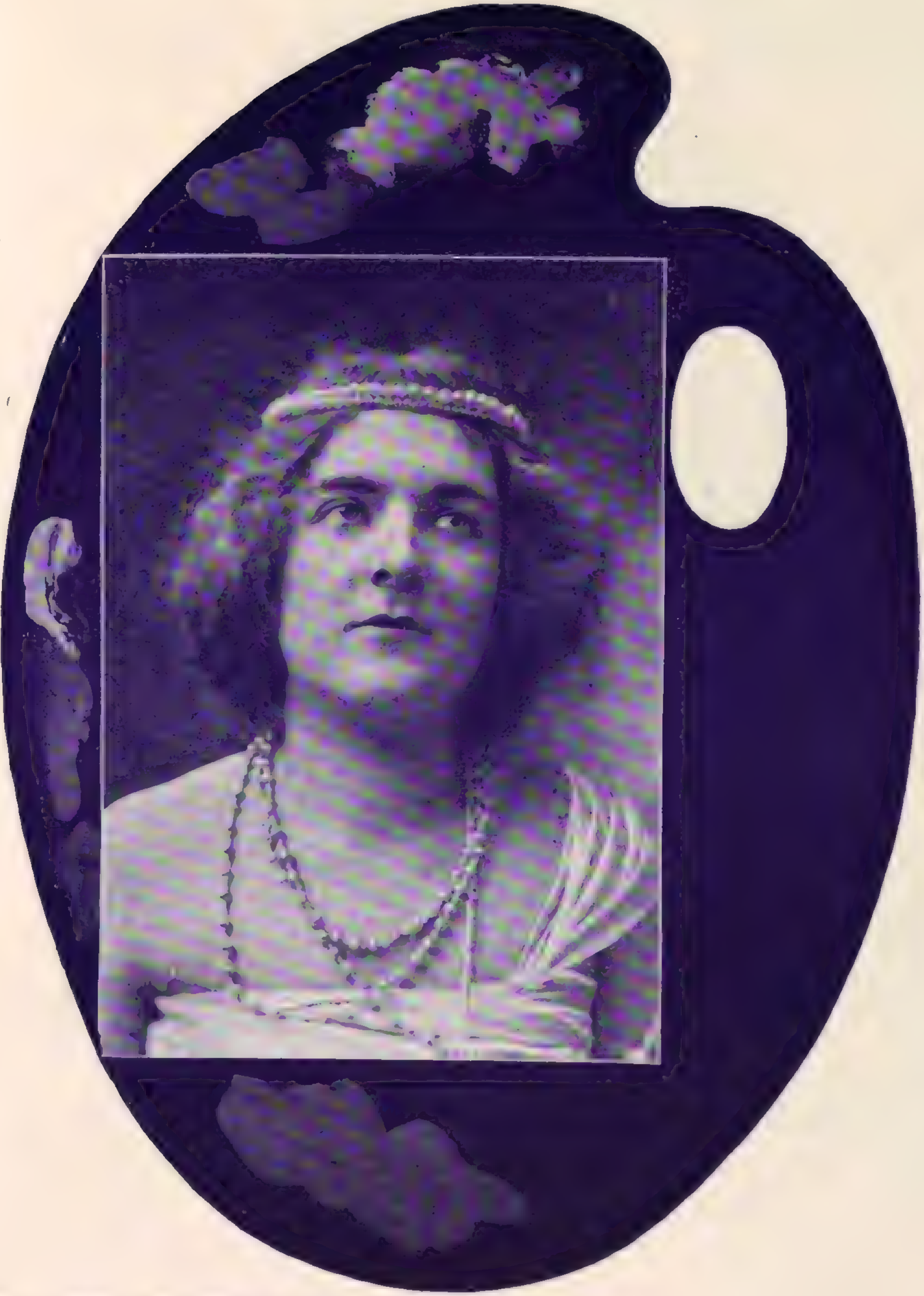
MISS MONA DESMOND.

Camera Valentines of 1903.



Photograph by Schloss, New York.

MISS LAURA HOPE CREWS.



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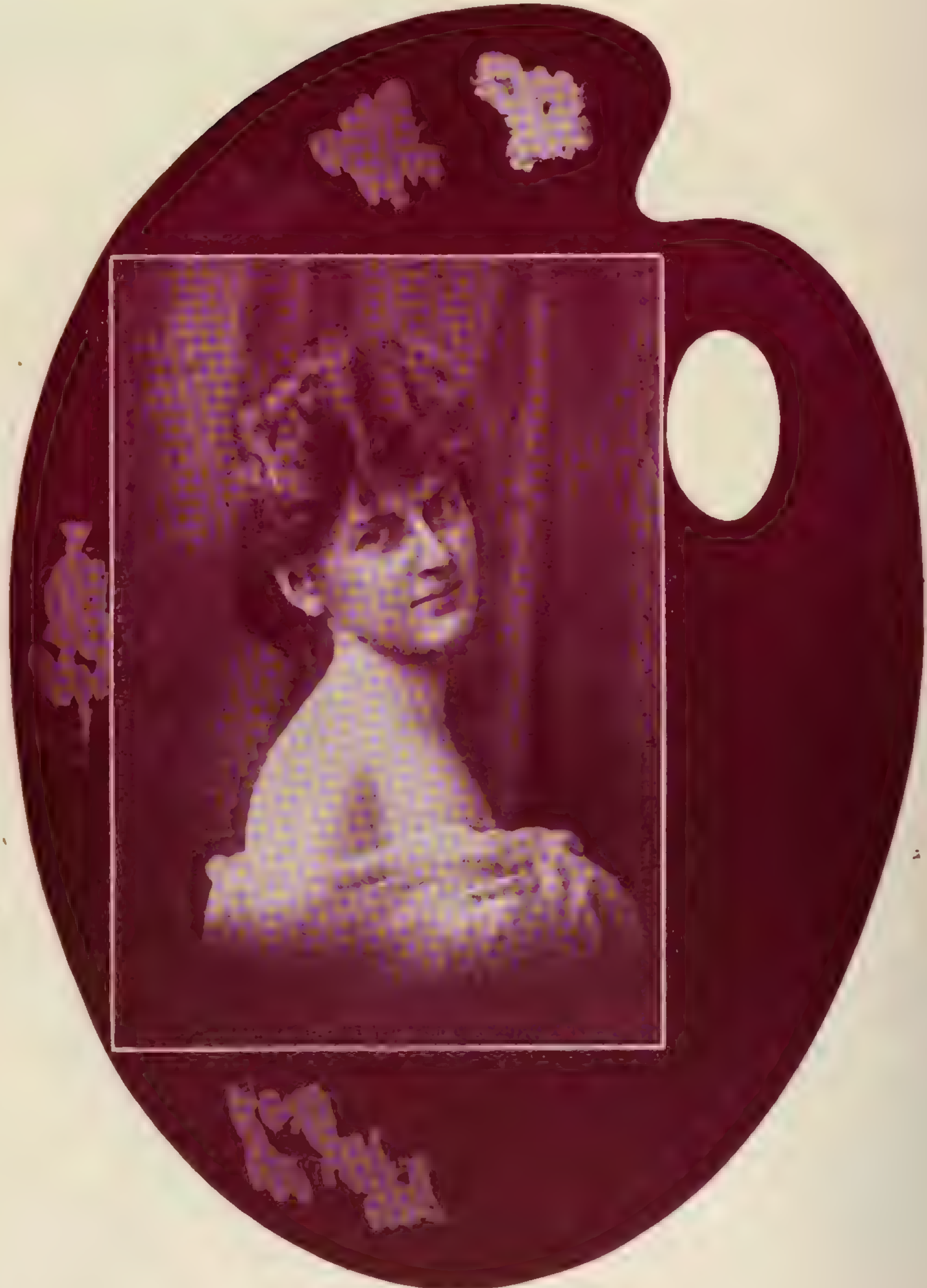
MISS LIONE DEFAYE.

Camera Valentines of 1903.



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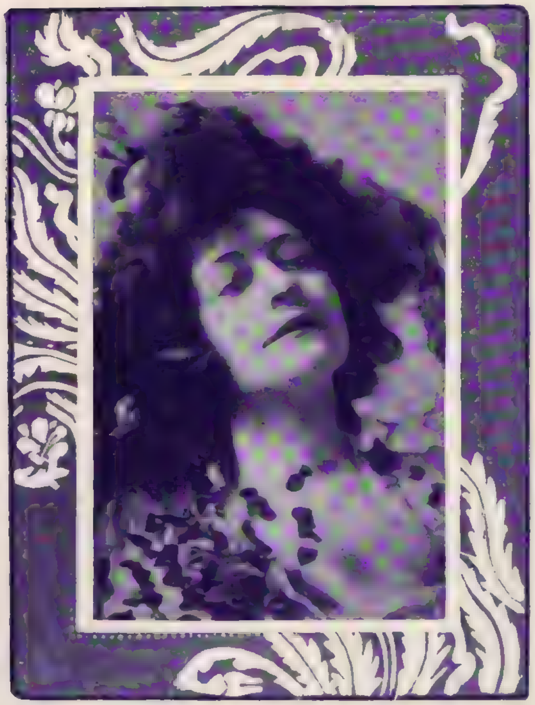
MISS VIOLA SCHENCK.

NEW YORK



Photograph by C. G. Moller, Jr., New York.

MISS MAY MACKENZIE.

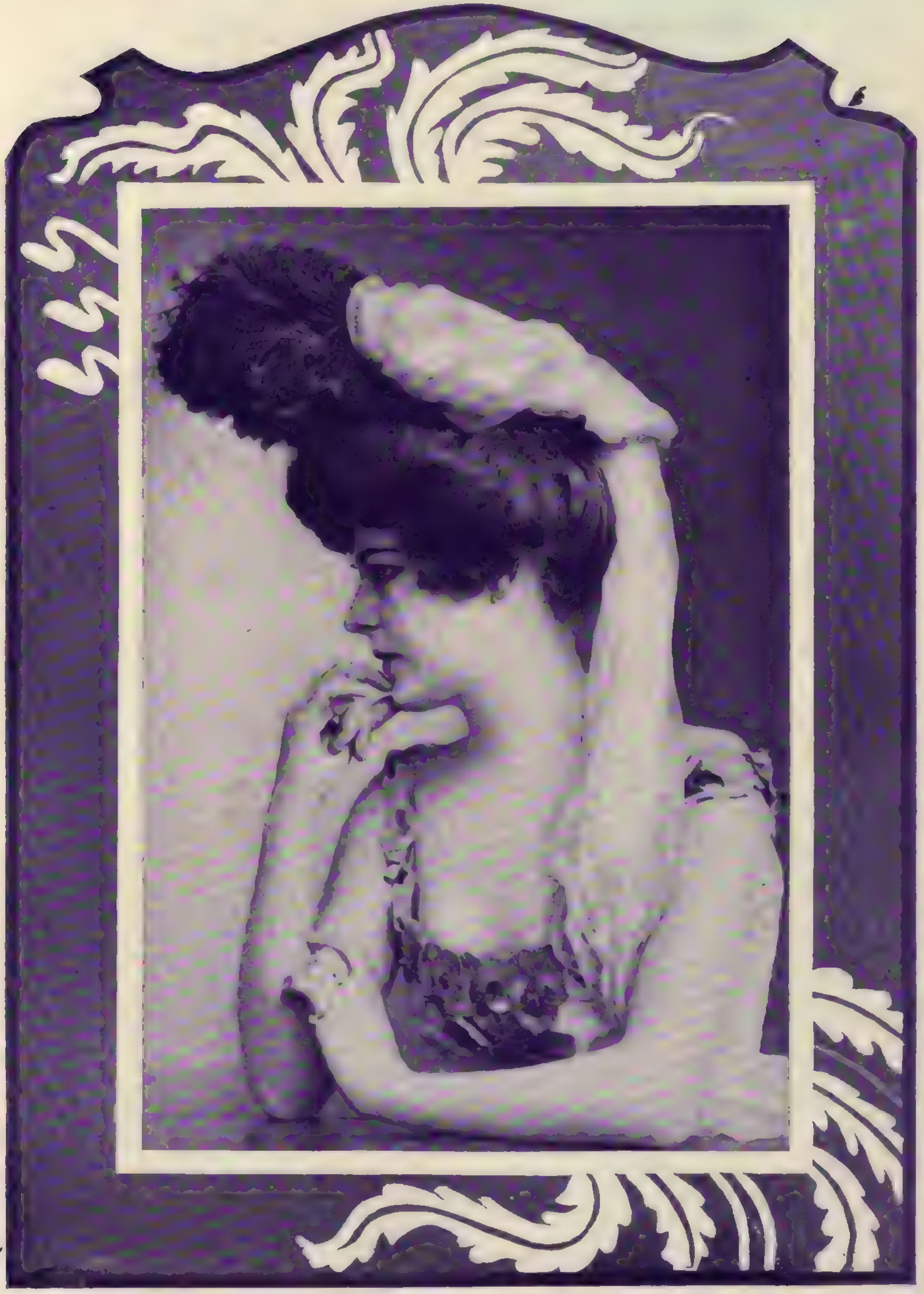
BEAUTIES IN FRAMES.

New York Beauties In Frames.

Photograph by Schloss, New York.

MISS GRACE HASDELL.

New York Beauties In Frames.



Photograph by Morrison.

MISS GRACE WALTON

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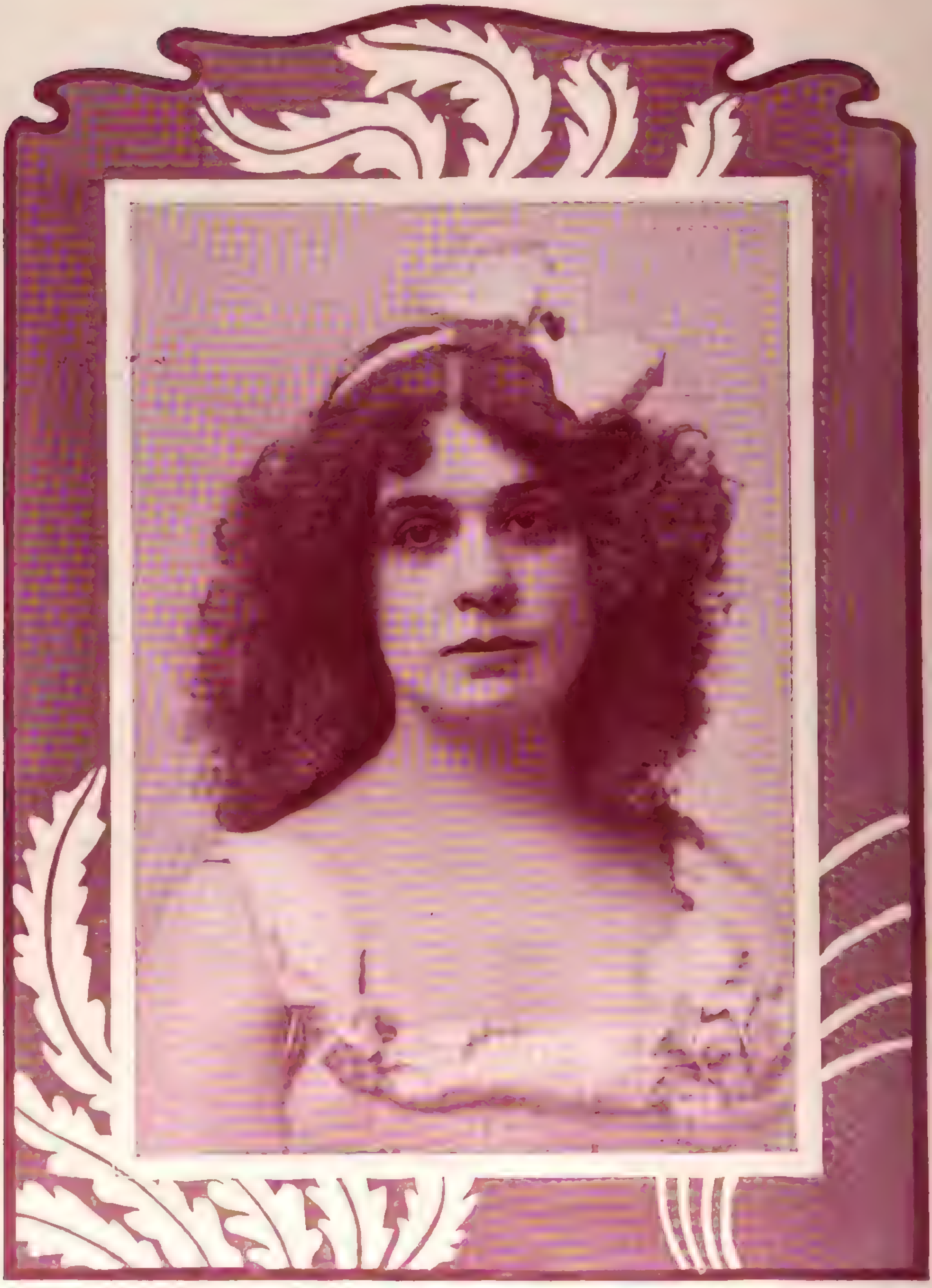
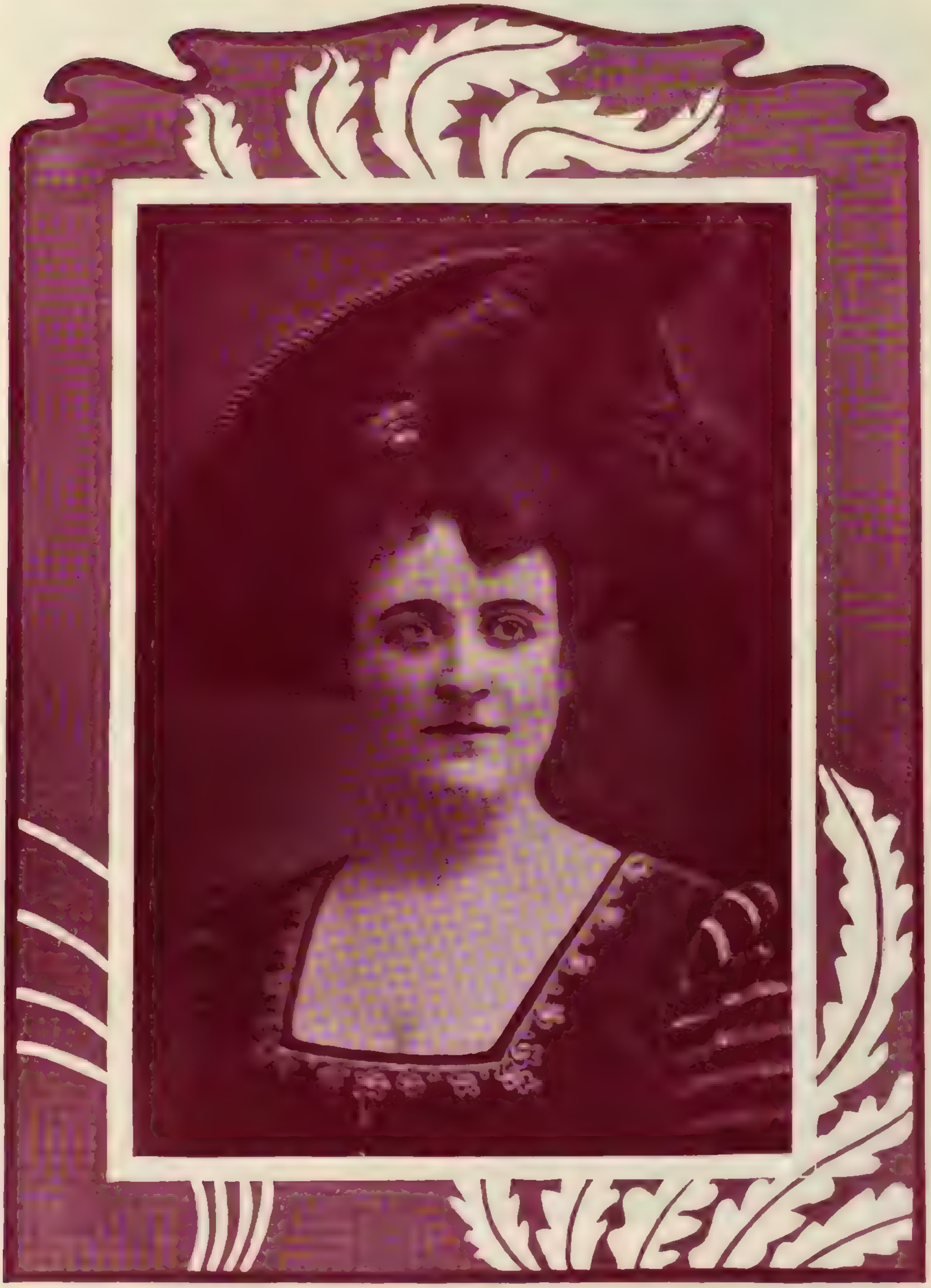
New York Beauties in Frames.



Photograph by White, New York.

MISS IRMA MOLYNEAUX.

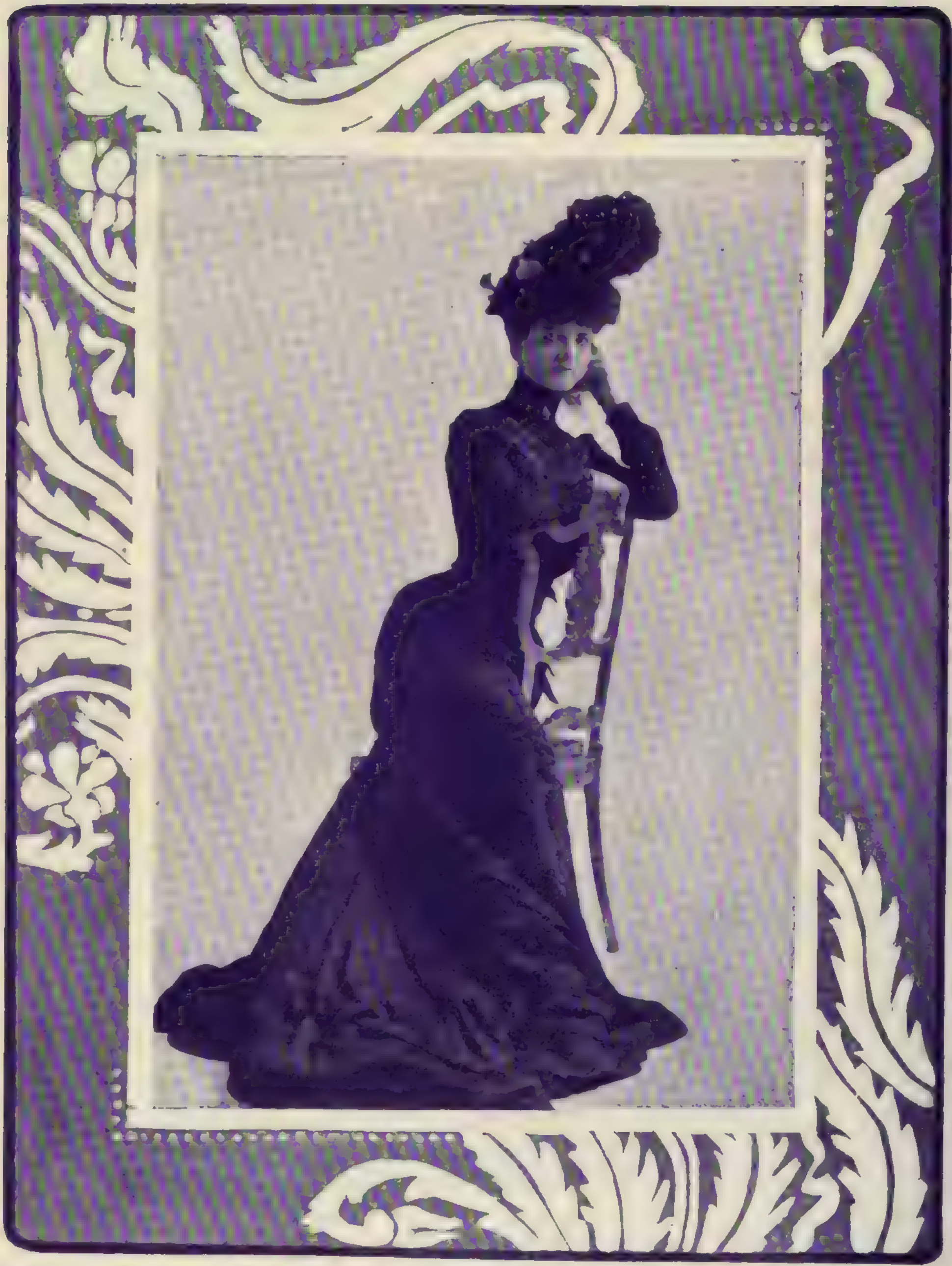
New York Beauties In Frames.



Photograph by Sarony, New York.

MISS GRACE VAN STUDDIFORD.

New York Beauties In Frames.

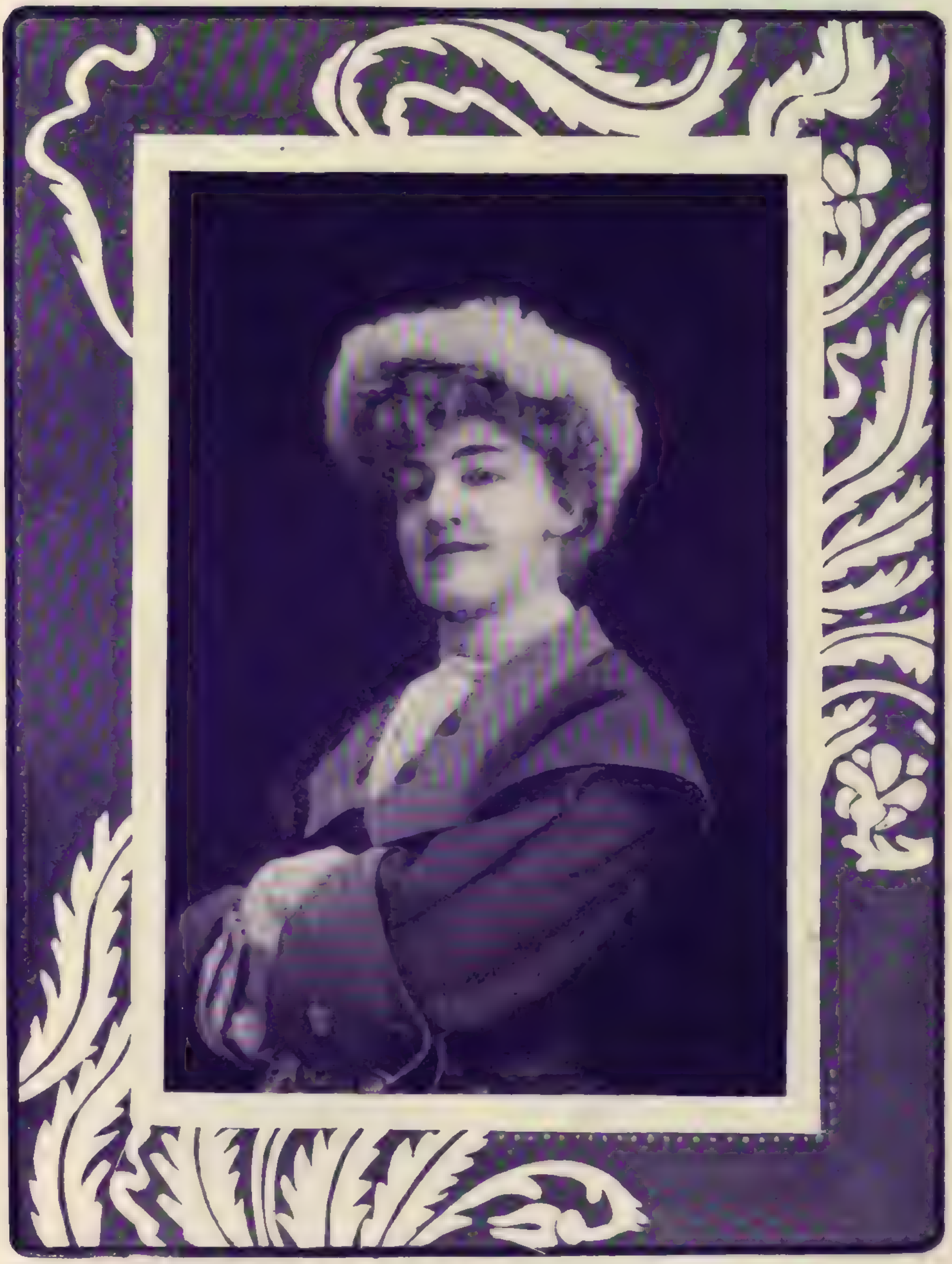


Photograph by Marceau, New York.

MISS CLARITA VIDAL.

Miss Clarita Vidal is at present a Show Girl in "The Silver Slipper," the big production at the Broadway Theatre, but her ambition and intention are to appear in the legitimate as soon as occasion serves. She is of Spanish descent, her real name being Margarita de Saavedra y Asensi. Miss Vidal was brought up in Paris, and hopes by her work in the future to make a big success on the stage. It is of interest to note that her grandfather was Spanish Consul-General in Leghorn and her uncle has been in the Spanish Embassy in Tangiers for the last eight years.

New York Beauties In Frames.

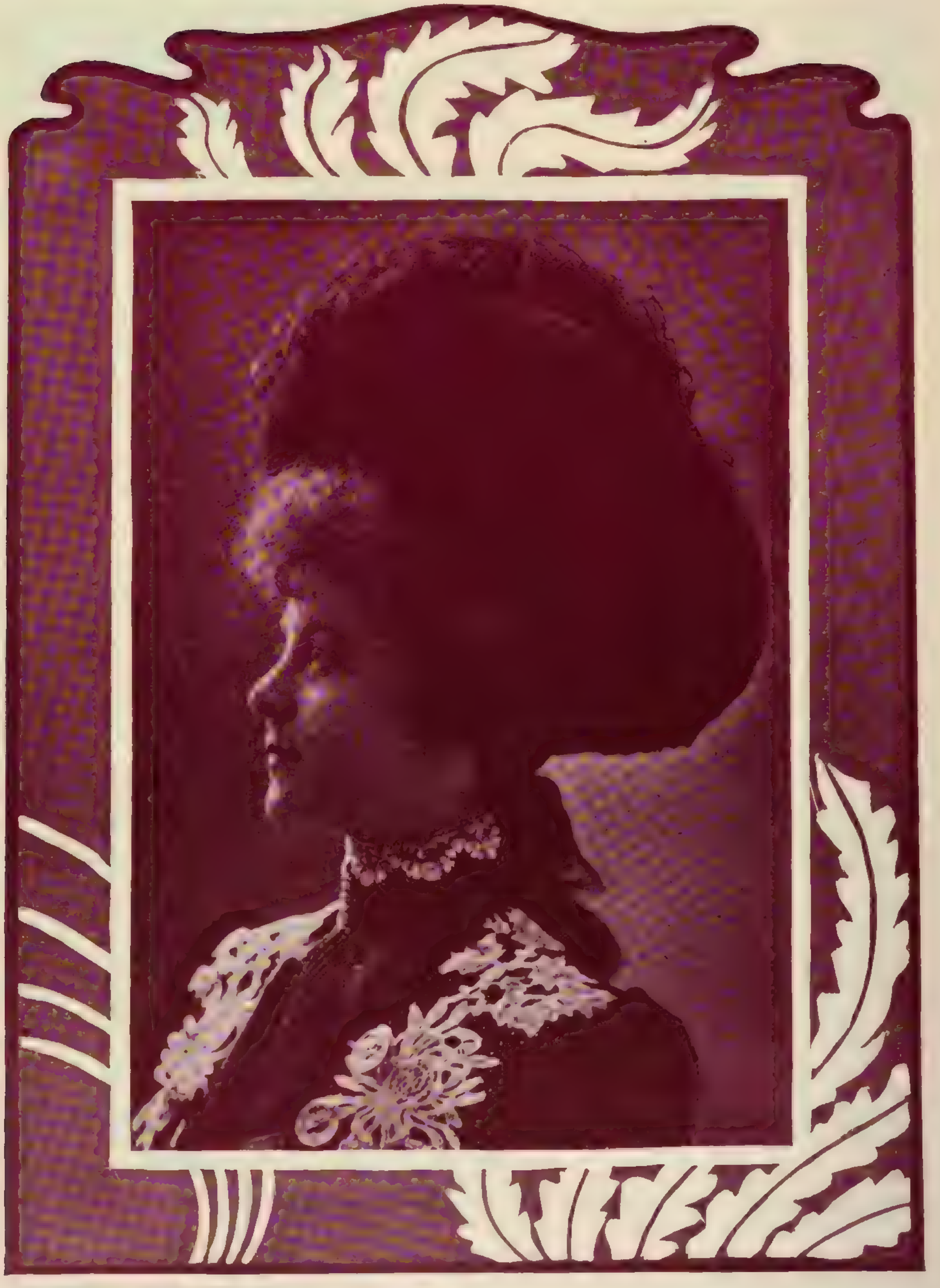


Photograph by McIntosh, New York.

MISS AMY RICKARD, THE GIRL FROM BUTTE.

In "The Stubbornness of Geraldine" Miss Amy Rickard, as *Vi Thompson*, the Girl from Butte, Montana, does some of the best comedy work seen by New Yorkers in a long while. It is a capital piece of portraiture and has brought this clever girl into the front ranks of New York favorites. Miss Rickard is another Clyde Fitch "find," and he may well be proud of his discovery, as she has not climbed to the place near the top of the ladder; she has literally jumped there,—awakened in a day to find herself famous. The Girl from Butte is played by Miss Rickard with the simperings of a school girl, coupled with a breeziness that catches the audience by storm. One New York daily newspaper critic says: "Miss Rickard, as the flippant heiress from Butte, should be seen in London, where the stage American girl is such a fearful and wonderful proposition" When asked to speak of her work, Miss Rickard said: "I would rather have my work speak for me. It has been a struggle but I have gotten up every time I have been knocked down, until this time I hope I am up to stay."

New York Beauties In Frames.



Photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

MISS HAZEL KEENER.

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RU
ARY

Broadway Magazine

1
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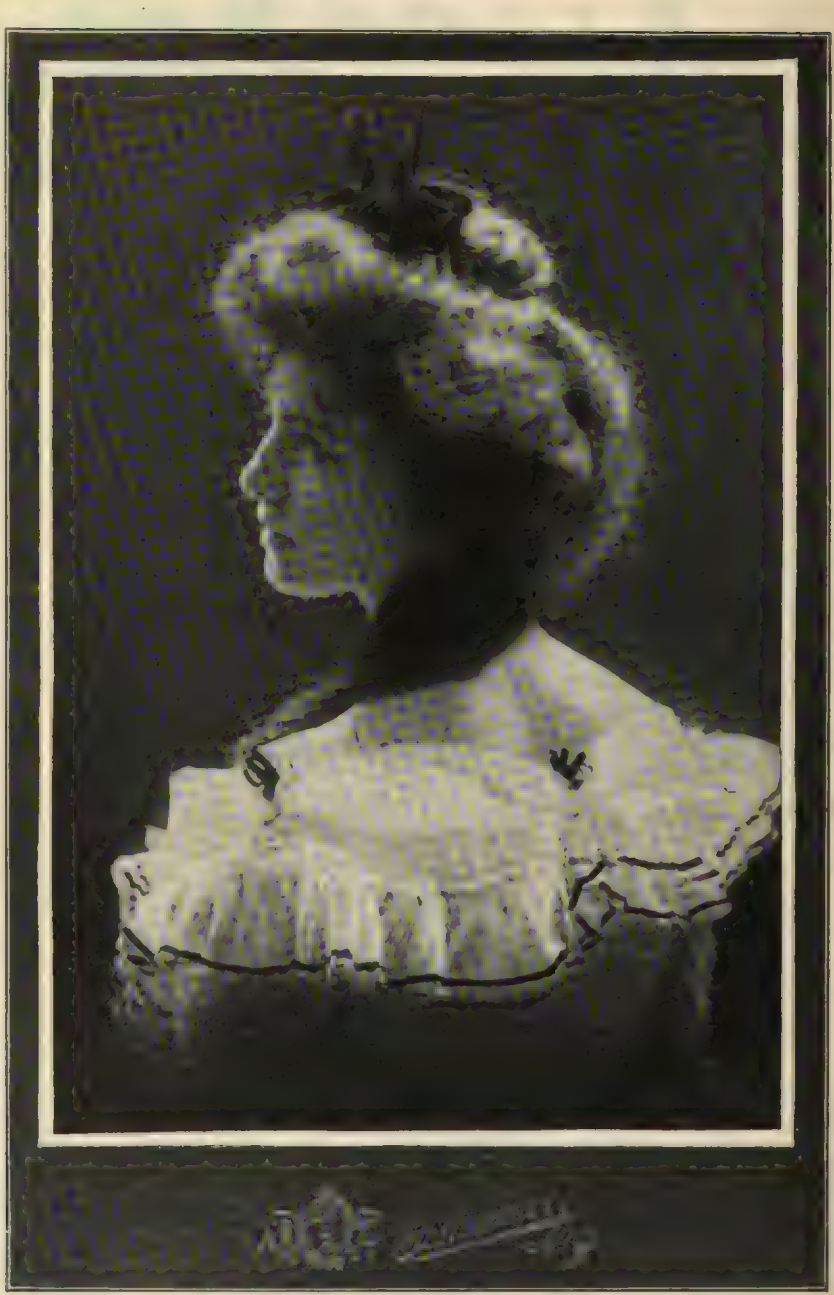
3

Sixteen Pages of Beautiful Half-tones, in Color, 497-512
"Morality of the Ultra-Smart Set," by Rev. C. W. de Lyon Nichols, 515
"Types of Successful New Yorkers"—Mr. H. H. Vreeland. 517
"New Yorkers Who Ride and Drive," by Raymond Barnes. *Illustrated,* 518
"New York's Splendid Chamber of Commerce," by Arthur Meyer. *Illustrated,* 522
"New York's Bohemian Writers," by Jerome Delanoy. *Illustrated,* 524
"Rogers, The Virile Caricaturist," by Thomas Fredericks. *Illustrated,* 526
"Seeing New York With a Camera," by Allston T. Brown, *Illustrated,* 527
"The Daughters of New York," by Phillip McArthurs. *Illustrated,* 532
"Is Hetty Green a Happy Woman?" by Trumbell Pierce. *Illustrated,* 535
"Difficult Photography of Children," by Arthur T. Montgomery. *Illustrated,* 536-537
"Archie Gunn—His Studio and Posters," by John G. Tarpey. *Illustrated,* 539
"How Richard Mansfield Travels." *Illustrated,* 543
"Mining Under Broadway," by R. D. Chester. *Illustrated,* 545
"The Kimono Girl," by Aline Scott Edwardes. *Illustrated,* 546
"Mr. Carnegie In His Own Library," by Ernest Diehl. *Illustrated,* 549
"The Jew on the American Stage," by Arnold B. Wehrs. *Illustrated,* 550
"How I Study My Parts," by Julia Marlowe. *Illustrated,* 553
"A Prince's Letters to Mabelle," by Allan B. Garrett. *Illustrated,* 556
"The Stage and Real Life," by Clara Morris, 562
"The Girl Proposition," by George Ade, 565
"The Stage in New York." *Illustrated.* 566
"The Woman of the World," Carolyn Lowrey. *Illustrated,* 579
Editorial, 580
"From Our Joke Foundry." *Illustrated,* 582
"Is New York State to be Divided?" *Illustrated,* 585
"The Real Latin Quarter," by F. Berkeley Smith. *Illustrated,* 586
"New York, Queen of Night." *Illustrated,* 588
"Does It Pay to be Unconventional?" by F. D. L. Mann. *Illustrated,* 593



MISS FLORENCE MATTHEWS "THE ORIGINAL KODAK GIRL."

This young lady's features are known all over the civilized world, or wherever the advertisement appears of a camera. Miss Matthews is seen holding a kodak under her arm and a parasol over her head with an insouciant expression on her face. She is an artist's model by profession.

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Morality of the Ultra-Smart Set.

An Answer to Colonel Henry T. Watterson's Diatribe Against Society.

By Rev. C. W. De Lyon Nichols.

Personnel of the Ultra-Smart Set.

THE ultra-smart definitions of poverty is having only one man servant in one's house. The personages whom Edward VII. at heart really perfers to his own subjects for dinner companions and *intime* week-end house parties, are the ultra-smart themselves—the wearers of American strawberry leaves and of republican coronets in general. The ultra-smart comprise a national social trust whose preferred stock consists of one hundred and fifty Newport-New Yorkers, the common stock being made up of two hundred more with a surplus of fifty individuals from the other cities of the Union, whose social claims were passed upon and accredited at Newport, as for example, Joseph Leiter's during the past Summer.

Among notable New Yorkers labeled with the hall-marks of ultra-smartness may be singled out William K. Vanderbilt, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Harriman, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. John R. Drexel, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Mackay, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, J. Henry Smith, Reginald Vanderbilt, Miss Kathleen Neilson, Mrs. Fred Neilson, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Collier, Colonel and Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mrs. Burke-Roche, Miss Cynthia Burke-Roche, Mr. and Mrs. W. Watts Sherman, Lispenard Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clews, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund L. Baylies, Mr. and Mrs. Elbridge T. Gerry, William C. Whitney, Mrs. Ogden Goelet, Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, Mr. and Mrs. Levi P. Morton, James De Wolfe Cutting, Elisha Dyer, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, Mr. and Mrs. Harry S. Lehr, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont, Eliot Gregory, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Burton Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney and Mr. and Mrs. Pembroke Jones.

The social leaders of the right and left wings of the smartest set are: Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mrs. Ogden Mills, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. Clarence Mackay, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish and Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont, the Stuyvesant Fish–Belmont–Oelrichs or Marlborough House coterie being designated the left wing.

The Vital Divorce Question.

The end and aim of the foundation of this national social trust is pleasure, but seriously viewed, it is to make a fine art of social life; at the same time to think is not smart. As to the live electric wire which Colonel Henry T. Watterson lately took hold of, in his diatribes against the smart set, my own observations based upon visits to Newport at the height of the season for more than a dozen years ought to count for something. Now, the prevalence of divorce, just as in the stellar theatrical world, is really what as a sociological and ethical study stamps the smart set as contrasted with the other four descending strata of American society. In any other social class in the United States, among the same number of people, the proportion of divorces will not approximate anywhere near the statistics of the ultra-fashionable.

Certain Southern critics demand to know why there does not arise a sentiment ostracising women divorced on statutory grounds or at least under pain of scandal. To begin with, several of the greatest houses of the *haut monde* are handicapped by a divorce *cause célèbre* among their own near relatives, and where would that sort of censorship end?

When Suspicion Points the Finger.

In those very rare instances where a woman may be suspected of having a liaison with a multi-millionaire for the financial benefit accruing, so long as positive external proofs are lacking and the husband does not demur, nothing can be done by society. From the criterion afforded by the careers of one or two men of the smart following who have managed to get themselves written up by the ream in the newspapers, Colonel Watterson should not judge six out of a dozen of our metropolitan men of highest fashion, for a more manly or athletic body of men no one meets elsewhere in the world's polite society. In general, it can not be too strongly insisted that Newport and New York are mere kindergartens sized up with the attainments in vice of full-fledged London and Paris.

The Curse of the Cocktail.

The increase of the drinking habit among society women is a startling sign of the times, but the stigma of this opprobrium cannot justly be affixed to the women of the ultra-smart contingent, as this form of over-indulgence is equally prevalent in various other classes in metropolitan society. When, however, a *prononcée* looking woman of our smartest set went into the Waldorf-Astoria the other day with her young child and gulped down several strong cocktails in rapid succession, slamming her glass down on the table, Bowery fashion, the conspicuousness of it all made one stand a little aghast, for no other class of women save the female members of the theatrical profession is as much advertised.

As to the Young Unmarried Woman.

A word for the young unmarried women of the smart set: Colonel Watterson is all wrong as to the nature of their deportment and conversation. He and many others lose sight of the fact that the moral training of an ultra-fashionable young woman is in some ways much more rigid than that of those of the middle or upper middle classes, for she is much more strictly chaperoned, never being allowed to go with a young man unattended to the theatre, or to dine with him at a public restaurant. At an evening dance, she is not left to the tender mercies of whatever young man happens to escort her home at an uncanny hour of the night or early morning, but her chaperon and as likely asnot her maid besides are in waiting at the ballroom door. On the Continent of Europe the ultra-smart young woman, unlike whole groups of others, is never mistaken for a member of the *demi-monde* by her wilful violations of the chaperon code.

The alleged exposé of the faults and foibles of our national smart set is by no means virgin literary soil; it was made several years ago, not by a newspaper man, but by a social leader in society's innermost circle and related to its regnant house—it was a *fait accompli* in the novels of Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger. Little need to improve upon the well chosen shafts of satire of a Mrs. Cruger!

What Harry Lehr Says.

The conclusion of the whole matter is summed up in the latest aphorism of the noted Harry Lehr, partially borrowed from Lalande: "I have swept space with my telescope and discovered that there is none so smart as we ourselves."

Types of Successful Americans.

MR. H. H. VREELAND, PRESIDENT METROPOLITAN STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

Twenty-five years ago Mr. Vreeland was a brakeman on the Long Island Railroad. To-day he draws a salary of $50,000 a year, and has fifteen thousand men under him.

The directors of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company voted him an honorarium of $100,000 some months ago.

He is one of the tallest men in New York, standing nearly 6 feet 1⅛ inches in height.

He organized a Training School for motormen and conductors, and is able to run either end of the car at a moment's notice. He believes in unions, conservatively conducted, and in social organizations amongst his workmen.

He acts as a judge in case of disputes between employees, his judgment being respected.

He has faith in religion and a strong Americanism.

He is still a young man in appearance, temperament and methods.

MR. H. H. VREELAND.

Photograph by Davis & Sanford, N. Y.

New Yorkers Who Ride and Drive.

By Raymond Barnes.

Howlett, the famous whip, showing how not to curl the whip thong.

COUNT not on reading a dissertation on the horse; that noble animal receives critical and intelligent attention in other publications from those who know a fetlock from a spavin and who can discourse learnedly, if not pleasantly, on every disease in the equine calendar.

This is of men and women who are notable by reason of birth, achievement, beauty or wealth.

There is Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, publisher of the New York *World*. Mr. Pulitzer has two great passions—books and outdoor life. And so what greater blight could be placed on him than that of blindness? Years ago he was out in St. Louis building up a great newspaper—great at least from the standpoint of public approval.

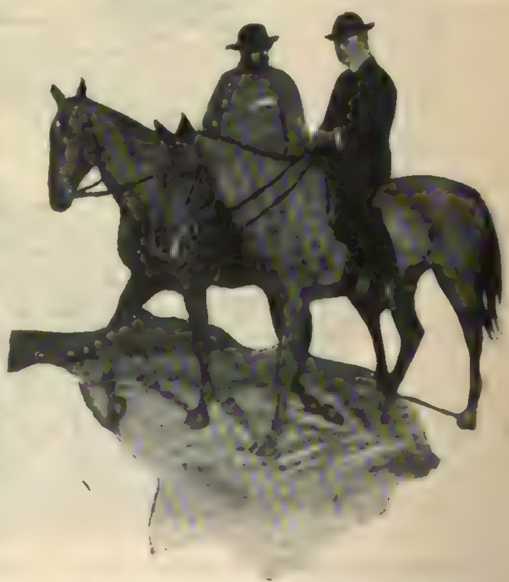
He worked sixteen hours a day; he sweltered and tore through each month of the year as if it was to be the last—but he promised himself one day the great solace of a finely equipped library—the best that money could buy and intelligence select. Then he grew ambitious; he came to New York and bought the *World;* once again he began the tremendous strain of building up a newspaper property; he worked—no, slaved is the word—for years; time meant nothing to him, and all the while he looked forward patiently to that beautiful library fairyland where he would delve and read and glory by the hour; and then to him came the other thought that comes to so many cooped-up plodders—a desire to get out into the air and enjoy the sky and the green and the varied beauties of living.

The *World* became a success and a power; Mr. Pulitzer was ready for his vacation; then came the blight of blindness—only partial at first, but now almost complete.

And so we see the pathetic figure of a bearded man on horseback, riding slowly through Central Park and always accompanied by another rider.

Joseph Pulitzer has his library, and cannot read; he has leisure for outdoor life and cannot see. Thus does fate show its sardonic side.

The four-in-hand no longer causes



Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, with the beard and dark glasses, owner of the New York *World*, riding in the Park with his nephew. Mr. Pulitzer, though nearly blind, is an ardent rider.

well-known New Yorker posing with his Four-in-Hand.

wonderment even on the part of the small boy. It is not common; neither is it a rarity; the drivers to-day are usually more interesting than the vehicle or the animal. It is a brave sight, however, when the Four-in-Hand Club turns out for parade.

A prominent Speedway habitué is Dr. H. H. Kane, an ardent horseman, and a man who drives because he loves the exhilaration, and not for display purposes. Dr. Kane is a wealthy New Yorker who still finds time to speed. A fast pair is only an incident in his curriculum. Singles, doubles, tandems (though he thinks the latter somewhat faddish) and even the unpretty spike are all the same to him. Dr. Kane practises medicine because it is his life's work, but he drives because it is an elixir and joy and the fun of living to him.

Mr. E. H. Harriman is a financier of considerable fame. Railroad deals are as familiar to him as the glint of the sun; millions roll off his tongue as readily as water off the eaves; he is a man of affairs, a power in the mysterious region known as "the street," and withal a person of some importance in the metropolis. But there is inbred in him that something normal that calls out for the open air and swirling branches, and so his pretty daughter, Miss May Harriman, comes naturally by her aptitude with the reins. Miss Harriman drives for pleasure and not for show, though her horses and traps are eminently fine and notable, and it can easily be seen that a woman may display as good taste in driving as in buying dainty laces or picture hats.

Mrs. Jules J. Vatable, the wife of the well-known New York architect, driving tandem.

Miss May Harriman, the daughter of Mr. E. H. Harriman, driving in Central Park.

Mrs. J. J. Vatable believes in the tandem. This style is pretty or ugly or fascinating according to your lights. Some folk consider the bull dog strongly hand-

From a photograph by John Jones, New York City.

DR. JOHN H. WOODBURY.

The owner of some of New York's most notable horses, driving his favorite pair.

Ready for the start of the Four-in-Hand parade.

some, while they protest that a bow-legged man is ugly only because he is weak, and there you are.

Posing for the camera after a parade.

But Mrs. Vatable, one of New York's leaders of fashion and the wife of one of the clever professional men of the metropolis, goes the merry length of her way with a nice regard for the tandem and a highly impressive way of handling the reins. Very many young girls of New York's best families are adepts in the driving or in the saddle. Horsewomanship is expounded as a part of their education. A stroll through Central Park or Riverside Drive, even during this wintry weather, will disclose many pretty, graceful misses and young women who are neither backward in asserting their road rights nor ungracious in according courtesies to others. One of the prettiest of these is Miss Colford, daughter of a wealthy New Yorker. Her favorite is one of those moderately high-seated, light affairs that so well set off the grace of woman. Miss Colford usually drives a very handsome bay.

Miss Colford's trap.

Riding is not a lost art, notwithstanding the lament of a famous magazine writer who asserted that our women were foresaking the saddle for the romantic novel. To be sure, Dianas are not fashionable or usual on city streets, nor in park lanes, but a visit any afternoon to the vicinity of Fifty-ninth street and Central Park will disclose a great many riders whose grace goes hand in hand with a confidence that is inspiringly refreshing.

One of New York's well-known equestriennes is Miss Grace Beach, who sits her saddle superbly and is an object lesson in riding deportment. Miss Beach is a beauty and a member of one of those Manhattan families that sit close to the kernel of the "400." She does not ride well because of this; she loves horses and she is a picture in the Park.

Our Kentucky friends have said that the New York girl does not know how to ride, but the New York girl doesn't mind that. She is willing to try a run any day with the Kentucky girl, and on a course of any length!

Miss Grace Beach, one of New York's most graceful riders.

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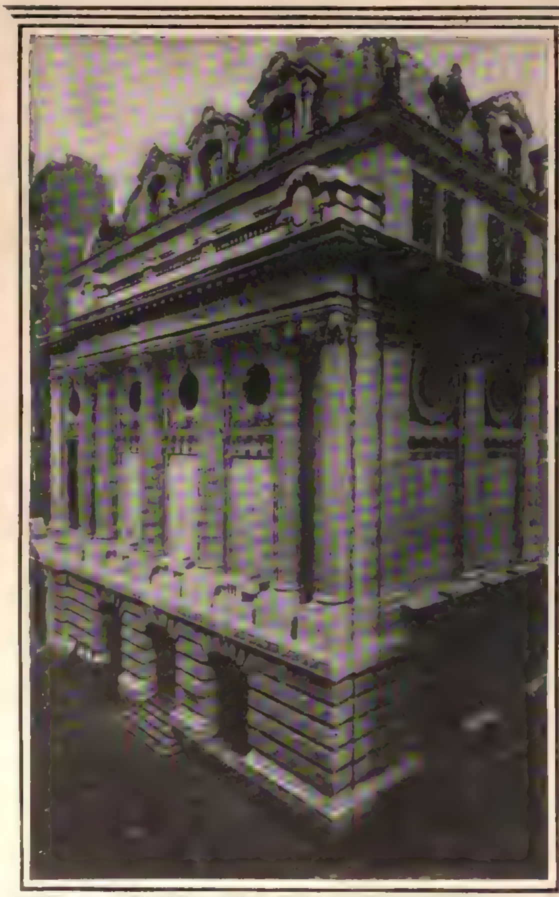
New York's Splendid Chamber of Commerce

By Arthur Meyer.

THERE is a new business home for the commercial giants of the world—that is, the merchants of the State of New York—and a magnificent structure it is.

Its formal opening, participated in by the highest citizens of the Republic, including President Roosevelt, was an occasion of considerable importance. The building itself, however, commands our first interest.

It is of Vermont marble, with a white granite base. The site was subject to several limitations, but in spite of these drawbacks, the architect, Mr. James B. Baker, has been able to design a building that is dignified and monumental in character. As was said at the opening: "Art and architecture have recently made such advances that building committees and business men generally are recognizing that there is something more due the City of New York than rows of buildings erected merely for renting purposes."



THE NEW CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF NEW YORK.

The building has been erected on the site of the old Real Estate Exchange on the north corner of Liberty street. It is of white Vermont marble, with a white granite base, and cost more than $1,500,000

The cost of the building is something more than a million and a half of dollars. This money was gathered by subscription, not only from the present members, but also by the voluntary offerings of the widows of former presidents.

The Chamber of Commerce is not a skyscraper by any means, there being only four stories, and there is no intention to use it as a business investment for the purpose of rentals. Beside the members of the Chamber itself, the building has but one other tenant, the Central Realty Bond & Trust Company, and the part of the structure which they occupy has an entirely separate entrance. The Chamber occupies the site of the old Real Estate Exchange.

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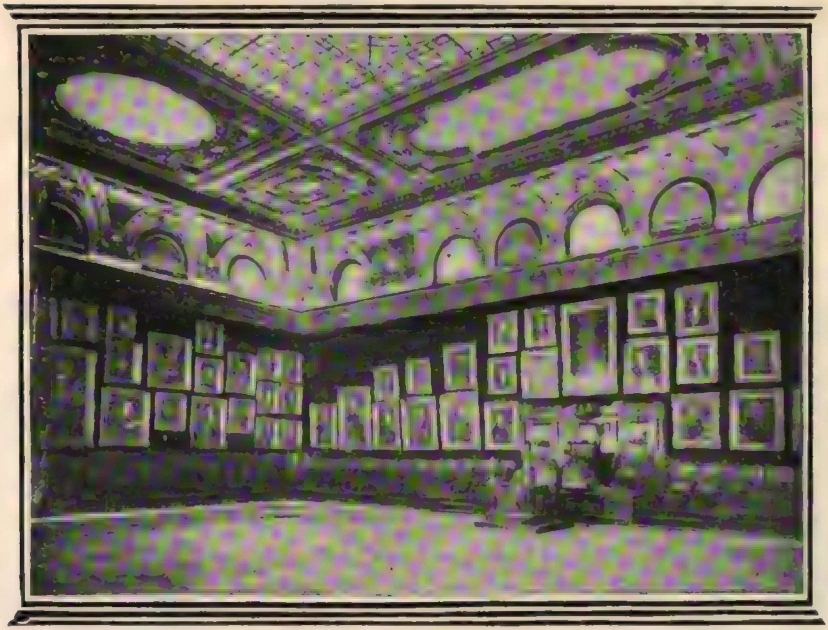

THE MAIN HALL OF THE NEW CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

This hall occupies the entire second floor of the building. It is ninety feet long, sixty feet wide and thirty feet high. The windows are all at least twenty feet above the floor, large wall space being required to hang the magnificent display of portraits collected by the Chamber.

The second floor contains the main hall of the Chamber of Commerce—of which a photograph is herewith reproduced; the third contains the executive and committee rooms, with handsome private offices, and the fourth floor consists of one large room divided into alcoves and used as a reading and club room by the members.

The present president is Mr. Morris K. Jesup, who has held this position since 1899, being the thirtieth New York merchant to preside over the Chamber. Among the other twenty-nine celebrated business men who have been presidents of the Chamber of Commerce since 1768 have been John Cruger, Elias Desbrosses, Isaac Low, John Murray, Robert Lenox, James de Puyster Ogden, William E. Dodge, Samuel D. Babcock, Charles S. Smith and Alexander E. Orr—the last two being still living. All these names speak mutely of the history of New York.

It is interesting to note that Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan has been twice elected a vice-president of the Chamber of the Chamber of Commerce, once in 1894 and again in 1900. He still holds the position.

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

Every reader of Broadway Magazine should turn to page 584 and read carefully. It is to your distinct advantage.

New York's Bohemian Writers.

By Jerome Delanoy.

THE Bohemia of New York is a very different thing from the Bohemia of Paris, or of Berlin, and not by any means as large an element of the population, but we have in this city a small army of artists and literary men whose work is as well known to the average New Yorker as that of the Parisian unconventionals is to the cultured Frenchman, men and women whose individuality is deeply interesting simply on account of their genius or eccentricities. It is with the literary half of this army that we have to do.

ROY L. McCARDELL.

Chiefest among them all is undoubtedly Roy L. McCardell, whose humor is remarkable for its spontaneity and its modernity. His sketches of "The Show Girl," in *The Morning Telegraph*, are probably the best thing he has ever done. They show a knowledge of the sordid and make-shift life of a lesser light of the stage, but they dwell on its repulsive features only humorously, and without malice. The Show Girl's underbred friends and her love episodes are treated in such a way that nothing but healthy laughter is provoked. His burlesque history of the United States, running serially in the *Sunday Herald* is nearly as good. Mr. McCardell differs from the average Bohemian in that he is exceedingly industrious, being almost as prolific as Anthony Trollope. He has produced a novel, a book of poems, a three-act comedy called "Sunny Jim," and a comic opera which is to be produced by Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger next season, with music by Maurice Levi, and he is writing all the time. He is still a young man, whose only worry is an inclination to an encroaching girth around the waist. He is intensely musical, by the way, and when he hears anybody is going to play the piano he will walk miles—but not always in the direction of the piano.

DR. W. E. S. FALES.

Mrs. Kate Thyson Marr is the author of "The Confessions of a Grass Widow," and syndicates a New York letter to several out-of-town papers. Her style is delicate, thought not without sensation, and she is considered reliable from a publisher's point of view. Mrs. Marr is one of the many writers whose personality is brighter than the efforts of her pen, but her work commands a ready market.

MRS. KATE THYSON MARR

Dr. William E. S. Fales is the author of poems, essays and humorous sketches. He was formerly United States Consul to Amoy, China, and can speak the language of that country, from which we may argue that he seldom has to bear the loss of any of the articles in his hebdomadal laundry. Dr. Fales is a typical globe trotter, and Chinese is not the

ERNEST JARROLD.
"MICKEY FINN."

only foreign tongue with which he is conversant, for he is an authority on languages, as well as on the cookery and customs of the Orient. His latest book was a series of Chinatown stories called "Broken China."

O. VICTOR LIMERICK.
"BILLY BURGUNDY."

Who has not heard of "Mickey Finn?" "Mickey Finn" is Ernest Jarrold in real life and is perhaps New York's most noted Bohemian—or, to state it more exactly, his name is the most familiar to the public. Mr. Jarrold has been a dweller in Bohemia for more than a few years, but still writes with as fresh a touch as he did in his younger days. He is at present turning out a book of "philosophy" for Dodd, Mead & Co. His "Mickey Finn Idylls" are well known. He was at one time one of the favorite writers on the New York *Sun*. "Billy Burgundy's Letters" are the work of Mr. O. Victor Limerick. They have attained a certain vogue, and are liked by the roving man about town who is not a stickler for the literary niceties.

HARRY KEMBLE.

Harry Kemble is a writer of miscellaneous matter, but is more of a Bohemian than a litterateur, though with considerable experience as a newspaper reporter. He is at present a press agent with a theatrical firm.

LEE FAIRCHILD.

A smart electrical inventor with wireless telegraphy, etcetera, and a man of culture, is Mr. Theo. Wangerman. His writing has been mainly professional, but in Bohemia he cuts a big figure. He is said to be a clever performer at the piano, but, as Roy McCardell would say, this should not be printed unless verified.

Other Bohemian writers are Frank Butler, clever with his pen, and a coming man; Walter Kingsley, a sprightly sporting writer; Ernest Hannegan and William Raymond Sill, both dramatic critics; Maurice B Kirby, Mrs. Kate Masterson, and last, but not least, Lee Fairchild, the editor of *The Thistle*, and an authority on New York literature. By many Mr. Fairchild is considered one of the best after-dinner speakers in New York.

A. THEO. E. WANGERMAN.

One striking difference between the American Bohemia and the European Bohemia lies in the estimation with which the inhabitants of each are regarded.

In the European capitals, the literary and artistic fraternities, as such, are part and parcel of the population, are admired, fêted and courted when opportunity offers, and are considered as being of no little importance. A noisy demonstration in the streets of Paris, Berlin, Rome, or St. Petersburg by "students" may provoke anger and fear, but it is not unexpected. Here, we would not tolerate such displays.

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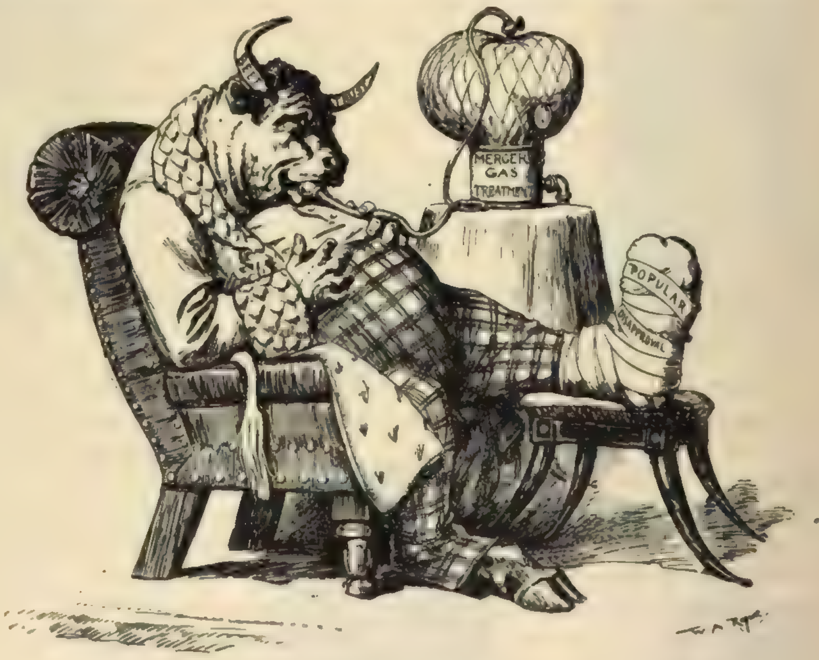
Rogers, The Virile Caricaturist.

By Thomas Fredericks.

W. A. ROGERS.

PEOPLE as a whole seldom think for themselves coherently on public questions, although the greater part of them do not perhaps realize it. They have their thinking done for them, and that in two specific ways: by the editorials in the papers or the spirit in which the reporters dress their stories, and by the work of the cartoonists.



"THE LAST RESORT."

Cartoon by W A. Rogers, telling the inside story of the great beef trust merger.

Mr. W. A. Rogers is one of the cartoonists whose drawings carry a story which is particularly to the point in every case. The artistic end of his cartoons is unexceptionable, although that is not an essential, as we know from the career of the late Thomas Nast. But the peculiar strength of Mr. Rogers lies in the forceful manner in which he shows exactly what he means. There is a virility about the drawings—an almost savage intensity, sometimes—that attracts the eye and fastens it.

You do not look casually at a Rogers cartoon, as you do at so many of the efforts of the artists in the daily papers who have the reputation of being cartoonists. You study it, you go through every detail—not because you feel it is a duty, but because the details draw your eye from one to another by force, as it were, and you read an evenly expressed story as you go along. Thus is moulded Public Opinion.

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Seeing New York With a Camera.

By Allston T. Brown.

THERE are certain people who think that there is only one town in the United States. Casting a casual glance over the Postal Directory, I find mention of some few 7,500 communities, but the individuals referred to, by some peculiar thought wave of their own, ignore the other 7,499 and concentrate their ideas on the existence of this one town. The name of the town is New York, New York State.

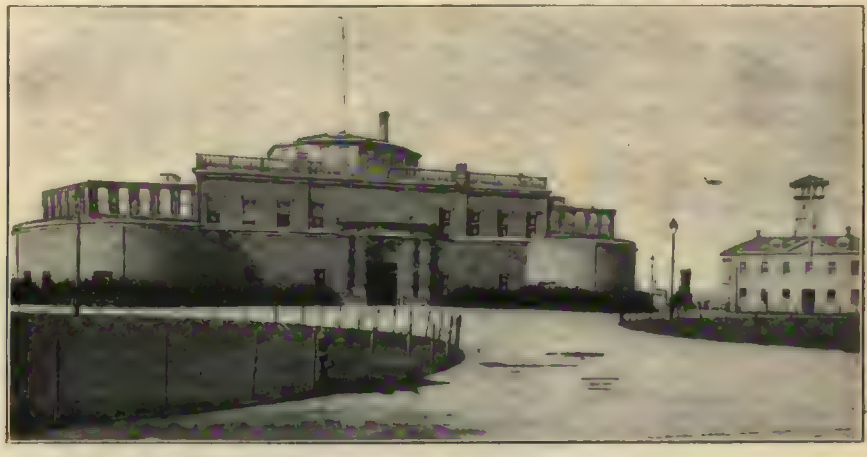
This may strike many readers as being curious. What state of mind can anyone possess, they may argue, who takes no thought of Chicago, San Francisco, St. Louis, Detroit or Denver, as being of no consequence? It certainly does seem something more than odd.

Still, there they are. And there are quite a number of them, so it would be foolish to criticise them harshly. Especially as they are the kind of people from whose backs criticism flows as harmlessly as the limpid splashings of the lake slide from the dorsal region of the indifferent duck. In other words, they don't care what you think.

Among such persons there are many who make collections of photographic views of New York, and who, of course, care nothing for pictures of other places. Some of them carry their own cameras, and it will be found that their tastes are decidedly catholic, and not by any means consistent.

For instance, a range of views extending from Castle Garden, which is purely still life, jumping on to Broadway, thence to Travers Island and up to Claremont, where there is lively life, is unique.

Castle Garden is replete with ancient memories, that remain only now for the fish to chew on, from the days when Jenny Lind sang there and enthusiastic music lovers paid $600 a seat to hear the Swedish nightingale, to the arrival of uncouth immigrants, afterwards dryer, cleaner and typical American citizens, to the present use of the building, where the goldfish, and the porgies, and the seals disport daily in their tanks—which is a far cry,



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The New Aquarium, once Castle Garden to which the emigrants used to come when landing in New York.

Walking up Broadway from the Aquarium, we pass this time of the year through crowds of men and women intent upon trying not to slip on the icy and treacherous pave. Many of them are buying things down town, where there are certain goods to be obtained which do not find their way into the large dry-goods stores further up. We also see many women in the down-town districts at this season, who call on their husbands, and levy tribute for the purchase of said commodities,

A noon-day crowd at Broadway and John Street.

Who does not admire New York's beautiful speedway, with its long stretch from One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street to Kingsbridge, its smart horses and would-be smart horsemen, its spurts of speed and its gaily-bedecked pedestrians, with the smoothly rolling Harlem on the side? The speedway lends itself admirably to striking effects in the camera. Its perspective is finely marked, and the sparse dwellings make up an interesting pictorial ensemble. The best pictures of the speedway are taken when there are very few men or horses to be seen on it, however.

Turning from horses to horselessness, we encounter the automobile. The march of the automobile has been wonderful, especially during the last three or four years. Where but one, whizzing along the highway such a short time ago would have attracted surprised amazement from all bystanders, a whole bevy of them now scarcely attract any attention whatsoever, and the principal interest felt in the automobile seems to be that which is moved when it runs over somebody. Travers Island is a favorite stamping ground for the automobile.

The big synagogue at Seventy-sixth street and Fifth avenue, with its golden dome, is a fine mark, especially on a bright day, when the rays of the sun, striking on its bulging surface, dazzle the eye clear across the Park. The architecture on the synagogue is very fine, and indeed the whole building is intensely representative. On Saturdays it is abundantly filled with devout Israelites.

Late afternoon crowd at Broadway and Fulton Street.

And at Claremont, where the outlook is pleasant, and where the Park authorities have had much to say in regard to the landscape gardening, a very pleasant hour or so may be spent, either with or without a camera.

It is astonishing, too, how few people there are, in the aggregate, who realize the beauties which may be discovered

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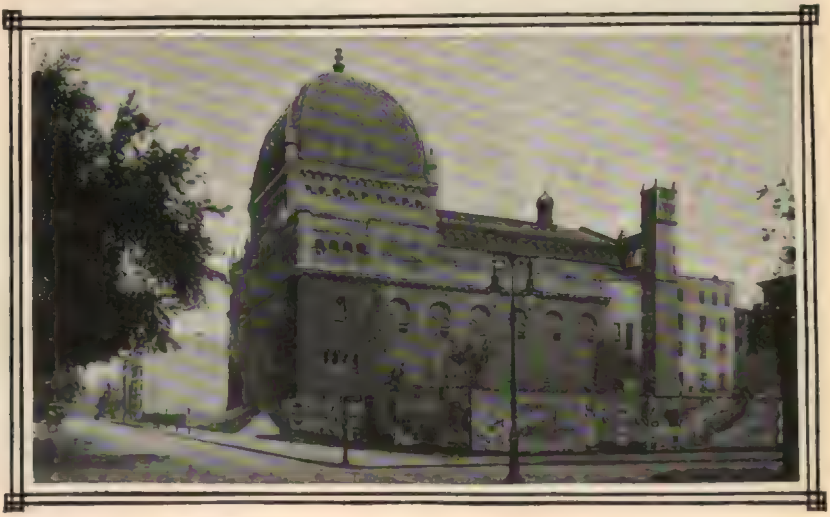
Members of the Automobile Club gathered at Travers Island after a Sunday run.

in New York in the depth of winter time.

New York is always beautiful, and its advantages as a summer resort need not be dwelt upon, for we see but little diminution—comparatively—in the crowds during the warmer months of the year, but there is much to delight the New York eye in winter, and to please the artistically-inclined.

The parks are in themselves treasures of surprising effects, and a walk around Central Park, Riverside Park and Bronx Park will do much to reward the observing pedestrian.

I myself have spent more than one holiday in simply walking around New York, and were I a photographer, nothing would please me more than to be continually taking snap shots of certain localities which are favorities with me. The reader will doubtless have had the same longing. Photographs of places visited—in foreign countries, I mean—have a certain fascination for the time being, but, on return-



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The Beth-El Synagogue at the corner of Fifth avenue and Seventy-sixth street

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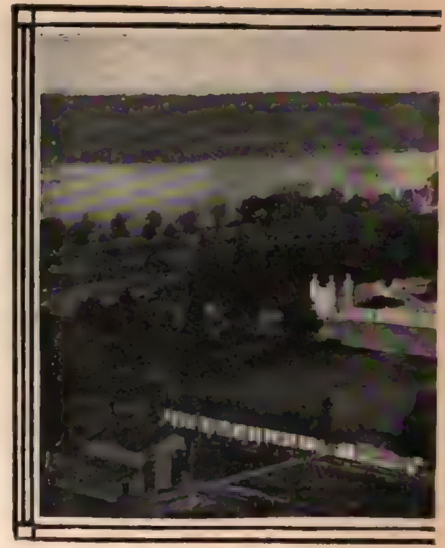
ing home, they are quickly forgotten, and relegated to the unopened album, or to an album that is opened only when an unenthusiastic visitor has to be entertained.

But pictures of New York are different. These are living reminders of things and places close at hand. They have a perennial value.

It is a magnificent sweep of view that one obtains up around Morningside Heights, including Columbia College—if you get in the right spot. One has but a single criticism of the surroundings here. It is that there are a few points of view where the perspective effect of Columbia is distinctly weak and futile. There are several places of vantage, but there are also a number of disadvantage, speaking scenically.

When, however, you strike the right spot, you feel rewarded for your trouble.

The Hudson River is another source of pleasure to the stay-at-home New Yorker. Few but think, sometimes, of the day when the navigator who gave his name to this river sailed up through the Narrows,



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VIEW OF MORNINGSIDE

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Looking up the magnificent new Speedway.

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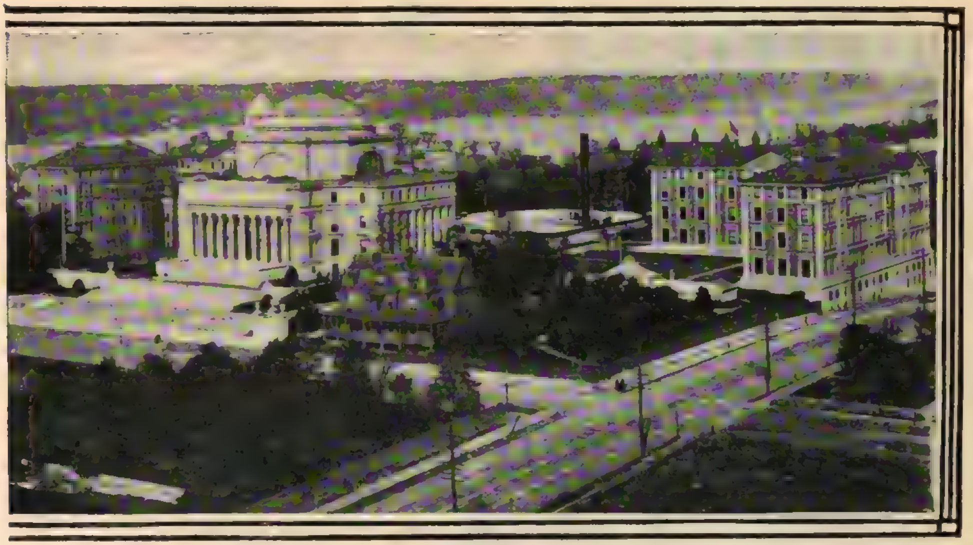
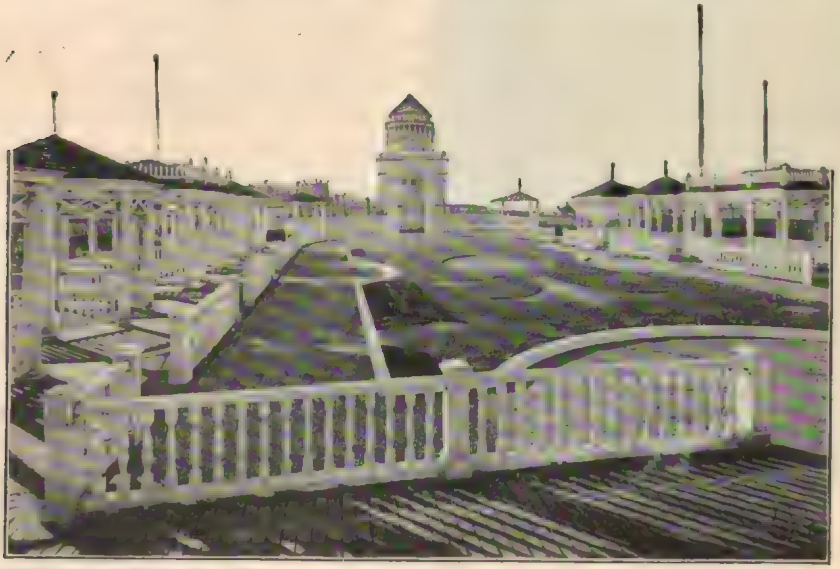


HEIGHTS AND COLUMBIA COLLEGE, AS SEEN ON A FROSTY DAY.

keeping to the left and so on up to Albany, and wondered just how the New York side of the river looked to the intrepid Hendrick. Were he suddenly to come to life again, and find himself standing on the deck of his vessel over against, say, the stretch from Eightieth street to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, it would be interesting to send out a representative of BROADWAY MAGAZINE and interview him! What he had to say would certainly be worth printing.



Photograph by Kurtz, New York.

Claremont at Riverside Drive and One Hundred and Twenty-second street, after the latest improvements have been made by the Park Department.

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The Daughters

By Phillip

With Illustrations

THERE are three types of the daughters of New York which stand out boldly and pleasantly from the host of representative specimens of woman-kind of which this city can boast.

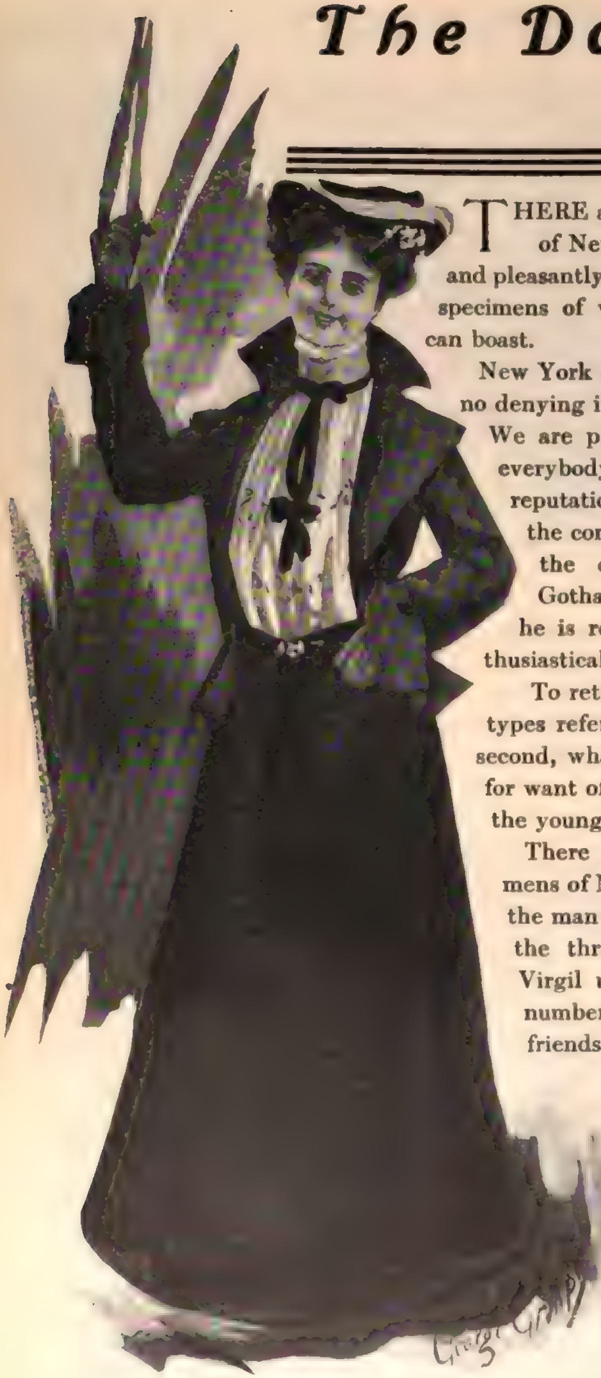
New York does boast of its girls. There is no denying it and no attempt at denying it. We are proud of all our girls and want everybody to know it. Certainly the reputation of the New York girl over the continent and across seas warrants the complacence of the observant Gothamite—doesn't it? At all events, he is ready to argue the question enthusiastically to the uttermost end.

To return to the subject. The three types referred to are, first, the shop girl; second, what we will call the Sherry girl, for want of a better description, and last, the young matron.

There we have three charming specimens of New York girldom. Unfortunate the man who knows not at least one of the three well. *Ter beatus*, as poor Virgil used to say in his heyday, who numbers the complete trio among his friends.

Let us take the shop girl and voice our thoughts about her for a while.

The shop girl is undoubtedly seen at her best away from the shop. In her own arena she makes a decided impression, but not a particularly fascinating one—as a rule, that is. There is that soupçon of hauteur, that flavor of arrogance, that affectation of indifference about her which rather repels than



THE SHOP GIRL.

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# of New York.

McArthurs.

by George Granby.

attracts, when she is pursuing her avocation. Little need to explain this. She is hard-worked, must endure the irritations of a hundred hasty and overbearing customers, and it is not surprising that she unconciously defends herself behind a veil of antagonism.

But, after all, it is only a veil, and a veil that is quickly lifted at six o'clock P. M. The shop girl then becomes a natural, easy-mannered, pretty New York girl, and it is refreshing to watch her as she wends her way home each evening. Shame be it to the New York man that every shop girl does not get a seat in the cars, but the fact remains that she doesn't. She stands holding onto a strap, and we see her to the greater advantage—not that that is much compensation to her—tired.

As a talker, the average young girl who toils in the large dry goods stores is not at all disappointing. She has ideas and opinions, and can express them well. A little slangy, perhaps, but a pretty girl's slang is quite bearable.

She usually marries in the end, raises a few children, and then wonders vaguely whether she's really having a better time than when she waited on the "pills"—as she calls the most trying customers—and called "cash!"

The Sherry girl goes in for show. Every New Yorker knows the type, and some yearn agonizingly for it, but the Sherry girl is not the kind for the man with the lank purse. This is not necessarily anything against her, for the good things of the world are arranged in varieties, and what is one man's cider is another man's chartreuse. The Sherry girl is for the rich man. One can get a very nice lunch at Sherry's for five dollars. The poise of her head, the sweep of her skirt, the gesture of her arm, all proclaim that she is used to being the cause of the spending of lots of

THE SHERRY GIRL.

money. Not that she is extravagant. Oh, no. It is merely a matter of education.

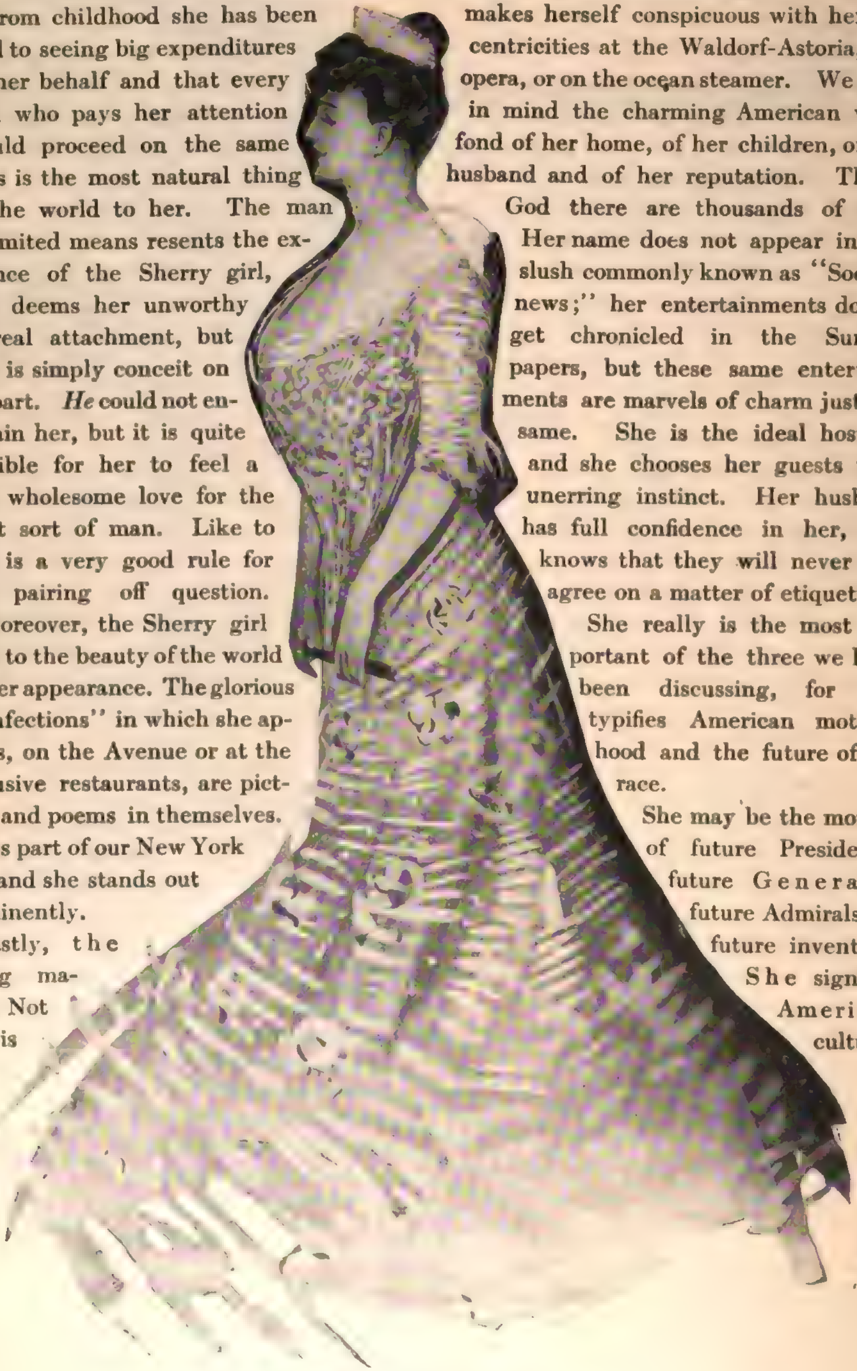
From childhood she has been used to seeing big expenditures on her behalf and that every man who pays her attention should proceed on the same lines is the most natural thing in the world to her. The man of limited means resents the existence of the Sherry girl, and deems her unworthy of real attachment, but that is simply conceit on his part. *He* could not entertain her, but it is quite possible for her to feel a real wholesome love for the right sort of man. Like to like is a very good rule for the pairing off question.

Moreover, the Sherry girl adds to the beauty of the world by her appearance. The glorious "confections" in which she appears, on the Avenue or at the exclusive restaurants, are pictures and poems in themselves. She is part of our New York life, and she stands out prominently.

Lastly, the young matron. Not here is meant the bejeweled, bepowdered, bepainted and bewildering woman who makes herself conspicuous with her eccentricities at the Waldorf-Astoria, the opera, or on the ocean steamer. We have in mind the charming American wife, fond of her home, of her children, of her husband and of her reputation. Thank God there are thousands of her. Her name does not appear in the slush commonly known as "Society news;" her entertainments do not get chronicled in the Sunday papers, but these same entertainments are marvels of charm just the same. She is the ideal hostess, and she chooses her guests with unerring instinct. Her husband has full confidence in her, and knows that they will never disagree on a matter of etiquette.

She really is the most important of the three we have been discussing, for she typifies American motherhood and the future of the race.

She may be the mother of future Presidents, future Generals, future Admirals, or future inventors. She signifies American culture.



THE YOUNG MATRON.

Is Hetty Green a Happy Woman?

By Trumbell Pierce.

With Photographs by Vander Weyde, New York.

THE question is interesting, of course, because of Mrs. Green's wealth. Hetty Green is known all over the world as being the richest woman in America. Just exactly how rich she is is not known by strangers, and perhaps not by her intimates. It is a stereotyped phrase nowadays that So-and-So is so rich that he doesn't know the extent of his resources himself, but we may be sure that Hetty Green knows exactly how much she is worth.

Mrs. Green listening to a business report.

Mrs. Green and her daughter Sylvia.

The millionairess in her sitting room

That is not so much to the point, however, as the question of whether this rich woman really has a good time, with all her money.

She is constantly quarreling with her legal advisors, and has had as many of these attached to her interest on occasions as times that she has changed her residence, if not more, and that is saying a good deal.

Especially is Mrs. Green vehement in denouncing the personality of the Hon. Joseph H. Choate, the present Ambassador to Great Britain, and whenever any legal proceedings arise which by any chance cause this eminent lawyer's name to be mentioned, it is the delight of the newspaper reporters to get Mrs. Green's personal opinion of him—which is always forthcoming. Explanations of the cause of this feeling vary. Some have it that there was a financial difficulty between them. Mrs. Hetty Green, as a matter of fact, is a warm-hearted woman, but one who possesses unusual abilities in the field of finance.

Many trained moneyed men from Wall street have attempted to get the best of her, but all have retired from the contest baffled and embarrassed. The millionairess never failed to score, and it may be added, did not hesitate to chortle. But her charities are immense. She blows no horn, and permits no laudation of her almsgiving, but it takes place notwithstanding.

She has a son, Edward Green, of Texas, whom she adores and admires, and a daughter, Sylvia, whom she loves passionately. There is little she would not do for her children, but they have been educated not to want very much. The personal expenses of the family are the reverse of extravagant, and it may be surmised without offence that when Mrs. Green is no more, the expenses will remain the same. Therefore: is Hetty Green a happy woman?

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Difficult Photog=

BY ARTHUR T.

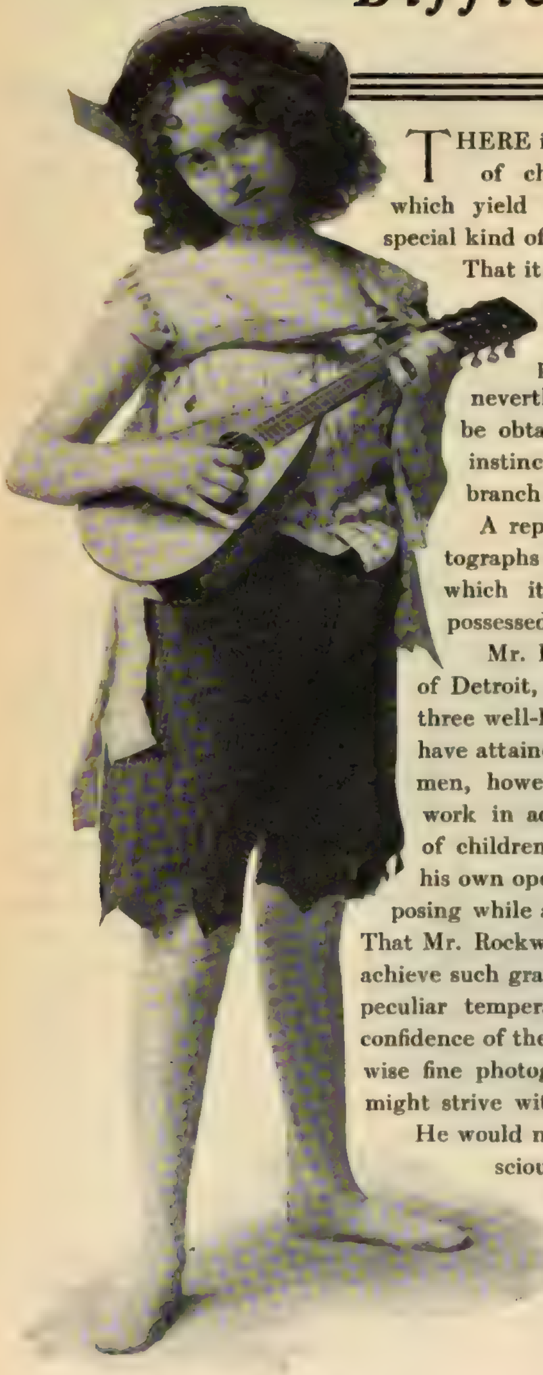
THERE is no royal road to the photography of children. Like most other things which yield big financial returns, it requires a special kind of mind, training and temperament.

That it does yield big financial returns may be questioned, by the way, and questioned by more than one photographer of children, but the fact nevertheless exists that great success may be obtained by a photographer of artistic instincts who makes a specialty of this branch of the work.

A reputation for turning out the best photographs of their kind of children is one which it takes years to obtain, but once possessed, goes on increasing.

Mr. Rockwood, of New York, Mr. Hayes, of Detroit, and Mr. Chickering, of Boston, are three well-known children's photographers who have attained no little celebrity. Each of these men, however, does all sorts of photographic work in addition to the special picture-taking of children. Each of them, also, is practically his own operator, for he attends to much of the posing while an assistant takes the actual picture. That Mr. Rockwood, Mr. Hayes and Mr. Chickering achieve such gratifying results is due, of course, to a peculiar temperament enabling them to secure the confidence of the young subject at once. An otherwise fine photographer, without this temperament, might strive with a child for hours and quite in vain. He would never persuade it to lose that self-consciousness which is absolutely fatal to the securing of a satisfactory image or expression.

There are some people who think the photographing of children is more or less of a cut and dried character. An interview with a children's photographer while he was at work would soon



Photograph by Chickering, Boston.

MAY FISKE.

Google

raphy of Children.

MONTGOMERY.

decidedly convince them to the contrary, however.

In the first place, the photographer's studio is an unfamiliar scene to the child, and what it sees there is not calculated to inspire confidence. A child in entering the studio feels pretty much as it does when going into the dentist's chamber of horrors, and a vague apprehension stirs its infantile soul. It feels that its youth, inexperience and physical weakness are about to be taken advantage of. What are those queer looking boxes standing up on three legs? Why that odd arrangement of curtain blinds? What funny windows! No, there is something behind it all—something that bodes ill for a little boy or a little girl. "I will cry," the little boy or the little girl thinks—and does.

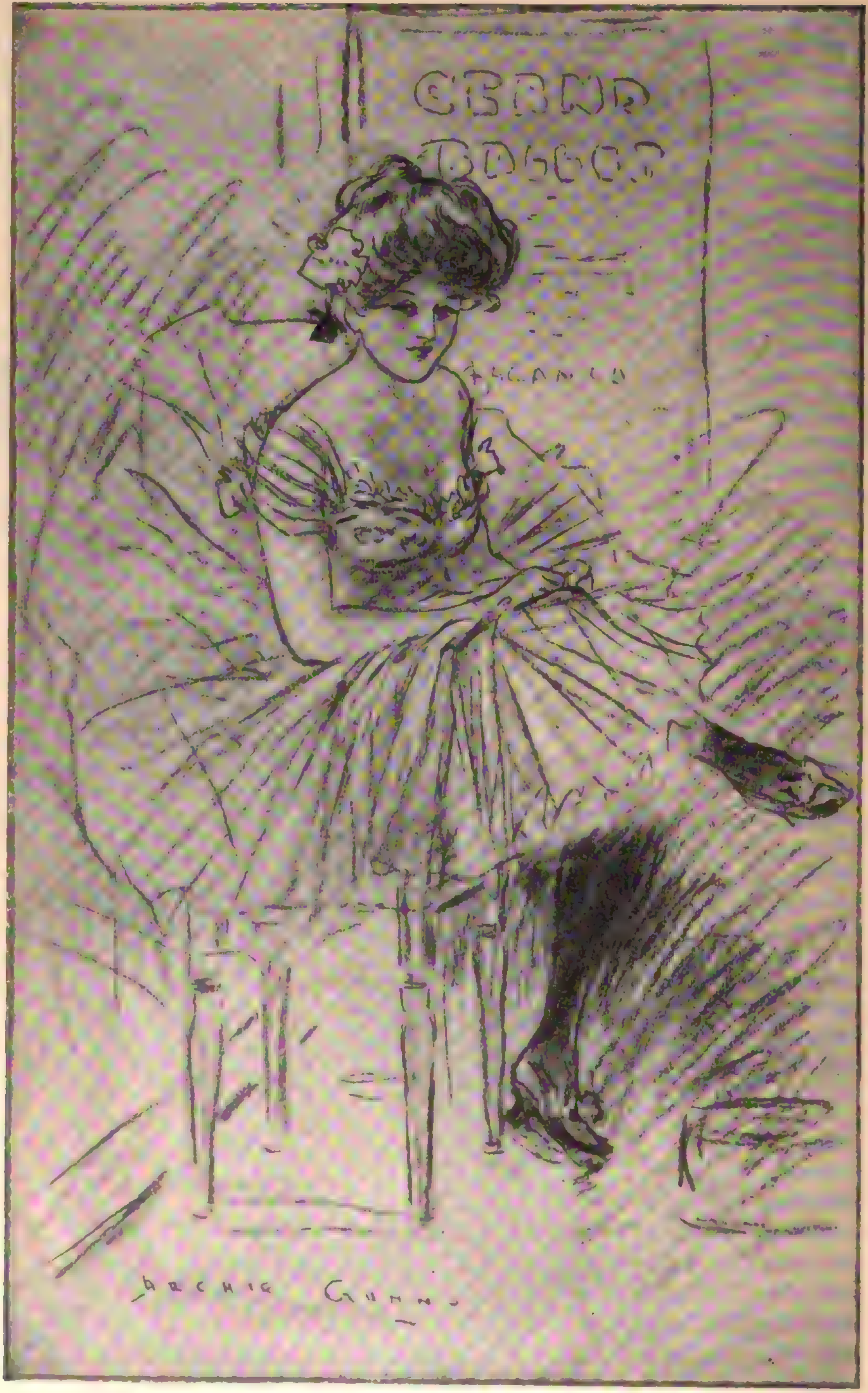
This is where the trouble begins.

"It's all right, dearie," whispers the mother, but dearie doubts. Mama said it was all right when the dentist ran that terrible whizzing thing in his mouth, and she said it was all right when she gave him that innocent looking glass of milk which contained the beastly mixture—a mixture which in after years he learned to be compounded of Rochelle and Epsom Salts. No, no! More tears.

Then the photographer steps blandly forward, throws a big soft ball up in the air, allows it to fall on his own nose and starts back as if hurt and surprised. Ah, that was funny! The child stops crying. The right expression arrives—and all is over!

Photograph by Chickering, Boston.

BEATRICE ABBEY.


GRAND BALLET
ARCHIE GUNN

THE ARCHIE GUNN GIRL.

See article beginning on opposite page.

Archie Gunn—His Studio and Posters.

By John G. Tarpey.

Illustrated with Photographs taken by the Artist.

MR. ARCHIE GUNN.

ARCHIBALD GUNN, he was christened, of course, but he is so well known as "Archie" Gunn that it would seem stilted to speak of him any other way. Moreover, he has retained this signature ever since he commenced to make his unique drawings, and as "Archie" Gunn he will always be known.

Mr. Gunn has a studio at 41 West Twenty-third street, and to that address a representative of Broadway Magazine wended his way to obtain an interview. The artist was seen engaged upon one of his posters.

"You seem entirely given over to that class of work of late years," was suggested.

"It would seem so," Mr. Gunn replied, "but it isn't a case of being given over to it. I like the work, and give myself to it."

"Renumerative?"

"Very."

"How did you come to select that class of illustrative work?"

"Well, I have always been connected, more or less closely, with the theatrical profession. No, I never was upon the stage, but the majority of my friends have been actors, actresses, or theatrical managers, and my 'girls' are of the type that certain artistic minds are in the habit of associating with the profession."

"You are an Englishman, by the way, aren't you, Mr. Gunn?"

"Sure—but married to an American wife, you know." (*En passant*, it may be observed that Mr. Gunn's American wife is one of the prettiest women in New York.)

"What is your opinion about the success of your own creation—the Gunn Girl, that is to say?"

Mr. Gunn laughed. "Is she a success? Thank you. Well, I'm glad the public like her, but I was not aware of

A well-known Gunn model.

any special features about her that were worthy of notice. Every artist draws a girl as she appears to him, and the American girl, as I see her, should be represented in my drawings as a dainty and refined, but healthy young woman."

"Well, that is what people see when they look at the Gunn Girl," the artist was informed. He left the subject with a shrug of his shoulders.

Mr. Gunn was then asked about his models. He has probably a greater number of models on his list than any other artist in New York, and what he doesn't know about the artist's model is very little.

"The artist's model is all right," he said. "There is a lot of nonsense written about her. I have been reading the series of articles in the recent numbers of Broadway Magazine, though, and they seem to set forth the matter in a common-sense way that was very refreshing to me, and must have been equally so to other artists. Your contributors knew most decidedly what they were writing about.

Model posing for Mr. Gunn for figure of "Grief."

Miss Pauline Chase in one of her poses for Mr. Gunn.

"For some reason," continued Mr. Gunn, as he added touches here and there to his almost complete poster, "the lay mind possesses the most absurd impressions about the artist's model. She is in fact an ordinary girl, pretty of course, or else attractive in some feature, who works honestly and diligently for her living. The artist needs her, and she needs the artist. There is no sentiment about the thing. There is no false modesty about it. She poses nude when she is asked to pose nude, and it never occurs to her that there is anything queer about her doing so."

"But all artists' models don't pose in the nude," objected the interviewer.

"No, certainly not. But all mine do—when I ask them to do so."

"In the nude—for theatrical posters!"

The artist laughed again. "Hardly," he replied, "but I don't confine my work entirely to theatrical posters. I do a

A Gunn Ballet Girl pose.

good deal of pastel work, and I do a good deal of photography. I need nudes for studies—don't know what I should do without them very well, either."

Mr. Gunn showed several specimens of the pastel work to which he referred. He was asked if he did not think there were certain inward qualms to posing "in the altogether," as Trilby called it.

"Tush," he answered "I tell you that no true artist's model would think of refusing to pose in the altogether. If she does, it is because she knows she has not a good figure. That's all."

"You are as exact in your explanation as you are in your work."

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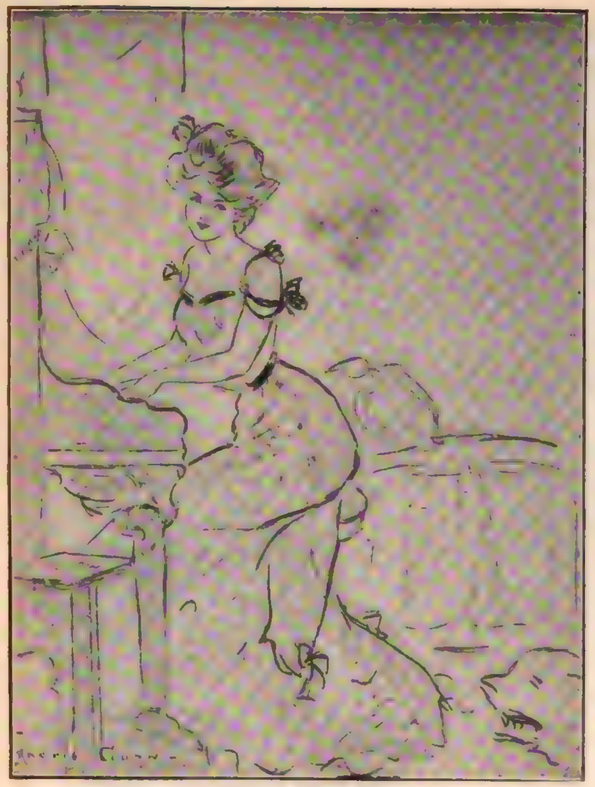


A TYPICAL GUNN GIRL.

Sketched by the artist for Broadway Magazine.

"I hope so. I don't like an impressionistic explanation any more than I like impressionistic work. Impressionistic work, half the time, is merely an excuse for shirking detail. Don't mistake me to mean that I want an artist to count and reproduce the eyelashes on a man's face or even the buttons of his vest, but I don't like vagueness of any kind in work."

"But don't you think that a legitimate effect may be obtained by an impressionistic picture—an effect that would not even be suggested in one that was careful of detail?"

"Oh, yes, of course. There are great painters who are impressionists by right because they are great. Their impressionistic picture are marvels in their way and their purpose is very clear. But the so-called impressionistic pictures of our own artists are humbug. It's scamped work—that's all. The visitor is supposed to go into raptures over it, and half the time he's afraid to say a word because he doesn't know what the subject of the painting is and he's afraid to commit himself. He would feel very embarrassed, wouldn't he, if he were exclaim: 'What a beautiful view of the bridge!' and then have the artist tell him: 'My dear fellow, what are you talking about? That isn't a bridge—that's a woman praying in the cathedral!'"

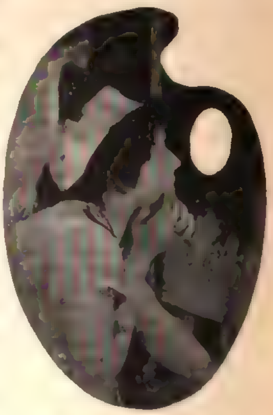
The interviewer then asked Mr. Gunn about his work in London, before he came to this country.

"My work there," said the artist, "was of a semi-theatrical nature—posters and such work. But I always wanted to come here, and here I shall always remain."

Archie Gunn's principal recreation is cricket. He is a member of the New Jersey Athletic Club, where they have an excellent cricket ground, and where the artist is one of the crack bowlers of the club eleven.

He is also one of the most admirable exponents of a comic song in New York, thus indicating that he could have made a hit on the stage if he had not been an artist.

But Fate knew her business.



Posing for the profile.

How Richard Mansfield Travels.

ALSO SOMETHING ABOUT HIM AS A HOST—A PIPE FOR HIMSELF, AND FINE CUBAN CIGARS FOR HIS GUEST.

ONE of Richard Mansfield's so-called extravagances, though he calls it a necessary convenience, is a private car. Early in the season he drew elaborate plans for a new $30,000 car, but before it was fairly started, he happened to see the new private car belonging to Mr. M. E. Ingalls, President of the Big Four System. He walked into one end of the car and when he came out of the other end, he said to his manager: "Buy it."

"But have you any idea what Mr. Ingalls may charge you?"

"The car is the important consideration, not the price," replied the actor-manager. Now the car is his.

Mansfield never lives in his car except between stations—save once. It was his first week in the new car, at Cincinnati. The hotels were full and he couldn't get the suite of rooms he wanted. His car was taken out to Fernbank, an aristocratic little suburban beauty spot. The Big Four people, under the actor's protest that it wasn't convenient, either for him to get into town or for his friends to come out to a post-performance supper, furnished a special engine and day coach. The engine drew his private car to town in time for the performance and took him back after his work. But when he took the car back, it always carried back a day coach with some friends to supper. Then the little special train waited, often as late as three o'clock in the morning, to return the party to town.

Photograph by Delafield, Cincinnati.

MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD ON THE PLATFORM OF HIS PRIVATE CAR.

Mansfield does things with an open hand. No one who has been his guest ever acknowledged having met another such host. His private car is equipped with every modern convenience and luxury. The pantry is a model, and his chef, waiter and valet are the most perfect servants. Nothing is too good for Mansfield's guests. Whether he drinks ale or water or a little Scotch whiskey, he serves those about him with champagne. Though he stick to his beloved pipe, his guests are handed

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those famous Mansfield cigars, which are made in Cuba especially for him and imported by his friends, the Wagners, of Philadelphia. The sauce of all, however, is the actor's wit at supper.

Here he is at his best. He strives every moment to keep his guests in a good humor, and if he would repeat on the stage only a few of the many witty diversions he exploits on his guests, he would go into history as a monologuist as well as manager, comedian and tragedian.

The members of his company often enjoy his hospitality at a luncheon or a dinner served during the monotony of an all-day trip. The Mansfield special of ten cars moves like a circus train, when loaded, and independent of schedule. Often the sun is rising before the scenery cars are locked. The star is asleep, so are all his associated artists; but the chef is awake, under orders from Mansfield, and the workmen, who would otherwise go to bed hungry, find a warm supper on the dining room table of the private car.

One of the cherished nooks in the private car is the library. Mansfield has certain books which he insists on having with him wherever he goes.

R. W. S.

Photograph by White, New York.

MISS FLORENCE GALE.

Who takes the part of *Mary Blenkarn* in Shipman Brothers' Company, presenting "The Middleman" on the road.

Mining Under Broadway.

By R. D. Chester.

WHEN the average flat dweller leaves his apartment on the fifth floor and makes his way down to the janitor's quarters to reproach him for not turning on the steam-heat with sufficient generosity or to quarrel with him about the mislaying of his bottles of milk, or for any other reason whatsoever which might induce him to make said journey he not only knows that he's below ground but he also feels it. Most cellars are damp, even when brilliant furnaces are going, and the general sense of being there, even for a few moments, is an uncomfortable one.

But then the average flat dweller would be only about 10 feet or so below the surface. It is different when the depth is over 120 feet. Here we have an interesting flashlight of a scene just 124 feet beneath the level where the subway laborers are clearing for the rapid transit railroad at 181st street and Broadway. It should be remembered that work of this character is not without its dangers. The care of the contractors has in every case been very great, but the risk of a cave-in is always present. The scene brings to the mind the mines of Pennsylvania, but the actual locality is nevertheless New York—New York unfinished.

Drilling 124 feet below the surface in New York for the 181st Street subway station.

The total length of the subway railroad is 21 miles, and the time from the City Hall to Bailey avenue is to be 45 minutes. There are 50 stations in all, seven of which are express stations. From City Hall to 96th street will be a trip of 13 minutes by an express train, and 21 minutes by a local train.

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The Kimono Girl.

By Aline Scott Edwardes.

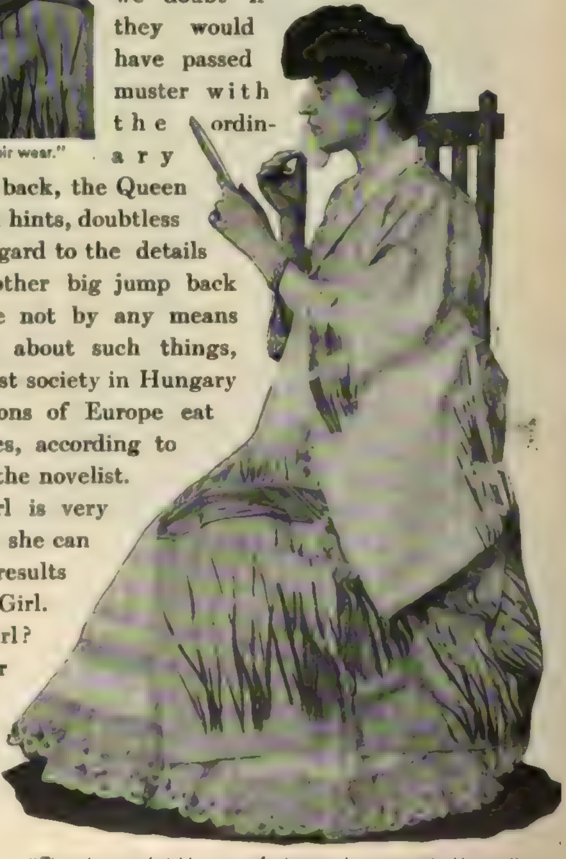
Illustrated With Photographs Taken Especially for Broadway Magazine.

"Japanese silk kimonos are fashionable for boudoir wear."

THERE is one feature about social progress that is very refreshing to contemplate. It is the care of the person—more delicacy and refinement in apparel and appearance, carriage, and in fact everything that pertains to the body.

It is especially noticeable with regard to the girls of the day.

The beautiful Saxon princesses, as they welcomed the knights returning from the wars or the chase, doubtless looked very charming to the tired warriors as they stood at the threshold of their fathers' or husbands' castles, but we doubt if they would have passed muster with the ordinary beauties of to-day. Going further back, the Queen of Sheba, as Mark Twain more than hints, doubtless needed several improvements in regard to the details of her toilette; and making another big jump back again, our Colonial maidens were not by any means as exact as our New York girls about such things, Even to-day, members of the highest society in Hungary and the other southeastern portions of Europe eat with their fingers and their knives, according to the authority of Dorothea Gerard, the novelist.



"There is a comfortable sense of relaxation in wearing the kimono."

But our modern American girl is very dainty, and insists upon having all she can get to keep her so. One of the results of this insistence is the Kimono Girl.

Have you ever seen a Kimono Girl? Have you got a Kimono Girl of your own? But of course you want to know why the Kimono Girl is a darling and why it would be a good thing to know one, if not to get one.

In the first place, the kimono

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is a Japanese garment, and carries the spirit of Japan in and around it more eloquently than anything else that ever came from that marvelous isle; and the spirit of Japan is—Romance!

Yes, there is as much romance lurking in the kimono as Miss Onoto Watanna can compress into any one of her charming tales, or David Belasco into an entrèacte. Tender glances, volume-speaking sighs, and meaning pressures of the hand lurk in each sheen that darts off the silken texture of the Japanese kimono with every movement made by the contents of it. You cannot imagine the contents of a kimono being repellant or haughty in her manner. The idea is absured. No, it is an instinct on your part to close your arms around such contents and—snatch an artless Japanese kiss! Is it—or is it?

Apart from that phase of the subject—and it is not easy to drag one's self away from discussing it—it must not be forgotten that Japanese silk kimonos are becoming very fashionable for boudoir wear. Our girls enjoy them amazingly and compare them with those their friends are wearing. They are, in fact, a constant delight.

There is a comfortable sense of relaxation in wearing the kimono that it is quite impossible to describe. The whole garment falls about the figure with a charming acquiescence and obedience that is most rare with inanimate objects in the clothes kingdom. There are no uncomfortable pinchings under the arms or about the waist or around the neck. And the whole is so fetching.

That is the essence of the kimono—fascination.

"Boudoir kimonos are usually of checked silks, lined througnout with soft liberty silk, and always lovely in design."

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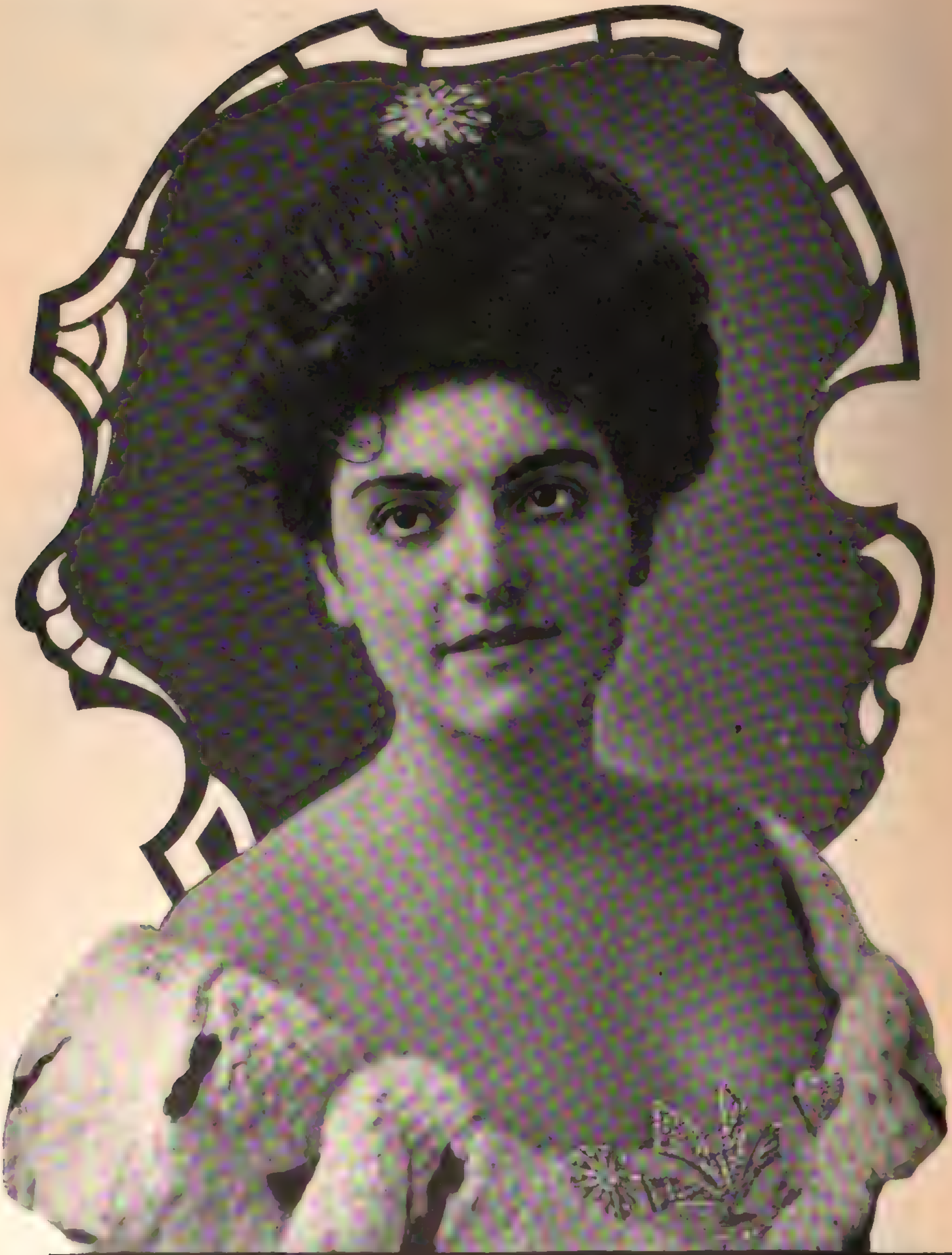

Photograph by Chickering, Boston.

MISS MARGUERITE SYLVA'S LATEST PORTRAIT.

Miss Sylva is prominent in musical comedy and has her picture taken very often. This is her latest. It is a good one of her.

Mr. Carnegie, in his library, dictating to his private secretary.

Mr. Carnegie In His Own Library.

By Ernest Diehl.

It is not a remarkable thing for a man to sit in his library and not a particularly wonderful feat for Mr. Carnegie to perform, but his doing so is interesting, for he who has given away so many libraries should certainly have a fine and interesting one of his own.

A good deal of nonsense has been written about the philanthropy of Andrew Carnegie. Why the spending of money—which Carnegie can never get any direct personal enjoyment from—on sixty-five libraries in New York, and some hundred more in other towns in the United States, should be called philanthropy is not clear. Philanthropy means the love of man, and if the man Mr. Carnegie loves is himself, well and good, but if not, then philanthropy is not the right word. The fact remains that Mr. Carnegie is getting as much enjoyment and fame out of these libraries as the future users of them will ever obtain—more, indeed, for they will take the libraries as a matter of course, while the perpetuation of his own name all over the country undoubtedly gives the millionaire the keenest kind of honest and commendable enjoyment.

There is no desire on anybody's part—or on the part of very few at all events—to criticize Mr. Carnegie simply and solely because he gives away his money to found libraries, but one cannot help thinking that since there is so much money to be spent, there are also so many things it could be better spent upon. Hospitals would have been preferable. Education is a good thing, but Health is better. Still, the money is Mr. Carnegie's. He can do what he likes with it. America is thankful.

The Jew on the American Stage.

By Arnold B. Wehrs.

AN eminent European diplomatist once observed that every country had the kind of Jew it deserved.

The eminent European diplomatist did not mean it kindly, but we'll take his remark *au serieux* and gravely come to the conclusion that, by the same token, we are a very deserving country indeed, for it is a high type of Jew that is found in the United States. England claims to have the highest intellectually, but then England claims a good deal of what she doesn't really possess. Certainly in this country the Jew has a fine standing.

Permeating, as they do, all classes of society, it would be strange if they failed to cut a notable figure in theatricals, and yet, when we find that they do cut such a figure, the question seems to be one of peculiar and particularly vivid interest.

It is, perhaps, not so astonishing that the financial end of the theatrical profession should be in the hands of Jews, for finance is supposed to be the specialty of the race. All the principal theatres in New York are owned by or let to Jews. Mr. Charles Frohman, Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger, the Shubert Brothers, the Sire Brothers, David Belasco, Messrs. Weber & Fields—all are Jews, and all are great or at least, remarkable men in their way, men of note, of brains, of what is called Napoleonic enterprise.

Photo by Schloss, N. Y.
MISS REBECCA WARREN.

Photographs by Sarony, New York.
MR. JOSEPH WEBER AND MR. LEW FIELDS.

But the most interesting phase of the question of Jews on the American Stage deals with the fact that the actors of that persuasion are nearly all comedians.

Perhaps the most surprising part of it is that we *should* be surprised, but it occurs to scarcely anybody, until the fact is brought home to them somehow.

From our earliest information about the Jews we are not led to suspect the existence of a deep well of humor in their composition. The Bible does not sparkle with repartee, and Josephus refrains from the conundrum. The history of the Jews is serious all the way—with the single exception, perhaps, of the incident which speaks of how Gideon "taught" the men of Succoth—that is, flayed them with bramble briers.

Yet here we find in New York, 12,000 years after the handing down of the law from Mount Sinai, that our most comical entertainers on the stage are Jews—pure and simple, out and out, all wool, guaranteed, orthodox Jews.

Messrs. Weber & Fields, on the one hand, and the Rogers Brothers, on the other, are in the minds of thousands the four funniest men on the stage to-day.

Photo by Falk, N. Y.

MR. LOUIS MANN.

Photographs by Hall, New York.

MR. GUS ROGERS AND MR. MAX ROGERS.

Photo by Baker, Columbus.

MISS CLARA LIPMAN. (Mrs. Louis Mann.)

Photo by Baker, Columbus.
MR. JEFFERSON DE ANGELIS.

They are spontaneously funny, not machine-made humorists. They do not rely upon their playwrights, or their librettists, to make them funny. They *are* funny. All four are Jews. Mr. Lew Fields has a distinctly Hebraic cast of countenance, He looks not a little like Lord Beaconsfield, though when he is made up for the stage, the resemblance is less striking.

These four comedians may be said to be more than usually successful because they are Jews. They have known how to conserve their gifts. It is this quality of conservation that creates the idiotic prejudice against the Jew which some Christians—or let us say, rather, Gentiles—are found to voice, but it is a virtue, nevertheless, both from the Jew's and the Gentile's points of view.

Photo by Morrison, Chicago.
MISS LILLIAN BURKHART.

Mr. Louis Mann is a comedian of a unique sort, who is thoroughly a Jew. His wife, Miss Clara Lipman, is a Jewess. Miss Lipman is a beautiful woman—is, indeed, one of the beauties of to-day's stage, and her features are distinctly Jewish. She is also a comedian, or, if you like the word better, a comedienne. She has a rich idea of humor that is innate.

The humor of Jefferson de Angelis is one that is not easily imitated. Miss Lillian Burkhart is a cultured woman, at present making a success in vaudeville. Mr. Lee Harrison is said to be much funnier off the stage than on it, but of his powers of amusing there is no question. All these folks are Jews.

There may be a reasonable explanation of the Israelitish actors being nearly all comedians. The position of the Jew in New York is, as I have said, high. He lives high and is courted. As a consequence he looks out on life with spectacles that are more or less roseate in tint. Ergo, he laughs.

And so, by a Darwinian process, he makes us laugh, too.

Then again, we mustn't forget that some of the brightest men about town in New York are Jews. As a rule, the best stories about Jews are to be heard from Jews, just as the best Irish stories come from the Irish, and they also have a relish for a good story that is not blunted by the fact of a Jew being the hero—or the villain—of it.

I know, and you know, of more than one Irishman who made a very amusing Jew on the stage, but I know, and perhaps you don't know, *almost as many* Jews who make amusing Irishman on the stage. Peradventure the mere idea of a Jew giving a stage caricature of an Irishman is something of a shock. At all events it is exemplified many times. Yet the Ancient Order of Hibernians, which seems to be quite serious, is trying to expel the Jew-Irishman from the vaudeville stage!

Photo by Hall, N. Y.
MR. LEE HARRISON.

How I Study My Rôles—By Julia Marlowe.

THE mere act of memorizing is a very unimportant part of my preparations when I am about to produce a new play. I follow the same system now that I did from the days of my novitiate, and I have found it so satisfactory that I see no reason why I should make a change. In preparing a rôle in a classic drama, I first master thoroughly every detail of the life of the author, and of the period in which the play is laid. If the heroine has been taken even indirectly from the pages of history, I absorb every book pertaining to the times and person until I have gained an intimate knowledge of the spirit, manners and personality Having thoroughly grasped the atmosphere and any minor details which can be unearthed by systematic reading and careful study, I then feel that it is time to read the play. I have often read a new play over and over again for fifty times, which means that for days and days I have done nothing but read my new play. These readings not only constitute the learning of the lines, but the preliminary building up of the character study as well. I never sit down to the deliberate memorizing of a line, but while I am studying the play and saturating my mind with the narrative, the lines and cues seem to take care of themselves.

I have always felt that learning lines is the smallest part of the task of creating a new rôle. The rehearsals assist one to

Photograph by Sands & Brady, Providence.

MISS JULIA MARLOWE.

Taking the star part in "The Cavalier" at the Criterion Theatre.

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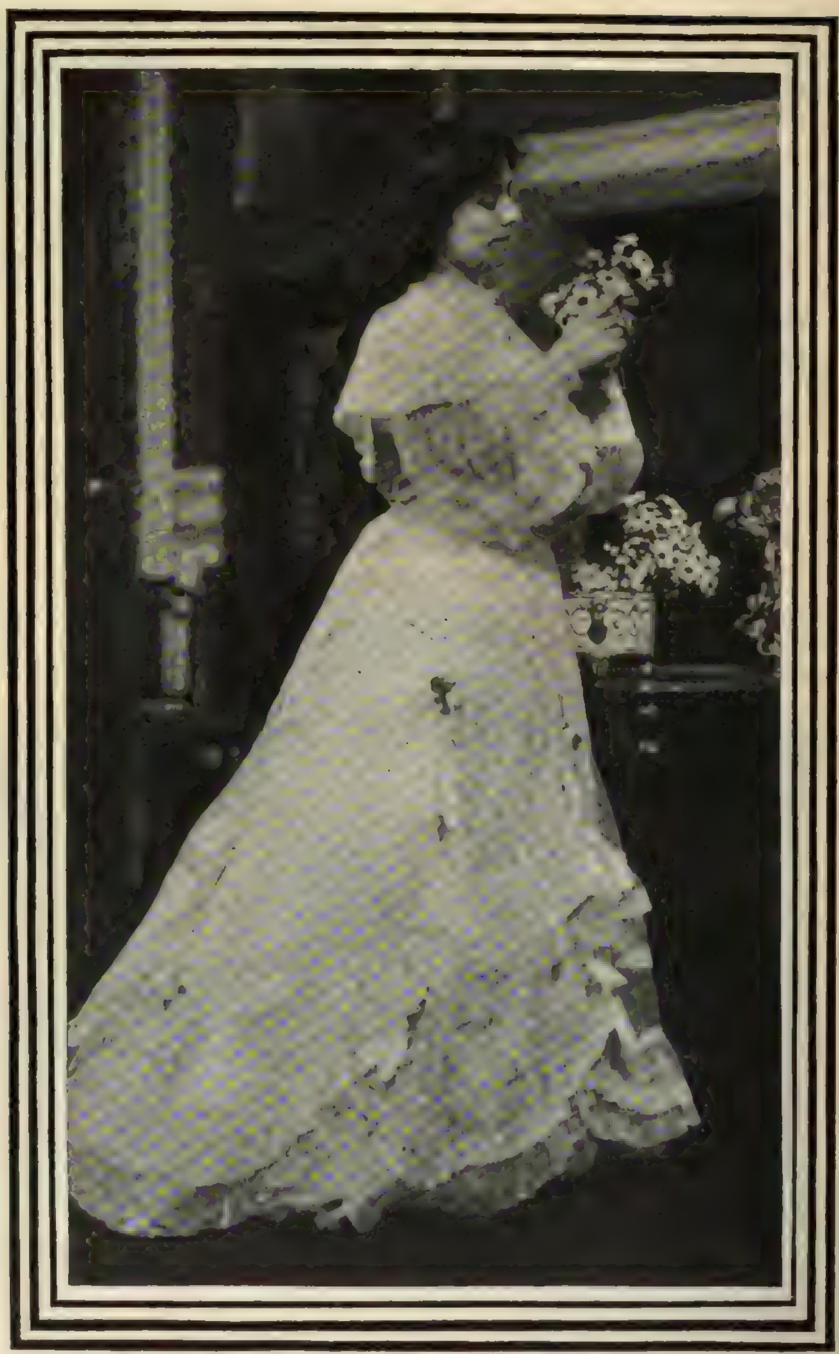

Photograph by Byron, New York City.

MISS JULIA MARLOWE.

Miss Marlowe has written for BROADWAY MAGAZINE the article beginning on the preceding page. This is a picture of her in the character of *Charlotte Durand* in "The Cavalier," at the Criterion Theatre, New York City.

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develop the character, and to ascertain definitely the relation between one character and another. It is only in an actual performance, however, that a part is really perfected. Before a sea of critical eyes, I can put on the finishing touches in a manner much more satisfactory than at rehearsals. In "The Cavalier," for instance, it was only after playing the rôle several times that I commenced to give a portrayal which partially satisfied me. I am still working on *Charlotte Durand*, and after I have played her for several weeks, I will begin to believe that she is really and truly a part of my repertoire, and played quite as she should be played. Night after night I have achieved the same effects differently, altering a gesture, a tone or a bit of business which seems to me might be given in a better and more convincing manner.

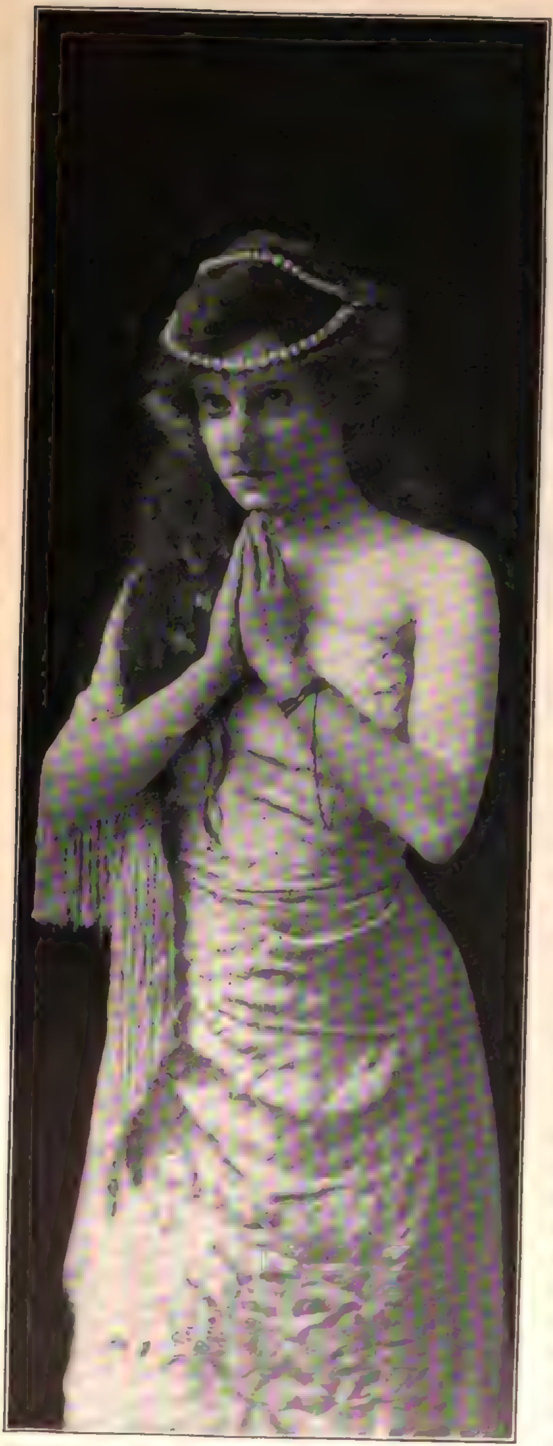
An interviewer once asked me whether in playing a part I have ever seemed to feel that I was actually the person portrayed. No such nonsense ever clouded my mind either on or off the stage. I do try to feel as keen an intellectual sympathy with the heroine as possible, but as for feeling myself to be her—never. Even if I cry when she is involved in an affecting situation, it is purely with sympathy and not because I believe I am suffering with that particular grief. Does anybody, whose eyes fill and whose voice breaks when he is reading a pathetic story think he is the character? Certainly not. He weeps with sympathy—that example furnishes the last word on a long-mooted and rather tiresome question, so far as I am concerned. No, I never live my parts; I simply act them.

The nearest I ever came to "living my part," was when I was studying *Prince Hal* in "Henry IV." In my enthusiasm, I decided to wear a suit of armor in my apartments, so that I would become accustomed to the encumbrance. The armor pinched me unmercifully, but I determined to wear the metal costume. Several stage directors suggested that I have a suit of imitation armor made of *papier maché*. This would have served all stage purposes, but in my enthusiasm, I refused and declared that I would wear what the men wore. But after several efforts I gave it up in despair, and had the armor padded on the inside. But it was awfully heavy and many times I was so encumbered by the weight that when I fell upon reaching the wings after a hurried exit, as I often did in this precious suit, it required the help of two or three men to lift me to my feet again.

Julia Marlowe

A FLORIDAN IDYL.

The south winds blow;
It fans my cheek like a gentle friend,
With soft caress of a spirit hand.
It has come from the wood where mosses are;
It has passed o'er gardens of blossoms fair;
It has kissed the face of the violet;
It has touched the leaves with dewdrops wet;
When night doth fold the petals of flowers,
The south wind in their sleeping hours
Steals silently their odors to take,
And over the world an incense to shake.
Fain would I, like a thought, gather wings
And pass onward with these silent things—
As the south wind blows.—BLANCHE.



Photograph by Falk, New York.
THE GILMAN EYES.

A Prince's Letters to Mabelle.

By Allan B. Garrett.

MABELLE (Mabel early in life) Gilman was a thin, somewhat gawky and not particularly beautiful little girl. She grew to be an awkward but pretty miss; then with the years of early womanhood came a physical attractiveness that took her out of the rank and file of the stage to which she had flown for a livelihood, and made of her a high-salaried actress in musical comedy.

The Gilman eyes are fascinating; they are large and droopy and insinuating; they suggest volumes even as they say nothing; they invite, even as they repel, invasion; they are as mute as the heart's appeal or as eloquent as a bar of Beethoven; they smile and yawn and speak poetry or flash defiance—and they make men wonder.

A Siamese Princelet fell in love with those eyes—which means that sanity flew out of the window as love flew in at the door. He was a very decent young Princelet, who spoke nice English, wore London clothes and was immensely wealthy. If, despite certain cynical writers, there are any human beings among the Asiatics, Maha Vajieavudh was human. At any rate, he loved honestly and fervently as a man, but wrote himself down an ass. He sent several fervid and enthusiastic epistles to Miss Gilman; like the language of his people, they were flowery and abounded in such Oriental pet names as, "My shining first born,'' and, "The sky's own brightness.'' But, mark you, Prince Maha Vajieavudh was honest and his sentiments were from the heart. That was some time ago.

Miss Gilman is now a star; she still has the same eyes but her self-regard has been greatly augmented; her taste, however, does not seem to have been improved in quality. There have appeared in the daily papers a lot of letters which Miss Gilman and her management claim were written by the Siamese Prince to a woman whose eyes he believed were as honorable as they were fascinating.

It is not believed that Miss Gilman willingly permitted anyone to give these letters to the press or that she has used private correspondence for public gain. However, this does not explain away the fact that the letters actually were published. If they were stolen by an over-officious press agent, that gentleman should be arrested for larceny and prosecuted.

Photograph by McIntosh, New York.

THE EYES AND LIPS, TOO.

I don't care for Siamese Princelets as a rule. Their color, and their manners, do not appeal to me I don't like their customs, their morals, or their complexions. But when any man who can wear a frock coat manfully, speak English intelligently and make love furiously is simple and confiding enough to write his thoughts on paper and send them to his inamorata, his honesty at least should be protected and his manhood considered by even the most frivolous owner of long-lashed eyes.

Photograph by Pictorial News Co., New York.

THE BATTERIES IN FULL OPERATION.

Miss Gilman owes an explanation to her sex, who believe she is a sweet little woman. The least she owes to Prince Maha Vajieavudh is a letter of disclaimer, couched in the most diplomatic language, so that he may eventually return to his dusty Siam with some feelings of respect for Occidental women in general.

There has been an effort made to bring the Gilman eyes and the Maha Vajieavudh letters into the public gaze as objects of international discussion. At this writing, however, the Venezuela question seems to have the prior call on our attention, strange as this may seem. Even the price of coal and the rise in the cost of producing gutta percha are receiving more editorial mention than the eyes or the letters. This state of affairs may not be very satisfactory to the press agent industry, but at any rate it has the advantage of being more nearly suited to the views of men and women who don't think that a man forfeits his right to honorable treatment because his skin happens to be several times darker than the prescribed Broadway shade.—An Afterthought.

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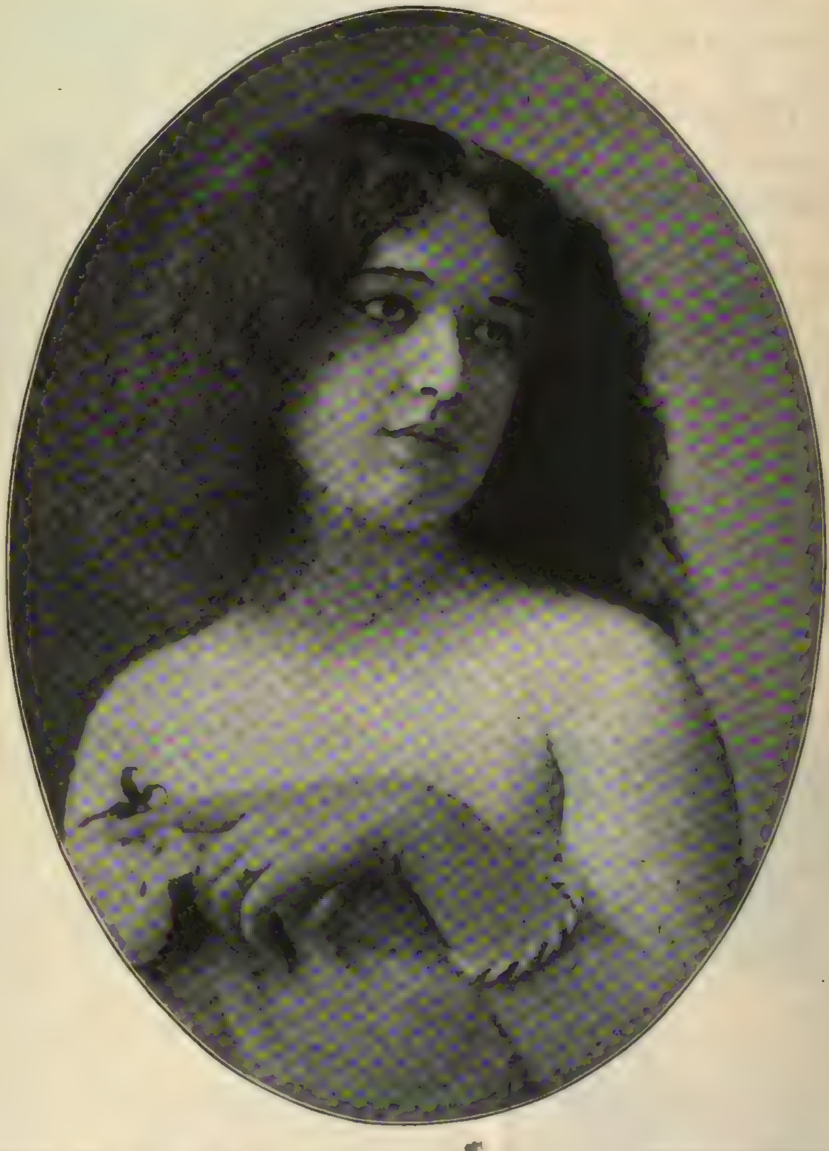

Photograph by Schloss, New York.

MISS ELSIE RICHMOND.

Miss Richmond is a young actress who is not infrequently urged by artists and photographers to pose for striking studies The above picture is a reproduction of such a study.

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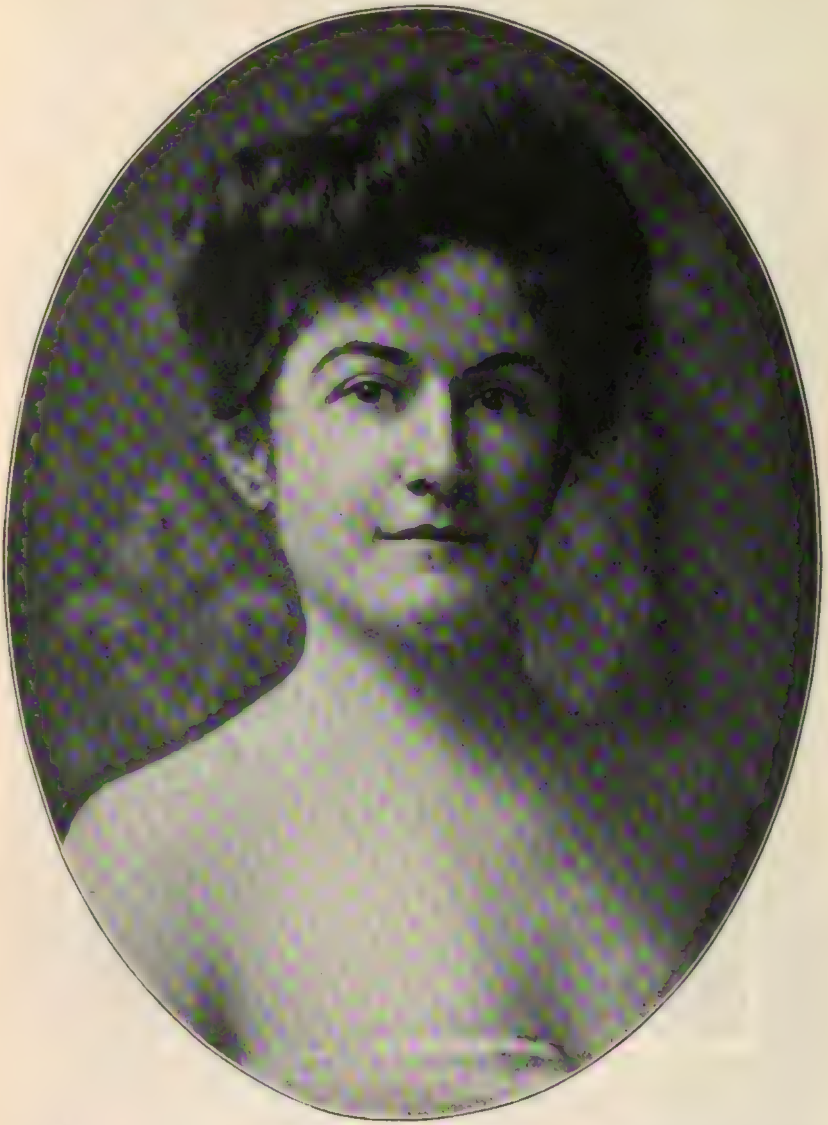

Photograph by Schloss, New York.

MISS TEDDIE DU COE.

Miss Du Coe is one of the best known Show Girls on the New York stage. She is appearing in the Company presenting "The Wild Rose."

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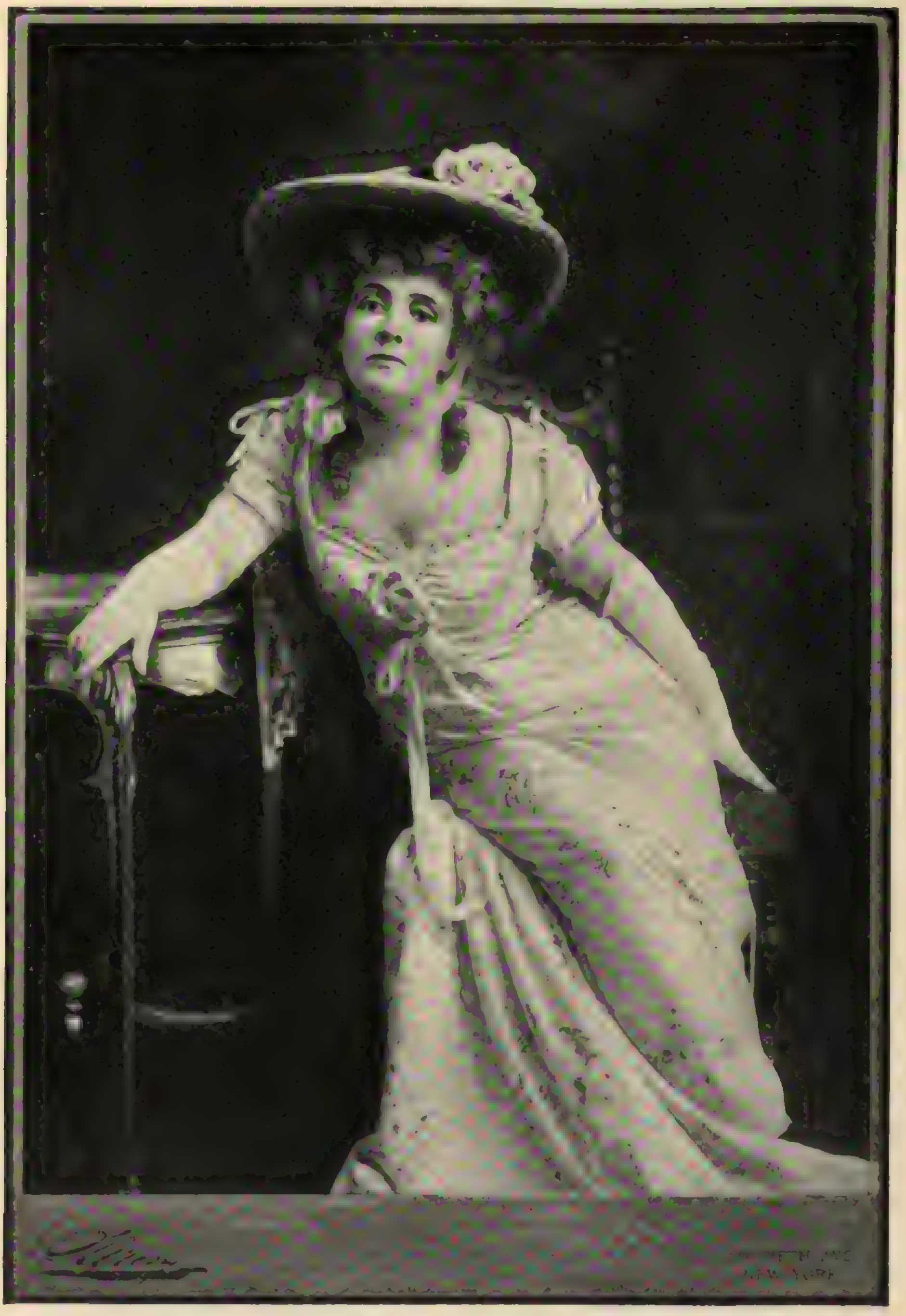
MISS KATHERINE GREY.

Who has been playing the part of *Ruth Blake* in "The Ninety and Nine" at the Academy of Music. In private life Miss Grey is the wife of John Mason, the well known actor



MISS ELIZABETH TYREE AS SHE APPEARS IN "GRETNA GREEN."

Miss Tyree was starred earlier in the season in a play called "Molly Pitcher." It was a failure; New York refused to see it, and the road spurned it. Let us hope for better things for "Gretna Green;" also let us wait.

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The Stage and Real Life.—By Clara Morris.

From "Stage Confidences," Issued and Copyrighted, 1902, by the Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston.

HOW often we hear people say, "Oh, that's only a play!" or "That could only happen in a play!" and yet it is surprising how often actors receive proof positive that their plays are reflecting happenings in real life.

When Mr. Daly had "L'Article 47" on, at the 5th Avenue Theatre, for instance, the keynote of the play was the insanity of the heroine. In the second, most important act, before her madness had been openly proclaimed, it had to be indicated simply by manner, tone, and gesture; and the one action of drawing the knee up into her clasping arms, and then swaying the body mechanically from side to side, while muttering rapidly to herself, thrilled the audience with the conviction of her affliction more subtly than words could have done. One night, when that act was on, I had just begun to sway from side to side, when from the auditorium there arose one long, *long*, agonizing wail, and that wail was followed by the heavy falling of a woman's body from her chair into the centre aisle.

In an instant all was confusion, every one sprang to his feet; even the musicians, who were playing some creepy, incidental music, as was the fashion then, stopped and half rose from their places. It was a dreadful moment! Somehow I kept a desperate hold upon my strained and startled nerves and swayed on from side to side. Mr. Stoepel, the leader, glanced at me. I caught his eye and said quick and low, "Play! play!"

He understood; but instead of simply resuming where he had left off, from force of habit he first gave the leader's usual three sharp taps upon his music desk, and then—so queer a thing is an audience—those people, brought to their feet in an agony of terror, of fire, panic, and sudden death by a woman's cry, now at that familiar tap, tap, tap, broke here and there into laughter. By sixes and sevens, then by tens and twenties, they sheepishly seated themselves, only turning their heads with pitying looks while the ushers removed the unconscious woman.

When the act was over, Mr. Daly—a man of few words on such occasions—held my hands hard for a moment, and said, "Good girl, good girl!" and I, pleased, deprecatingly remarked, "It was the music, sir, that quieted them," to which he made answer, "And it was you who ordered the music!"

Verily, no single word could be spoken on his stage without his knowledge. Later that evening we learned that the lady who had cried out had been brought to the theatre by friends who hoped to cheer her up (Heaven save the mark!) and help her to forget her dreadful and recent experience of placing her own mother in an insane asylum. Learned, too, that her very first suspicion of that poor mother's condition had come from finding her one morning sitting up in bed, her arms embracing her knees, while she swayed from side to side unceasingly, muttering low and fast all the time.

Poor lady! no wonder her worn nerves gave way when all unexpectedly that dread scene was reproduced before her, and worse still before the staring public.

Then Mr. Charles Matthews, the veteran English comedian, came over to act at Mr. Daly's. His was a graceful, polished, volatile style of acting, and he had a high opinion of his power as a maker of fun; so that he was considerably annoyed one night when he discovered that one of his auditors would not laugh. Laugh? would not even smile at his efforts.

Mr. Matthews, who was past seventy, was nervous, excitable,—and, well, just a wee bit *cranky*; and when the play was about half over, he came "off," angrily talking to himself, and ran against Mr. Lewis and me, as we were just about "going on." Instantly he exclaimed, "Look here! look here!" taking from his vest pocket a broad English gold piece and holding it out on his hand, then added, "And look there! look there!" pointing out a gentleman sitting in the opposite box.

"Do you see that stupid dolt over there? Well, I've toiled over him till I sweat like a harvest hand, and laugh—he won't; smile—he won't."

I remarked musingly. "He looks like a graven image;" while Lewis suggested cheerfully, "Perhaps he is one."

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"No, No!" groaned the unfortunate star, "I'm afraid not! I'm - I'm almost certain I saw him move once. But look here now, you're a deucedly funny pair; just turn yourselves loose in this scene. I'll protect you from Daly, do anything you like,—and the one who makes that wooden man laugh, wins this gold piece."

It was not the gold piece that tempted us to our fall, but the hope of succeeding where the star had failed. I seized one moment in which to notify old man Davidge of what was going on, as he had a prominent part in the coming scene, and then we were on the stage.

The play was "The Critic," the scene a burlesque rehearsal of an old-time melodrama. Our opportunities were great, and Heaven knows we missed none of them. New York audiences are quick, and in less than three minutes they knew the actors had taken the bit between their teeth and were off on a mad race of fun. Everything seemed to "go." We three knew one another well. Each saw another's idea and caught it, with the certainty of a boy catching a ball. The audience roared with laughter; the carpenters and scene-shifters—against the rule of the theatre—crowded into the entrances with answering laughter; but the man in the box gave no sign.

Worse and worse we went on. Mr. Daly, white with anger, came behind the scene, gasping out, "Are they utterly mad?" to the little Frenchman whom he had made prompter because he could not speak English well enough to prompt us; who frantically pulling his hair, cried, "Oui! oui! zey are all mad—mad like ze dog in ze summer-time!"

Mr. Daly stamped his feet and cleared his throat to attract our attention; but, trusting to Mr. Matthews's protection, we grinned cheerfully at him and continued on our downward path. At last we reached the "climax," and suddenly I heard Mr. Matthews say, "She's got him—look—I think she's won!"

I could not help it—I turned my head to see if the "graven image" could really laugh. Yes, he was moving! and his face wore some faint expression; but—but he was turning slowly to the laughing audience, and the expression on his face was one of *wonder!*

Matthews groaned aloud, the curtain fell, and Daly was upon us. Matthews said the cause of the whole business was that man in the box; while Mr. Daly angrily declared, "The man in the box could have nothing to do with the affair, since he was *deaf* and *dumb*, and had been all his life."

I remembered sitting down very hard and very suddenly. I remembered that Davidge, who was an Englishman, "blasted" a good many things under his breath; and then Mr. Matthews, exclaiming with wonder, told us he had been playing for years in a farce where this very scene was enacted, the whole play consisting in the actor's efforts to win the approbation of a man who was a deaf mute.

So once more a play was found to reflect a situation in real life.

FUTURE PROSPECTS.

Unhappy race of men unborn,
Of many of our comforts shorn,
Doomed—at a reasonable distance—
To lead a limited existence!
One now is led to the belief
There soon will be an end of beef,
And that the door will next be shut on
The succulent supply of mutton,
While veal and pork and eggs and bacon
Will from a frenzied world be taken,
And very little food remain
For greed to cut and come again:
Your table will be chiefly spread
With very nearly daily bread,
And meat regarded as unhealthy
For all but the extremely wealthy.
But compensations may be met;
The cheapness of the cigarette,
The price of a superb cigar
(Considerably under par),
And (till you almost cry *jam satis*)
Tobacco heaped upon your gratis
By every advertising Trust
Until they're absolutely bust:
These will afford some recompense
For meat's unfortunate expense,
And you may view the world—who knows?—
Through glasses that are tinted rose.—R. Thorn.

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MR. MELVILLE STUART

Who takes the part of *Geoffrey Challoner* in "A Country Girl" at Daly's Theatre.

AMERICA'S MATINEE HEROES.

This series was begun in BROADWAY MAGAZINE for October, 1899, and has been continued ever since.

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The Girl Proposition.--By George Ade.

"THE FABLE OF THE GIRL WHO HAD HER REASONING POWERS WITH HER."

From "The Girl Proposition," Published by R. H. Russell.

Copyrighted, 1902, by Robert Howard Russell.

GEORGE ADE.

A CERTAIN hard-working Butterfly who met a Girl in the Afternoon and called on her that Evening, had a little System of his own. He believed that the correct Method was to tell each New One all about how the Others were crazy to Land him. This would show that he was a Popular Young Fellow and would make the New One a little more eager to cut the others out.

The System worked so well that he used it all the time. He kept his Pockets full of Letters and Photographs to prove that he was No. 1 with at least a Dozen of them, and in order to make it very Strong he had a few Presents of Jewelry that he would show, under his Coat, when he became very confidential.

Said he to himself: "The short-sighted Lothario sits alongside of his Lovey-Dove and tells her that she is the only one in the whole Patch, but I let her know that I am more than Friendly with at least five or six. Competition is the life of Courtship. I play one against another. It's a Shame the Way I String them."

It chanced that this Circulating Suitor one day met a sweet and shapely Venus and immediately flashed his Date-Book.

"Have you any Open Time?" he asked.

"Come up to-morrow Evening," she replied. "I have another Booking but I will cancel it."

He arrived before she had her Make-up on. He started early, because he had so much to tell her. She didn't know him very well, so it was necessary to give her a Line on his Record as a Girl-Subduer.

She came down and he got Busy. He showed her a Ring that had been given to him one Night in a Boat, and he let her read part of the Letters to prove that they called him Darling Boy and he told how several Weddings had been postponed in the Hope that he, the Idol of the Ladies and the Envy of the Men, might change his Mind.

The Girl was intensely interested. For a Woman to be a Man's Confidante in a throbbing Love Affair is unadulterated feminine Luxury.

Along about 11 o'clock he thought he had her sufficiently Enthralled, so he placed himself on the Sofa and attempted to take her Hand.

"Scat, You Trifler!' exclaimed the Beautiful Maiden, repulsing him. "No Member of the Tell Club can do the Fondle around This House. When you get ready to publish your Book on the Confessions of a Male Coquette, you will have to omit the Chapter about Me, because I am not going to give you any Souvenirs, or write you any give-away Letters or send my Photo. I have learned to put a Nixy Label on the Man who tells all he Knows."

Moral: The man who tells you about the Last One, will tell the Next One about you.

THE HAPPY WIFE.

You ask me why I'm happy when so many wives complain,
And say their husbands only live to give them endless pain.
My secret you demand to know. you've seen my happy nook,
And you quiz me not a little, but – remember *I* can cook!

When other wives are envious, and tell my husband dear,
My gowns are very out of date, and at my wardrobe sneer.
I have no fear, I only smile, I care not how I look!
I know I've but to whisper – "Dear, remember *I* can cook!"

And always when I'm begged by girls to tell them by what art
I captured such a handsome man and won quite all his heart.
I merely say, ' My dears. I'm sure that all the pains I took,
Was asking him to dinner – for remember *I* can cook!"

And all you modern women who are anxious to be wed.
Be wise throw up your arts and crafts. and learn to bake your bread.
For be certain that no husband will forget the vows he took.
If his wife will only please him by remembering how to cook. – Phil. Larned

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The Stage in New York.

Discussed With as Little Prejudice as May Be.

With flashlights by Joseph Byron, New York; Taylor, Chicago; and Photo Publishing Co., Chicago.

THE Shakespearean performance at the Herald Square Theatre is advertised as "Mr. Richard Mansfield in 'Julius Cæsar.'" It might easily and more truthfully have been "Mr. Joseph Haworth as *Cassius*," because the latter player easily carries away the honors.

Photograph by Sarony, New York.

MISS ELEANOR ROBSON.
In the title role of "Audrey."

There is no denying the fact that Mr. Mansfield knows how to stage Shakespeare. It is a labor of love with him, and expense, time and annoyance do not count against the Mansfield will.

"Julius Cæsar" is magnificent as a series of stage pictures, but it adds nothing to the reputation of Mr. Mansfield. This actor's grasp is either too nice or too faltering to permit his making the moody Roman a strong, compelling figure. Mr. Mansfield's control of the dramatic subleties does not seem to add intelligence to his handling of a rôle that most great actors in every age have essayed with more or less success. His *Brutus* wins applause neither by a nicety of reading, gloomy awesomeness or the grave sadness of a noble heart that has murdered even as it bled. Whether it is because Mr. Mansfield is out of his element in Shakespeare, whether it is that his physical shortcomings or his temperamental delinquencies are at fault, is wholly a matter of opinion. The entire story is told when it is said that Mr. Mansfield is not a good *Brutus*. His long dramatic education only saves him from being a very bad one.

Mr. Haworth as *Cassius* does the best work of the past ten years of his career. Many actors have given many different renditions of the hot-headed *Cassius*. It is a rôle which, in the hands of a blusterer left to himself, will gradually begin as a breeze and end as an uprooting cyclone.

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Than this part there is none in the English language that can be more easily and terribly over-acted. But Mr. Haworth gives a fine, clean-cut portrayal of the high-tempered *Caius Cassius*. He looks the part superbly and his resonant voice sings out the splendid lines with a melodic force that is almost lyric. In all his scenes with Mr. Mansfield, this actor is the dominant figure.

Mr. Arthur Forrest as *Marcus Antonius* looks the rôle all through the piece, and acts it especially well in the forum scene.

The women in "Julius Cæsar" are, of course, so completely subordinated to the male characters that but little can be expected from even the most experienced actress. Miss Maude Hoffman as *Calpurnia* was interesting, if not at all classic. She leaves no impression that can be carried away.

Photograph by Sarony, New York.

MISS VIOLA ALLEN.
As *Donna Roma* in "The Eternal City."

JULIA MARLOWE IN "THE CAVALIER."

IT is too bad that an actress of Miss Marlowe's ability should be compelled to stick to the dramatized novel, which has become a theatrical pest of no small dimensions. It is fashionable to rail at the dramatized novel, and yet it must be admitted that it has not been treated half as roughly as it deserves. As a rule it is an anæmic, pulseless, foolish sort of an affair without enough backbone for an ordinary curtain raiser. Critics have remarked that the telephone book dramatized would be as good as the average novel. There is more truth than poetry in this, for it cannot be denied that the telephone book is more widely read than the average novel, and this is about the only thing required by managers.

"The Cavalier" is not, Miss Marlowe should give praise to heaven, quite as bad as the usual dramatization of the popular story; but it is so bad that, without the presence of the star, it would be an utterly useless piece of theatrical property. In the first place, it is misnamed, because, unlike the novel, the cavalier in the play is not the main character. For stellar purposes the role of *Charlotte Durand*, played

Photograph by Hayes, Detroit.

MISS LUCILLE SAUNDERS.

The contralto of the "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" company, in the costume she wears in that piece.

by Miss Marlowe, is the most prominent part. There is considerably more coherency and continuity of purpose in "The Cavalier" than one finds in "Audrey," for instance, although this in itself is not tremendous praise. *Charlotte Durand* flits through the four scenes at opportune dramatic moments, and endeavors to show the Confederate army how the war should be run. She rids herself of an irksome husband, sleeps in a box-car, sings a Northern slogan to a dying soldier, captures a houseful of Federal officers with the aid of the busy Ferry Scouts, and finally ends by marrying the man who should have been her bridegroom in the first place.

That Miss Marlowe is interesting, pretty and charming as the Southern spy is due only to her own personality. She need not give a tittle of thanks to Mr. George W. Cable who wrote "The Cavalier," or to Messrs. Paul Kester and George Middleton, who dramatized it.

Mr. Frank Worthing as *Captain Francis Oliver*, the poltroon husband, gives an interesting, though not particularly virile impersonation of an unsympathetic character.

Mr. William Lewers, a dramatic school graduate and one of the rising young men of the profession, plays *Lieutenant Ferry* in a manly way, but is somewhat too juvenile for the rôle. He somehow suggests tht idea that he should be kept in an incubator a few days longer be-

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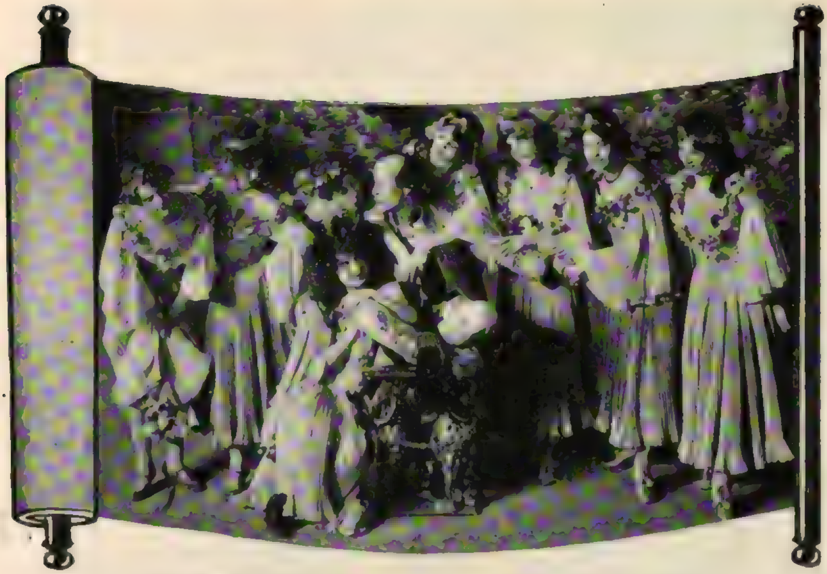


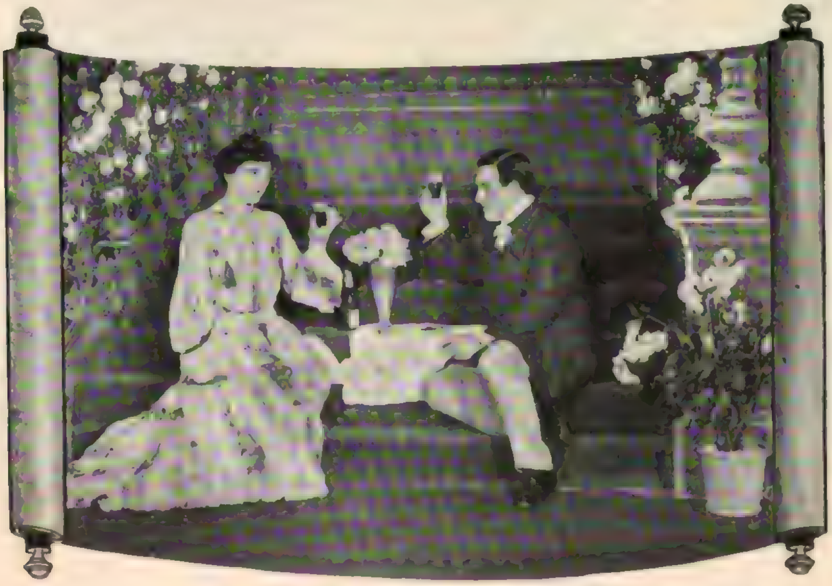
SCENE FROM "THE SULTAN OF SULU," AT WALLACK'S THEATRE.

Mr. Frank Moulan is the *Sultan*; Miss Gertrude Quinlan is *Chiquita*, his favorite wife. Around them are grouped the *Sultan's* other wives.

fore being allowed to essay such an important part. Youth, however, is not criminal, and Mr. Lewers will probably be forgiven a great deal by the matinee girl, for he has good looks also to recommend him.

Mr. Edgar L. Davenport is commonplace as *Captain Jewett*. One hardly expects this sort of thing from Mr. Davenport.

Miss Nella Webb as *Camille Harper* is an ingenue of soubrettish proclivities. She would not surprise anyone if she should break out into a song and dance during any of the acts.



SCENE FROM "THE ALTAR OF FRIENDSHIP," AT THE KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE.

Miss Maxine Elliott as *Sally Sartoris* and Mr. N. C. Goodwin as *Richard Arbuthnot*.

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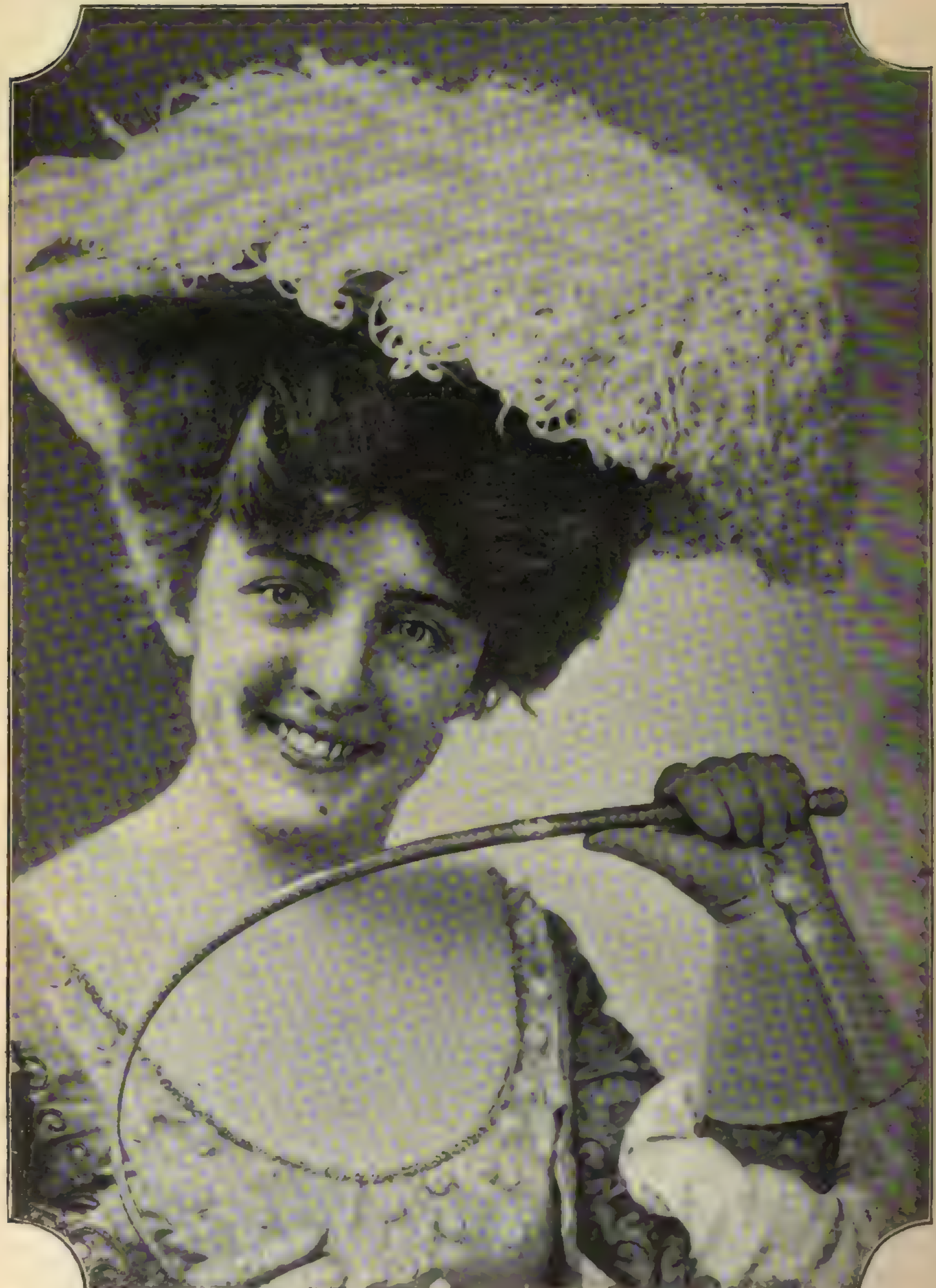

Photograph by Chickering, Boston.

MISS KATHERINE WHEELER

Whose whip is for dramatic purposes only, and not for any trembling stage manager. Miss Wheeler is given over to comedy rôles.

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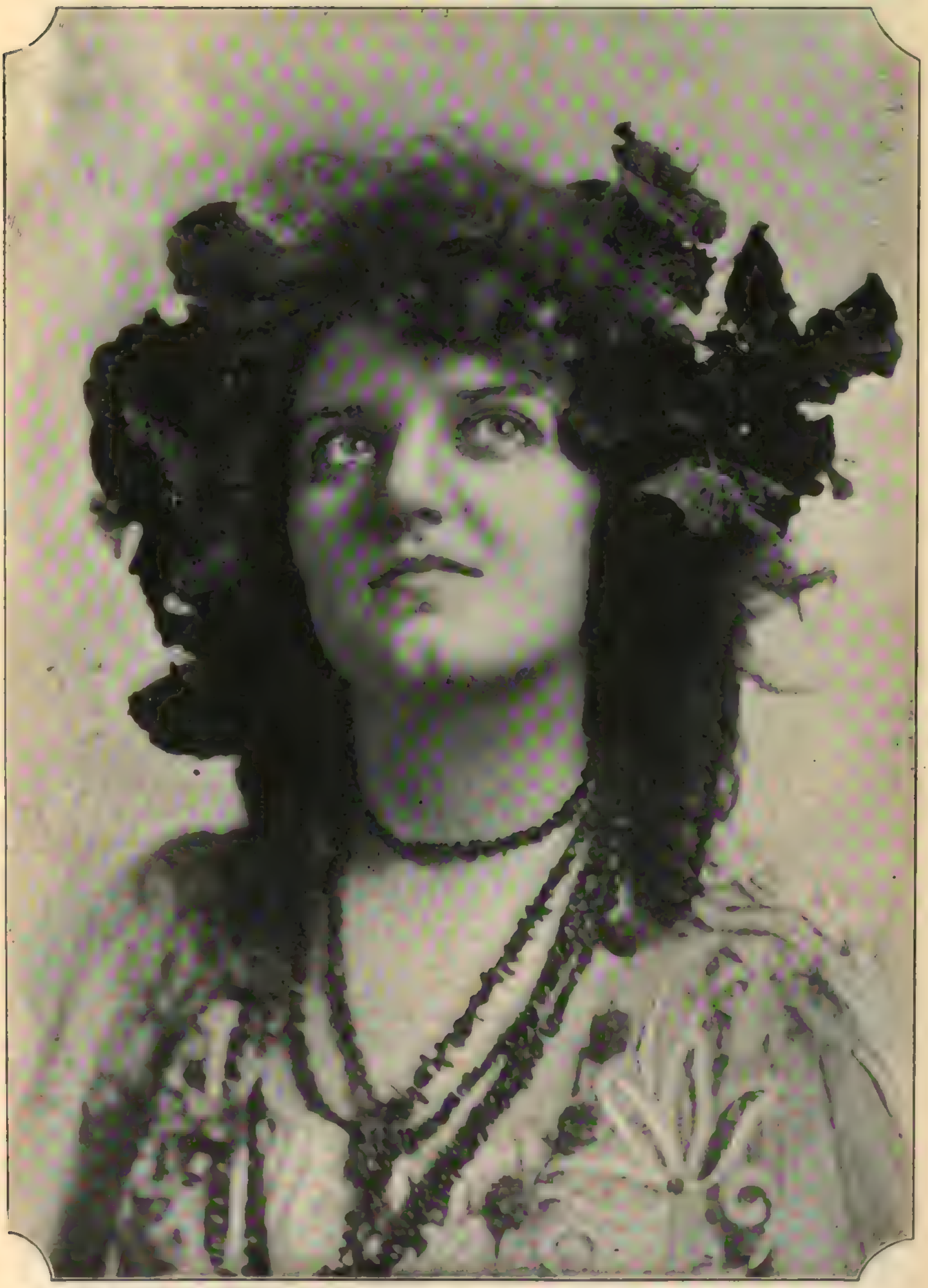

Photograph by Hall, New York.

MISS GERTRUDE QUINLAN.

The soubrette of "The Sultan of Sulu," by George Ade, at Wallack's Theatre. Miss Quinlan plays the part of the favorite wife of the Pacific Ocean potentate.

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Photo by McIntosh, N. Y.

"Wilt thou not look upon me, Mary?"

MRS. FISKE AS *MARY OF MAGDALA.*

FOR once Mrs. Fiske has consented to sink her one great mannerism in an important rôle. Mrs. Fiske has for years delivered her lines in an interjectional, high-pitched and sometimes unintelligible tone of voice, and for this reason has been the delight of stage caricaturists. This voice, while thoroughly characteristic and very unusual, nevertheless seriously marred much of her work. It was confidently expected by those who know how set are Mrs. Fiske's ways that in the title rôle of "Mary of Magdala" she would not change her method a whit. Even she, however, saw how inartistic would be an hysterical and shrill-voiced Magdalen, and consequently she delivers her lines so that there can be no question as to their literal meaning.

Photo by McIntosh, N. Y.

MR. TYRONE POWER.

As *Judas* in "Mary of Magdala."

(See also other pictures on this page.)

"Judas will be no dupe. 'Twas I that did it."

Mrs. Fiske is about as physically unsuited for the rôle of "Mary of Magdala" as could well be conceived. Mrs. Fiske can never hope to be absolutely convincing as a fallen woman—whether at the lowest ebb of banality or during those stages when regeneration is keeping pace with dramatic purpose. Fortunate is she who can rise superior to physical shortcomings. Imagine, if you can, any other woman of Mrs. Fiske's physique playing *Tess* or *Mary of Magdala.* Such a supposition would be almost ridiculous. In Mrs. Fiske's case intelligence o'ertops stature and the spirituelle is paramount.

Photo by McIntosh, N. Y.

"Hast thou not one bolt for this cursed-laden head?"

Photo by McIntosh, N. Y.

"Once I loved him. I cannot forget."

WHAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH WEBER AND FIELDS?

IS Weber & Fields' Music Hall on the decline? Do the managers find it impossible to get material as good as that which they used during their open season, or has New York become tired of this class of stage fooling?

Early in the season, Messrs. Weber & Fields produced a parody on John Drew's production of "The Mummy and The Humming Bird." There was the usual Thursday night opening, the usual blare of trumpets and the usual interesting *première* audience. Also to be found there were the beauty of Miss Lillian Russell, the heavy-weight humor of Mr. Peter F. Dailey, and the ripe cleverness of Miss Fay Templeton. In former years these had succeeded almost invariably in making the Weber and Fields performance a joy forever, if not a thing of beauty. How well this Drew burlesque was received is attested by the fact that not very many weeks after its production, the managers announced a change of bill.

Then recently came "The Stickiness of Gelatine." It is not unkindness, but truth, to say to Messrs. Weber & Fields that "The Stickiness of Gelatine" won't do for New York. It has neither the wit nor the easy grace necessary

Photo by Byron, N. Y.

"Put on thy armor, Judas! Be thy heart fenced 'round with triple brass!"

Photograph by McIntosh, New York.

MR. TYRONE POWER.

Who has made an impression with his portrayal of *Judas* in "Mary of Magdala," with Mrs. Fiske in the title role, at the Manhattan Theatre. See also the small pictures on the opposite page.

to success in burlesques of this character—and, besides, New York has become surfeited with that type of masticated English which is funny for the first twelve times you hear it, but which on the thirteenth occasion is apt to pall on the intellect.

It is just barely possible that New York's growing lack of interest in the new Weber & Fields' productions may be due to a resentment that has often found expression in the public prints. Orchestra seats at this theatre are supposed to be $2.00 each, and yet it is a notorious fact that good seats for a certain evening's performance may not always be obtainable at the box office, while handfuls of them can be purchased at an exorbitant price from the speculators at the entrance. New York will occasionally stand this sort of thing, but the same dose season after season is very apt to breed a deep-seated prejudice.

AUBREY BOUCICAULT IN "HEIDELBERG."

MR. BOUCICAULT is a young gentleman with very soulful eyes, rather æsthetic personality and a most excellent opinion of himself. However, self-esteem is not in the calendar of criminology.

Mr. Boucicault turned into English the pretty German play of "Alt Heidelberg." He saw himself as the handsome young prince, *Karl Heinrich*, and consequently he gave that young man nine-tenths of the good scenes and ninety-

Google

hundredths of the best lines. However, once again let us remark that selfishness is not a crime.

Outside of Mr. Boucicault's supreme prominence in "Heidelberg" the play is a very pretty one, not particularly strong and dramatic in climaxes, but with a delicate sentiment that will be sure to pierce the matinee girl straight through her beating heart. There is a pleasant atmosphere of college life and chumdom about "Heidelberg." It has been well Englished and might easily have served as a starring vehicle for the translator, although he is supposed only to be featured in the production.

I sincerely hope that Mr. Boucicault by the way, will not become chubby, as æstheticism and chubbiness do not go well together. Mr. Boucicault weighs a trifle more than he did five years ago and he must be careful, for matinee girls consider portliness one of the two cardinal sins in matinee favorites. The other one is marriage.

Photograph by Sarony, New York.

MR. JAMES HUNEKER.

The well-known metropolitan musical writer who was recently appointed Dramatic Editor of the New York *Morning Sun*. Mr. Huneker writes English like an Addison with the added touch of a Steele. Incidentally, he writes like Huneker and at times the poor player squirms.

"THE ALTAR OF FRIENDSHIP."

MR. AND MRS. N. C. GOODWIN must find it extremely difficult to get plays to suit their purpose. Five years ago Mr. Goodwin would have spurned the idea of appearing in a play outside of Shakespeare, that had been used by another actor. This year, however, he returned to New York, with "The Altar of Friendship." Mr. John Mason was seen in this piece last year and to very good advantage, although for some reason or other he did not make a success of it.

"The Altar of Friendship" was written by Madeline Lucette Ryley, who has given Mr. Goodwin many of those opportunities which must be his, if he is to keep caste with his admirers, while at the same time no new exactions are put on his broad shoulders.

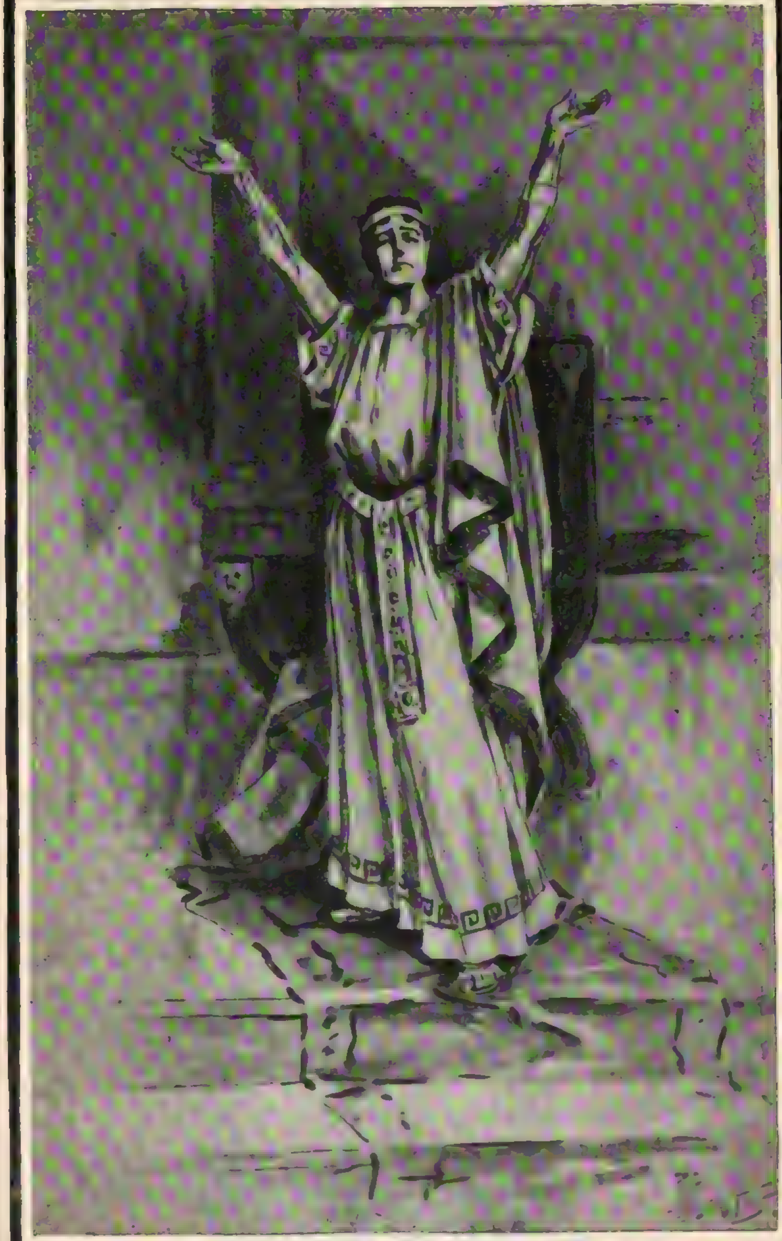
Miss Maxine Elliott continues to improve in her acting so much that it would not be surprising after all if she were to branch out as a separate star. Many conflicting stories are told as to Miss Elliott's real reason for wishing to star.

"THE DARLING OF THE GODS."

IT is the lotus blossom and the hari-kari risen to the dignity of a dramatization. It is the Japanese knowledge of John Luther Long, staged by David Belasco. It cannot be judged by ordinary dramatic standards; for it is not a play; it is sometimes a nightmare, but always a dream that haunts one far into the night.

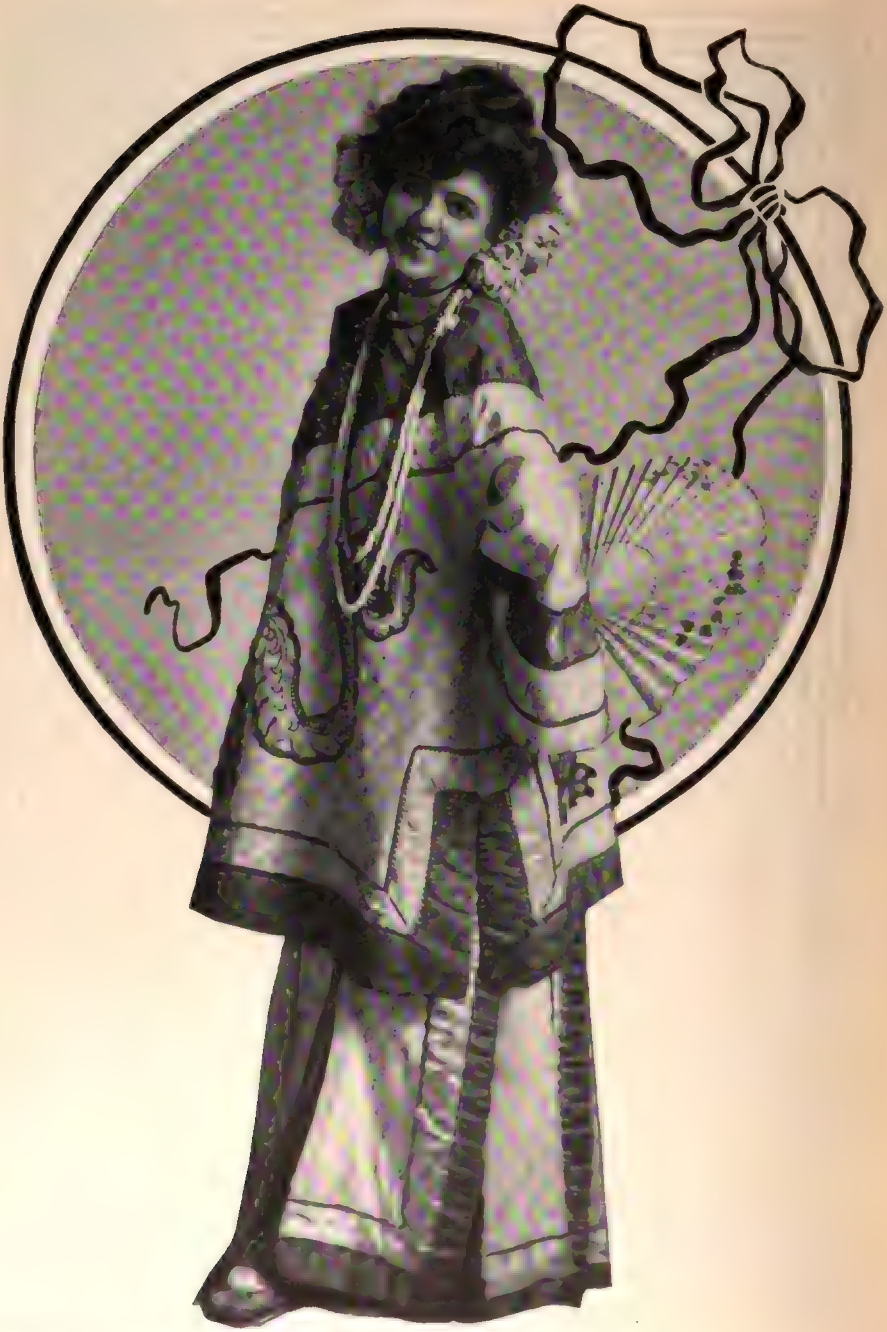
I do not know for what part of "The Darling of the Gods" Mr. Long is supposed to be responsible. It is not a literary play. It is a series of stage pictures, sometimes pretty, sometimes awe-inspiring and always trenchant, that have been Belascoed into a three hours performance.

Yo-San has been rescued from robbers by *Kara*, the outlaw Prince, who, with ten of his followers, are the only men of old Japan who will not give up their two-sword privilege. *Zakkuri*, Minister of War, will lose favor with the Emperor, likewise his own head, if he does not capture these ten with their leader. *Yo-San* to save her lover, tells *Zakkuri* where the terrible ten meet. They go to their death fighting, after *Kara* casts off the woman who has dishonored him. He is the last of the two-sword men to die by his own hand in the red bamboo forest. After he has thrust the sword into his heart, *Yo-San*, who has crept into the mystic forest, asks his forgiveness. Dying, he whispers a great forgiveness, and they pledge to meet after a thousand years. *Yo-San* then also dies by her own hand.



MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD AS *BRUTUS*, FROM THE PAINTING BY H. BROTTS.

For some reason best known to himself, Mr. Mansfield does not care to pose for pictures in costume. This photograph of the painting by Mr. Brotts is not too amazingly like Mr. Mansfield, but that player seems satisfied, and therefore, why should the rest of the world grumble?



Photograph by Tonnelé, New York.

MISS EDITH BARR

One of the pretty singers in "A Chinese Honeymoon

The next picture is the brink of the River of Souls. A thousand years have passed, and *Yo-San* asks the way to heaven—to *Kara*. The closing picture is over the clouds. *Kara* is waiting. *Yo-San*, in white, crosses the brink, *Kara* stretches out his arms and embraces her. It is the love's end of the Quest of a Thousand Years.

All this seems simple. So the story is. But it can give no idea of the human cunning of *Zakkuri*, the revengeful spirit of New Japan for the old, the terrors of the Oriental inquisition. the coloring of the native pictures, and the witchery of the closing scenes. The cabinet of the Minister of War, where the motto is "Nothing for Nothing is Given Here," with the fiendish *Zakkuri* as the high priest, whose love of power is tempered ouly by lustful passion for the Geisha girls, is terrible in its significance. *Zakkuri* is the apotheosis of craftiness and blood-thirsty zeal. His cabinet is a chamber of horrors. Its walls cry out with the blood of the innocent and beneath its floor is the great flame room where the weak and strong are tortured that *Zakkuri* may become all-wise. A hand-clap summons stealthy-footed spies; a word brings *Kugo*, the gnarled-back; the gongs call a small army of cringing, skulking fiends that make obeisance to their exacting chief and then go forth to murder. In this one scene the atmosphere of crafty murder and awful torture is so well preserved from the rise to the fall of the curtain that it easily becomes the picture that remains longest in the mind.

Mr. George Arliss as *Zakkuri* has the most to do, and does it best. When Mr. Arliss was leading man in Mrs. Campbell's company last year, he made the work of that much overrated star appear weak and futile. Mr. Arliss puts into his work the indefinable quality of conviction. His is an art finely-fibred; there are terrible lines to speak, there are tense moments to encompass, wild deeds to be accomplished and crafty schemes to be consumated; and Mr. Arliss accomplishes all these like the *Zakkuri* of the author's brain. He *is Zakkuri*.

That veteran player, Mr. Charles Walcott, has never done worse work than *Saigon*. He plays this Prince of Japan as he would play an English barrister or a country gentleman who is a little angry because his daughter insists on marrying the village curate. He is out of the picture.

Mr. Robert Haines as *Kara* is youthful and manly, but unfortunately the rôle, as built by Mr. Belasco, gives no idea of the valorous deeds which *Kara* is supposed to perform.

Miss Blanche Bates as *Yo-San* must by force of circumstances give up her stellar importance to Mr. Arliss; but she gives a touching performance of the woman who believes that a thousand years is but a flash if there is also a lover's forgiveness.

"The Darling of the Gods" makes the other big productions of the New York season look like Punch-and-Judy shows.

MR. E. S. WILLARD IN "THE CARDINAL."

AFTER being on the road for a long time, Mr. E. S. Willard brought "The Cardinal" to the Garden Theatre. Mr. Willard is a so much finer artist than most of the male stars that come to New York that it is surprising he is not seen for longer periods in the metropolis. Compare him with anyone of the half dozen male stars seen in New York during the early part of the season and he immediately stands out sharply outlined against a background of utter mediocrity.

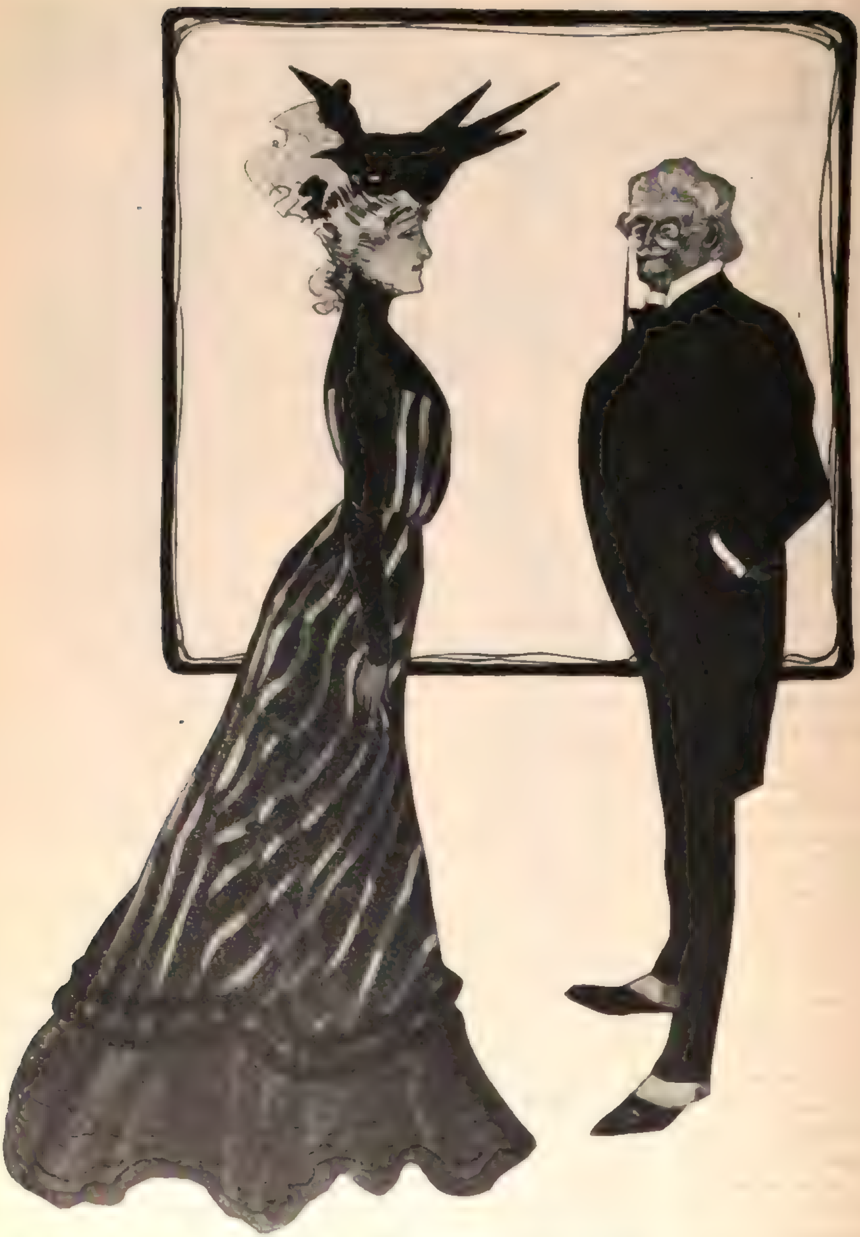
The stage cardinal is usually a crafty individual with a face as pale as his robe is red. In "The Cardinal" however, Mr. Willard portrays an intellectual, clever but lovable cardinal. The character has all the noble dignity of a high priest of the Church, but there shines from out the eyes a great benevolence that makes the character one of the most sympathetic creations on the stage in recent years.

Mr. Willard's company is not good. One of his leading players is a peculiarly atrocious actor. Therefore, all the more credit to the star for making of "The Cardinal" an evening's performance of rare merit.

Ballads Not of Broadway.

There was a young man of Bagdad
Who sewed in a sack all he had—
Including his father,
Which bothered him rather,
For he didn't intend to bag dad.

There is a young man of Algiers
(His first name is Alfred, one hears);
To the play should he go
He sneers at the show
And they murmur: "Just look how Al jeers!"



Diagnosis.

Mrs. Astroid—Doctor, why do you always make such particular inquiries as to what your patients eat? Does that assist your diagnosis?

Dr. Balsam—Not much. But it enables me to ascertain their social position and arrange my fees accordingly.

Inconsistent.

"I don't understand old Flint."

"How's that?"

"Why he told me a wideawake young man will embrace everything that he can."

"What of that?"

"Well, when I went to embrace his daughter he wanted to kick me out."

The Woman of the World.

By Carolyn Lowrey.

MISS CAHILL AS A BLUSHING BRIDE.

A BIRD tells me that Marie Cahill has dropped into its little beak a State secret. *Nancy Brown* acknowledges to being in love at last. The bird cannot prove this because Miss Cahill is too shy to name the lucky man. Love, fame and fortune—what more does Marie want?

MISS TEMPLETON'S CHANGE.

IT is said that Fay Templeton is to star, and has really signed a contract with the Shubert Brothers. If this is true Weber & Fields will lose one of their brightest stars, because Miss Templeton is the one really clever actress at that theatre. It won't seem quite like the old place with Miss Templeton out.

WHEN A BABY MAKES A NOISE.

A CRYING baby at a Broadway performance the other night drew forth the remark from its neighbor, that "crying children like good resolutions should be carried out," but the mother claimed, that as baby was bald headed as well it was entitled to its place in the front row.

AT THE GRAND OPERA.

ONE of the most striking figures at the Opera this winter is Mrs. James P. Kernochan, who looks like a figure of Catherine de Medici in her scarlet dress and immense lace ruff. Advancing age does not seem to affect this grande dame.

Mrs. Herman Oelrichs surprised many by her appearance. She was gowned in deep mourning with black roses in her hair relieved by a diamond star.

Mr. "Harry" Lehr entertains in the foyer between the acts, but so far this winter he has actually behaved like an ordinary mortal.

MR. SHUBERT ASSERTS HIMSELF.

AN order has been issued by Mr. Shubert that no more "nerve tonic" is to be brought behind the scenes at the Casino, no matter what company may be playing there. It is rumored that a certain pretty young woman brought in the first mixture which was said to be a splendidly effective one, and realizing that other members of the company had been under a great strain, invited a choice few in. The result was that a trio was sent home ill.

Mr. Shubert has issued this order: All the nervous prostration necessary, but "no tonic."

WHO IS HE?

ONE of the many "Florodora" Sextette Maidens had a little holiday reminder sent her in the form of ten crisp one hundred dollar bills. The sender remains a mystery, and the woman in question feels that his wishes should be respected.

However, a prominent young lawyer and clubman who has entertained this sextette miss may be the prince in disguise.

MISS MARLOWE ONLY SMILED.

JULIA MARLOWE has had a few troubles of her own in her new play. One of her most beautiful gowns was ruined the opening night by the dropping of paint. A very expensive vase which she had just purchased was thrown from the table by an outside explosion and broken into pieces, but Miss Marlowe is not superstitious. Even a $13,000 house does not worry her.

MR. GILLETTE AND A DOG.

STRANGE to say, Mr. William Gillette does not care to dine with dogs, and tells a good story at his own expense.

While lunching in a café on Broadway the other day, the table next to him was occupied by a vaudeville actor, who is noted principally because of his dog.

The most ungrateful man sat in solitary state, while the dog took possession of the empty seat at Mr. Gillette's table.

"Get down!" said Mr. Gillette. "Get down!" said his owner, which he did, but as soon as the head of his master was turned he immediately jumped back, much to Mr. Gillete's disgust.

Then the master, gently petting the dog, said, "Get down, Beauty. Be a little particular whom you dine with."

It did not seem to strike the owner that the empty seat at his own table gave evidence that Beauty had been particular.

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From Our Joke Foundry.

STRANGE FELLOW.

WIGG—I never knew such a generous fellow as Jones.

WAGG—That's right. The cigars he gives away are almost as good as those he smokes himself.

WHY HE RETURNED.

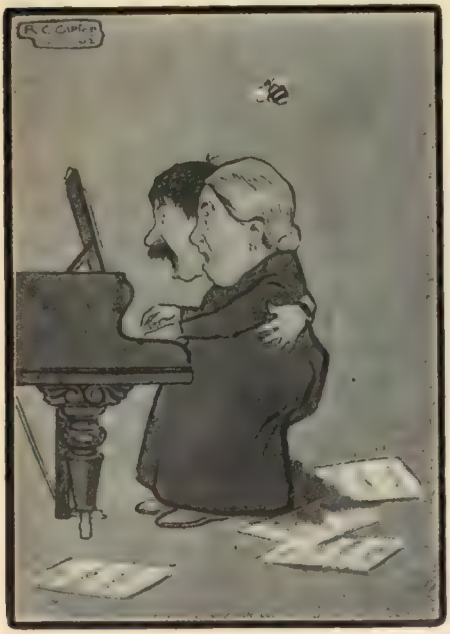
WIFE—Did you come back for something you forgot?

HUSBAND—No, my dear, I came back for something I remembered.

NOT APPRECIATED.

LANDLADY—I believe in letting coffee boil for thirty minutes. That's the only way to get the goodness out of it.

NEW BOARDER (*tasting his*)—You have succeeded admirably, Mrs. Skinner.



MODERN SONGS ILLUSTRATED.

"You are my honey, honeysuckle! I am the bee!"

DISAPPOINTED.

"He said he would kill himself if I wouldn't marry him?"

"Well?"

"He didn't do it—the mean thing."

THOSE DEAR FRIENDS.

"I understand it was a case of love at first sight?" he said.

"It was," replied the dearest friend of the woman in question. "It had to be. If he had looked a second time he never would have proposed at all!"

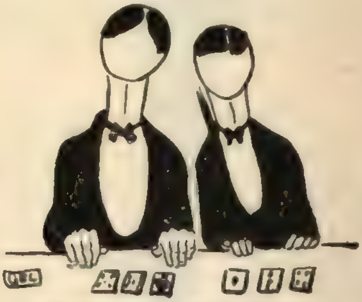
IN THE STUDIO.

The lovely model had stood long in the same trying position. At length the artist paused, laying his brush aside.

"Perhaps you would like to rest a little?" he said, kindly pointing to a divan.

The lovely model tossed her head saucily.

"You evidently don't believe that figures never lie," she observed.



EXTRACT FROM A RECENT NOVEL.

"When they saw their cards, their faces wore a blank expression."

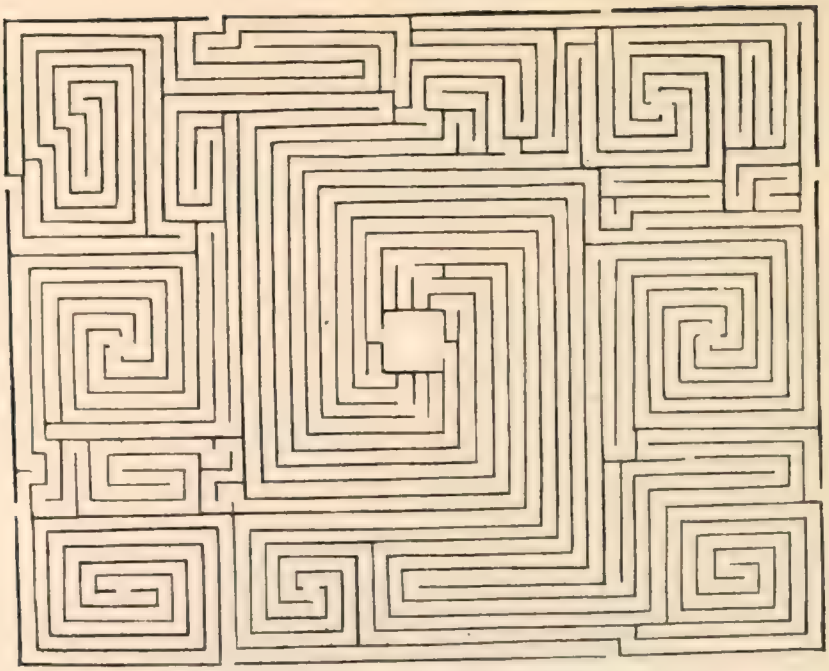
NOTHING TO WEAR.

HUSBAND (*kindly*)—My dear, you have nothing to wear, have you?

WIFE (*with alacrity*)—No, indeed, I haven't; not a thing. I'd be ashamed to be seen anywhere. My very newest party dress has been worn three times already.

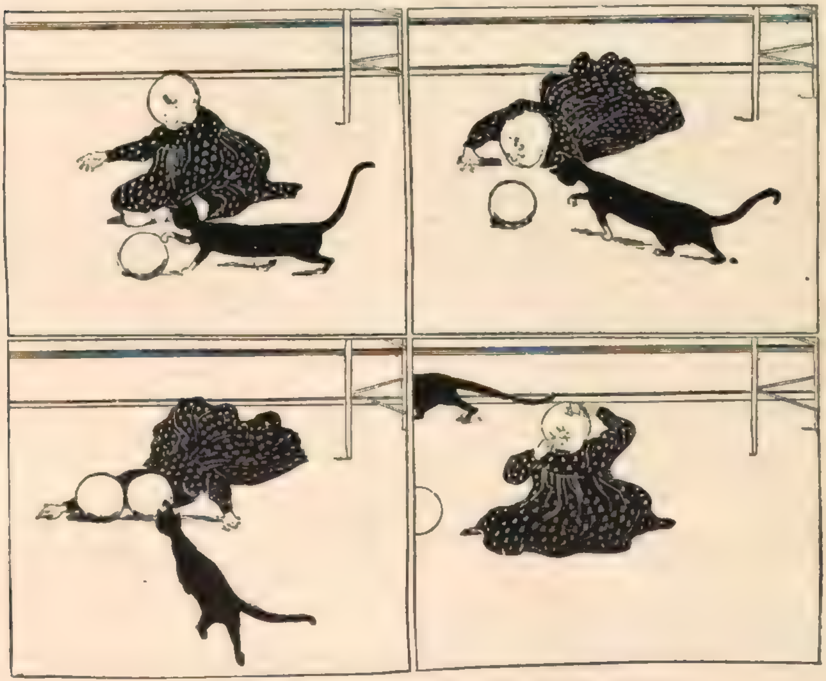
HUSBAND—Yes, that's just what I thought to-day when I was going to buy a couple of tickets for the opera. I knew if I bought them they'd only be wasted, so I only got one. You won't mind if I hurry off?

From Our Joke Foundry.



CAN YOU FIND YOUR WAY FROM THE OUTSIDE TO THE CENTRE?

Try it; it can be done by patience and a clear eye. When you get it, try getting out again; it will keep you busy



THE BABY'S BALD HEAD; OR, WHY PUSSY FELT EMBARRASSED.

BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

Vol. X. February, 1903. No. 5.

ISSUED ON THE 16TH DAY OF EACH MONTH PRECEDING DATE OF PUBLICATION.

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ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY, Editor. GEORGE A. SHERIN, General Manager.

Dr. Lorenz is a tall, broad-shouldered, heavily bearded man with a fine eye and a wonderfully strong pair of arms. He is said to have received $100,000 for performing a bloodless operation on the little Armour girl. After that, he did for nothing much great work in straightening little legs and easing the pain of tired little bodies. While he earned $100,000 paid by the Armour family for one operation, he has done $500,000 worth of good in teaching American physicians his bloodless method of healing hip disease.

Recently Mr. John D. Rockefeller gave another $1,000,000 to the University of Chicago. For a tenth of that sum he could undoubtedly induce Dr. Lorenz, who is only moderately wealthy, to remain in this country for six months. Of course, only little children would be benefited, but Mr. Rockefeller is said to be a devoutly religious man and perhaps he would consider the $100,000 well spent.

Mr. Arthur Brisbane is the editor of the New York *Evening Journal*. He actually is the editor, because he directs the policy and writes the editorials of that paper. Ten years ago he was an able and hard-working journalist. He probably made $6,000 a year. This is not bad as newspaper salaries go, but at that time it looked as if Mr. Brisbane had about reached his limit in earning power. Then he started in on the subject of sociology—but instead of getting his knowledge from large, leather-bound books or sucking the pap of a $100 course of lectures, he merely studied the people. He tried to think with them as well as for them. He tried to look at life as it is seen by the millions and not the few. He was made editor of the New York *Evening Journal*. He wrote editorials based on his knowledge, sympathy and insight, gained by rubbing intellectual elbows with his fellow men. He wrote plainly and he created a sensation in journalism.

To-day Mr. Brisbane receives something like $50,000 a year (it seems impossible but is quite true) and still talks with, at and for the people.

In other words, don't be a dodo bird; or you will be lonely and ill-paid.

Let me break in for a moment in a sordid spirit. Read carefully page 584 in this number. It is a matter of dollars and cents but you will be the gainer. It is a good thing when an editor can absolutely and unqualifiedly guarantee the truthfulness of statements made by the business department. I can. Read page 584.

Also: "Artists' Models" (BROADWAY QUARTERLY No. 16) is pretty; it is not weighty, or bulky or ponderous; it is just pretty and as light and frothy as a bottle of Ruinart. If you have not been a regular reader of BROADWAY MAGAZINE get it. It is 25 cents.

Mr. Henry Watterson, editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, and one of the recognized leaders in American journalistic thought, has been hammering away with his heaviest guns at the breastworks of American society. In any other instance, this series of diatribes might be passed unnoticed; in Mr. Watterson's case, however, the prominence of the writer makes the matter of considerable importance. Mr. Watterson is a Southerner, with all the Southerner's love of chivalry and regard for his women's honor. His statements regarding the looseness of living and general flagrant disregard of the moral codes that he claims characterize the ultra-smart set of our great cities is in strange contrast to a much vaunted Southern belief in the goodness of women and the honor of men.

Our opening article this month sheds some light on this burning question.

A New York clergyman resigned from the pulpit and opened a saloon. This is turning the tables on the old-time idea of leaving the saloon for the temperance platform. This particular minister said that he was tired of preaching when he felt that his life's work was in another direction. This was honest but somewhat obscure. It is to be hoped that he has not again mistaken his vocation.

A New York woman has invented a baby carriage that runs itself. But husbands are still popular as motive power in Brooklyn.

If you walk into a grocery or drug store and ask for a well-advertised article and the clerk tells you he can give you something just as good for less money, don't call him a liar. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he knows that himself. Transfer your trade to another store; substitution is usually fraud of the most pronounced description.

BROADWAY MAGAZINE will have something to say about this later.

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EVERY READER OF BROADWAY MAGAZINE SHOULD TURN TO THE NEXT PAGE AT ONCE AND READ CAREFULLY. IT IS A MOST IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT. IT WILL UNDOUBTEDLY PAY YOU TO READ THE OFFER. IT IS UNUSUAL AND INTERESTING.

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One year ago we told you that BROADWAY MAGAZINE for 1902 would be greatly improved. We have kept our word—the Magazine is in your hands and speaks for itself.

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We want YOU for a subscriber.

Now we will tell you why. One year ago we appealed to our readers to become subscribers, because it is of the greatest assistance to publishers to know their readers—to know to whom they are talking, as it were, each month—to be in close touch with their readers. A great many thousand responded to our appeal, and the result you have seen—a bigger and better magazine.

We want to give you a still bigger and better magazine for 1903 and that is why we want YOU for a subscriber and as an inducement we make you the above magnificent offer.

ART PORTFOLIO OF AMERICAN STARS.—Encases twelve etched photogravures (size 10 x 12) on heavy gray mats, and when framed are a most dainty and exquisite decoration for even the most palatial drawing room.

These are the twelve:

1. **MISS MAUDE ADAMS. considered by thousands to be the sweetest woman on the American stage.**
2. **MISS VIRGINIA HARNED, now starring in "Iris."**
3. **MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE, niece of Mr. John Drew and a charming young comedienne, recently appearing in "The Country Mouse."**
4. **MISS VIOLA ALLEN, now starring as *Roma* in Hall Caine's "The Eternal City."**
5. **MISS MAXINE ELLIOT (Mrs. N. C. Goodwin), often called the handsomest brunette on the American stage.**
6. **MISS MARY MANNERING (Mrs. James K. Hackett), the English beauty, starring in "The Stubbornness of Geraldine."**
7. **MRS. EDNA WALLACE HOPPER, the petite comedienne of "The Silver Slipper."**
8. **MISS JULIA MARLOWE, the eminent young American player.**
9. **MISS ANNA HELD, the fascinating French actress, who speaks English so piquantly in "The Little Duchess."**
10. **MISS LULU GLASER, starring in "Dolly Varden."**
11. **MISS GRACE GEORRE, starring in "Pretty Peggy."**
12. **MISS EDNA MAY, famous as the original *Salvation Lassie* in "The Belle of New York."**

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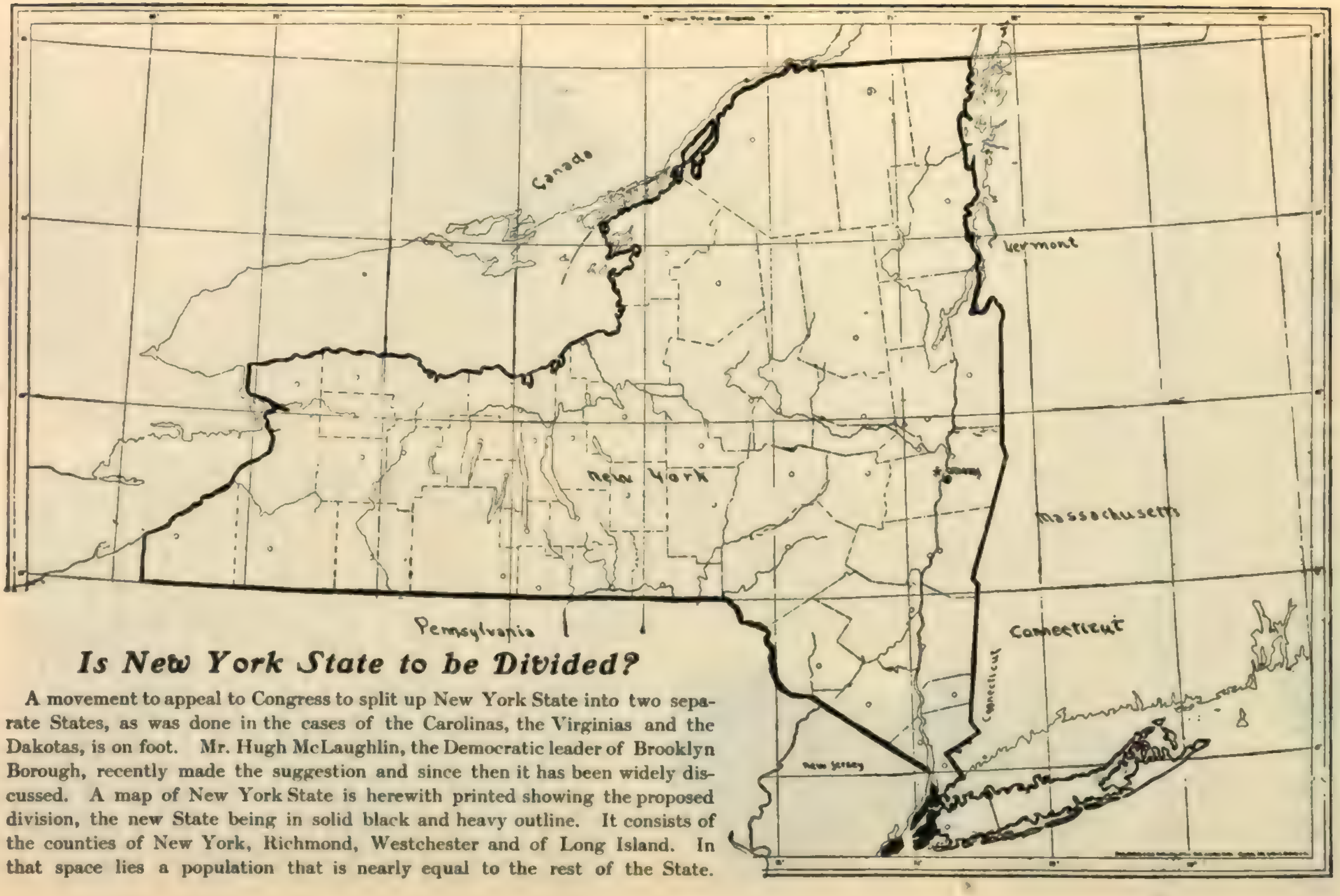

Canada
Vermont
Massachusetts
Connecticut
Connecticut
New York
Pennsylvania
New Jersey

Is New York State to be Divided?

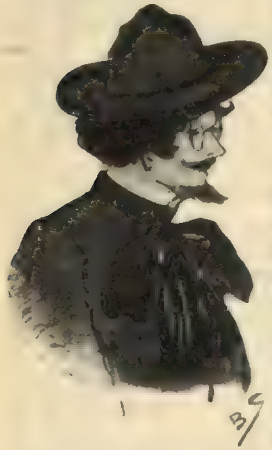
A movement to appeal to Congress to split up New York State into two separate States, as was done in the cases of the Carolinas, the Virginias and the Dakotas, is on foot. Mr. Hugh McLaughlin, the Democratic leader of Brooklyn Borough, recently made the suggestion and since then it has been widely discussed. A map of New York State is herewith printed showing the proposed division, the new State being in solid black and heavy outline. It consists of the counties of New York, Richmond, Westchester and of Long Island. In that space lies a population that is nearly equal to the rest of the State.

The Real Latin Quarter.

"The 'Bal Bullier.'"

From "The Real Latin Quarter," Written and Illustrated by F. Berkeley Smith.
By Permission of the Publishers, Funk & Wagnalls, New York and London.

YOU will find the "Bal Bullier" of the Latin Quarter far different from the "bals" of Montmartre. It forms, with its "grand fête" on Thursday nights, a sort of social event of the week in this Quarter of Bohemians, just as the Friday afternoon promenade does in the Luxembourg garden.



If you dine at the Taverne du Panthéon on a Thursday night you will find that the taverne is half deserted by 10 o'clock, and that every one is leaving and walking up the "Boul' Miche" toward the "Bullier." Follow them, and as you reach the place l'Observatoire, and turn a sharp corner to the left, you will see the façade of this famous ball, illumined by a sizzling blue electric light over the entrance.

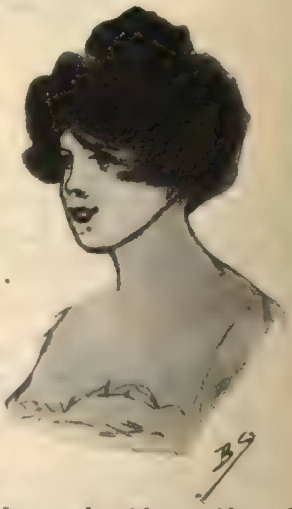
The façade, with its colored bas-reliefs of students and grisettes, reminds one of the proscenium of a toy theatre. Back of this shallow wall bristle the tops of the trees in the garden adjoining the big ball-room, both of which are below the level of the street and are reached by a broad wooden stairway.

The "Bal Bullier" was founded in 1847; previous to this there existed the "Closerie des Lilas" on the Boulevard Montparnasse. You pass along with the line of waiting poets and artists, buy a green ticket for two francs at the little cubby-hole of a box-office, are divested of your stick by one of half a dozen white-capped matrons at the vestiaire, hand your ticket to an elderly gentleman in a silk hat and funereal clothes, at the top of the stairway sentineled by a guard of two soldiers, and the next instant you see the ball in full swing below you.

There is nothing disappointing about the "Bal Bullier." It is all you expected it to be, and more, too. Below you is a veritable whirlpool of girls and students—a vast sea of heads, and a dazzling display of colors and lights and amination. Little shrieks and screams fill your ears, as the orchestra crashes into the last page of a galop, quickening the pace until Yvonne's little feet slip and her cheeks glow, and her eyes grow bright, and half her pretty golden hair gets smashed over her impudent little nose. Then the galop is brought up with a quick finish.

"Bis! Bis! Bis! Encore!" comes from every quarter of the big room, and the conductor, with his traditional good-nature, begins again. He knows it is wiser to humor them, and off they go again, still faster, until all are out of breath and rush into the garden for a breath of cool air and a "citron glaçé."

And what a pretty garden it is!—full of beautiful trees and dotted with round iron tables, and laid out in white gravel walks, the garden sloping gently back to a fountain and a grotto and an artificial cascade all in one, with a figure of Venus in the center, over which the water splashes and trickles. There is a green lattice proscenium, too, surrounding the fountain, illuminated with colored lights and outlined in tiny flames of gas, and grotto-like alcoves circling the garden, each with a table and room for two. The ball-room from the garden presents a brilliant contrast, as one looks down upon it from under the trees.



But the orchestra has given its signal—a short bugle call announcing a quadrille; and

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those in the garden are running down into the ballroom to hunt up their partners.

The "Bullier" orchestra will interest you; they play with a snap and fire and a tempo that is irresistible. They have played together so long that they have become known as the best of all the bal orchestras.

The leader, too, is interesting—tall and gaunt, with wild, deep-sunken eyes resembling those of an old eagle. Now and then he turns his head slowly as he leads, and rests these keen penetrating orbs on the sea of dancers below him. Then, with baton raised above his head, he brings his orchestra into the wild finale of the quadrille—piccolos and clarinets, cymbals, bass viols, and violins—all in one mad race to the end, but so well trained that not a note is lost in the scramble—and they finish under the wire to a man, amid cheers from Mimi and Celeste and "encores" and "bis's" from every one else who has breath enough left to shout with.

Often after an annual dinner of one of the ateliers, the entire body of students will march into the "Bullier," three hundred strong, and take a good-natured possession of the place. There have been some serious demonstrations in the Quarter by the students, who can form a small army when combined. But as a rule you will find them a good-natured lot of fellows, who are out for all the humor and fun they can create at the least expense.

But in June, 1893, a serious demonstration by the students occurred, for these students can fight as well as dance. Senator Beranger, having read one morning in the *Courrier Francais* an account of the revelry and nudity of several of the best-known models of the Quarter at the "Quats Art's" ball, brought a charge against the organizers of the ball, and several of the models, whose beauty unadorned had made them conspicuous on this most festive occasion. At the ensuing trial, several celebrated beauties and idols of the Latin Quarter were convicted and sentenced to a short term of imprisonment, and fined a hundred francs each. These sentences were, however, remitted, but the majority of the students would not have it thus, and wanted further satisfaction. A mass meeting was held by them in the Place de la Sorbonne. The police were in force there to stop any disturbance, and up to 10 o'clock at night the crowd was held in control.

It was a warm June night, and every student in the Quarter was keyed to a high state of excitement. Finally a great crowd of students formed in front of the Café d'Harcourt, opposite the Sorbonne; things were at fever heat; the police became rough; and in the row that ensued, somebody hurled one of the heavy stone match-safes from a café table at one of the policemen, who in his excitement picked it up and hurled it back into the crowd. It struck and injured fatally an innocent outsider, who was taken to the Charity Hospital, in the Rue Jacob, and died there.

On the following Monday another mass meeting of students was held in the Place de la Sorbonne, who, after the meeting, formed in a body and marched to the Chamber of Deputies, crying: "Conspuez Dupuy," who was then president of the Chamber. A number of deputies came out on the portico and the terrace, and smilingly reviewed the demonstration, while the students hurled their anathemas at them, the leaders and men in the front rank of this howling mob trying to climb over the high railing in front of the terrace, and shouting that the police were responsible for the death of one of their comrades.

But the "Bullier" is closing and the crowd is pouring out into the cool air. I catch a glimpse of Yvonne with six students all in one fiacre, but Yvonne has been given the most comfortable place. They have put her in the hood, and the next instant they are rattling away to the Panthéon for supper. If you walk down with the rest, you will pass dozens of jolly groups singing and romping.

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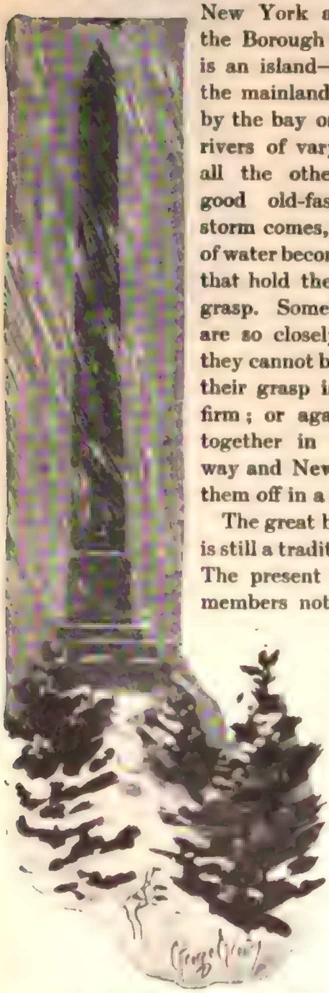
New York, Queen of Night.

BY ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY.

No. III.—WHEN THE STORM KING RULES.

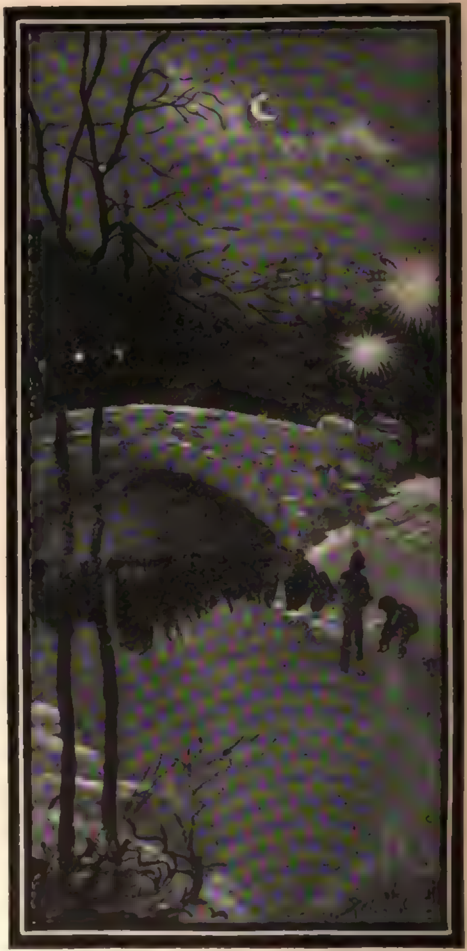
NEW YORK in the clutch of a blizzard! New York when every man is a Robinson Crusoe and the whole town is tightly wrapped in a mantle of snow! New York when citizens stay home o' nights because they cannot call their shadows their own! Then one wonders if we are such a really metropolitan city after all.



Cleopatra's Needle stands cold but proud and unbending in Central Park

In the first place, New York, or at least old New York as included in the Borough of Manhattan, is an island—shut off from the mainland, so to speak, by the bay on one side and rivers of varying width on all the others. When a good old-fashioned snowstorm comes, these avenues of water become great chains that hold the city in an icy grasp. Sometimes the links are so closely welded that they cannot be loosened and their grasp is unbreakably firm; or again, they cling together in a half-hearted way and New York shakes them off in a hurry.

The great blizzard of 1888 is still a tradition of interest. The present generation remembers nothing that has made them so completely submissive to the elements as that wild March storm when everyone supposing the backbone of winter had been broken, mountains of snow, accompanied by a myriad of whirlwinds, turned a busy city into a white wilderness.



Jack Frost brings joy to thousands when the Park lake freezes over.

The Weather Bureau gravely announced at the time that the fall of snow was not unprecedented; then it as gravely announced what everyone knew—that it was the wind and frost that made the snow so formidable and that piled mountains of it conspired to make futile all efforts at locomotion, even though the actual depth of the fall was merely noteworthy.

Half the business houses closed their doors or rather, they did not open them at all. The ferries running to Brooklyn and New Jersey made several ineffectual attempts to cross the East and North Rivers and then calmly tied up to their docks and stayed there. Men whose boast had been that they had not missed a day at business for a quarter of a century, left their houses on foot and were either lost in the snowdrifts or else found themselves impotently swearing at stalled trains and crippled surface cars that refused to move. The town was without milk, horses were left in their stables, theatres were closed, and the streets after dark were as deserted as the village that Goldsmith rhymed about; the clock meant nothing at all, because no appointments could be kept and daylight was simply snow, snow, snow everywhere!

Busy Broadway looks like this when the Storm King is really energetic

It was a storm of the night; it raged and tore and blew and fumed and held wild carnival; it drove the cabmen to shelter, policemen to cover and locked up the town tightly and securely.

The next morning snowploughs that had almost grown rusty from disuse, started to clear the tracks; then, they too stuck and oftentimes were left absolutely useless and immovable within a few blocks of their barns; a solitary train on the Sixth avenue elevated road started downtown and pulled up, tired, lame and useless, between stations; the passengers were released by the primitive method of climbing down ladders to the street.

Great lines of railroads, with millions of dollars and armies of employees at their call, were powerless to move their trains; New York was as completely isolated as if it were out in the centre of a Kansas prairie.

And all because of a seven-hour storm of one night.

This corked and sealed up condition existed for a full twenty-four hours. Then things began to move —slowly, ponderously,

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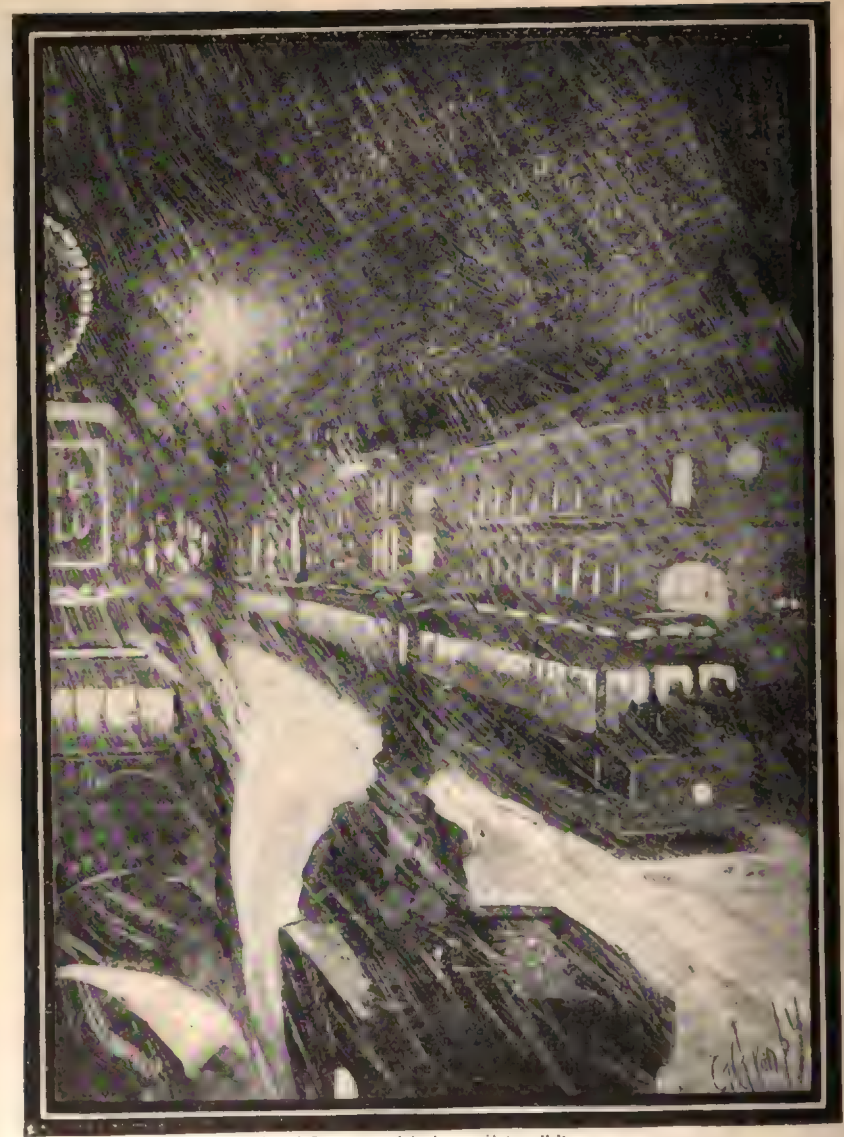


Herald Square at night has a winter all its own.

painfully at first; every joint of the metropolitan body groaned and creaked and swelled with the exertion; then the chains that held things together reluctantly loosed their grip, travel was resumed and in forty-eight hours business was getting its breath again; but it was fully three days before some New York business men were able to leave their homes in what they had supposed were the suburbs of New York, but which, for all practical purposes, might as well have been in the steppes of Thibet.

Such an example of complete stagnation comes only in time of blockade by war, an epidemic of disease or a blizzard that no man can fight and which no Peace Conference can arbitrate. It is a complete victory for the Storm King, whose reign means death to those who would fight it.

New York has keen recollections of the 1888 blizzard. Therefore, any ordinary snow flurry that simply ties up a few cars for a couple of hours or makes walking difficult or slipping easy, is not regarded with any great amount of fear. Even admiration is stultified by the knowledge of the things that have been. Nevertheless, New York is a beautiful and impressive sight at night even after a snowstorm that is quite normal and well-behaved.

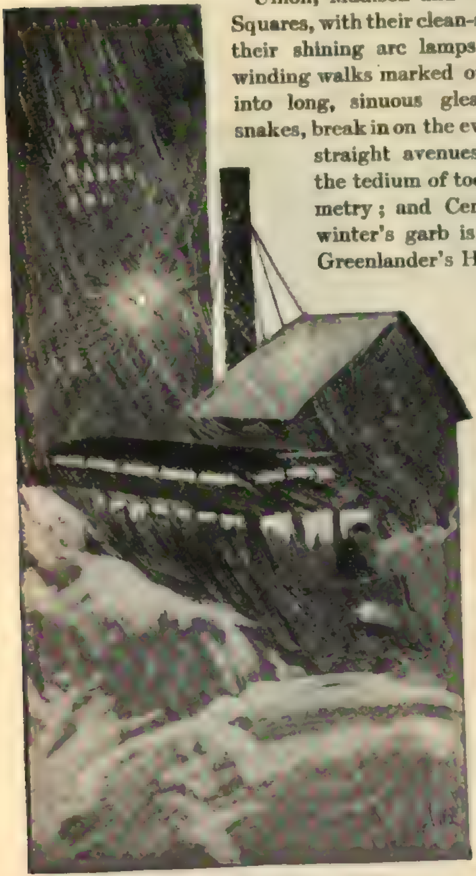
The great skyscrapers furnish a splendid chance for a snow architecture that reaches its limit of bizarre effect and extraordinary picturesqueness when the lights glow and turn brick and stone into beautifully woven pictures of frost and snow. The electric lights serve as central points of diffusion for a million variations in color and brilliancy of scintillations. It is difficult to understand how wonderfully kaleidoscopic a snowstorm is until the eye catches the glint of the falling snowflakes apparently hovering around an electric lamp like a multitude of moths around a great candle.

The immensely tall and graceful buildings stand out like whited sepulchers in the bluish night glare. The façades take on whilom forms, the tops of buildings wear shining crests of Arctic design, and Broadway from end to end looks like a solid phalanx of snow-men dressed in their most fantastic garb.

Union, Madison and twenty other Squares, with their clean-shaven trees, their shining arc lamps and their winding walks marked out by winter into long, sinuous gleaming white snakes, break in on the evenness of the straight avenues and relieve the tedium of too proper symmetry; and Central Park in winter's garb is a view of a Greenlander's Heaven.

But then the whole municipal beehive is a carnival of color, form and beauty, and not even the tearing cable cars, or the yelling theatre porters, or the pushing humanity, or the noise of quick living, can detract from this great snow canvas which discloses a picture exquisite in conception and wondrous to behold.

Under the shadow of the "L" road.



A car, a subway contractor's building, and a little snow.

Other articles in this series will appear during the year.

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The Red Soubrette.

SA—AY, Broadway is out of sight just now.

I never did like snow.

Mr. Astor is to spend $3,000,000 on his new hotel at Broadway and Forty-second street. That's more than Louis Mann made last season. Even Louis acknowledges this.

Johnny Considine is making the Rossmore the most popular house on upper Broadway. I don't care anything about it, but no doubt Mr. Considine does. That's strange!

One way of getting a position:

10 a. m.

"Good morning, Mrs. Fernandez. How's Bijou?"

That's all.

Talk's cheap.

The price of phonographs has gone down.

Sa—ay, have you heard Lee Harrison's latest:

Q.—What's the difference between a cold shake and a warm proposition?

A.—Go under the table and make a noise like a piece of ice.

Idiotic, isn't it?

May Irwin wants to act again. She's tired of doing monologues for her Harlem tenants who won't pay their rent.

Miss Irwin is worth $200,000 and needs work. What a sin!

Kirke La Shelle put up a new theatre on Broadway near Fiftieth street the other night. He tore it down the next morning.

Mr. La Shelle was always erratic.

Sa—ay,

See you later—about a month later.

THE RED SOUBRETTE.

Broadway Localettes

POSTALS at the Post Office.

One of the *Herald* owls has had the pip.

Go to Smacy's for things; they sell for cash if you won't take credit.

Flannagan's eggs, twenty cents a dozen; good eggs, ten for three dollars.

Jaggler's shoes and onions at Gridiron's. Both warranted strong and lasting.

A new importation of limburger at Mudge's. Come and judge for yourself. Children under ten, half price.

Car No. 41147 almost stopped for a woman at Broadway and Twenty-sixth street on Thursday. The woman almost died of surprise on Friday.

Go to Proctor's and Keith's! Sam Bernard at 10; Czar of Russia at 11; the Siamese Twins, 12; Sousa at 1; De Reszke at 2; everybody else at 3.

Mrs. Hoffman, the famous cook of our well-conducted hostelry, the Hoffman Tavern, surprised her boarders with prunes the other night. The police reserves were promptly called in and the damage was small.

The Town Council will be asked next week to make an appropriation for a new lamp post at Broadway and Harlem. The motion will probably be strenuously fought by the members from Brooklyn, who accuse New York of being recklessly extravagant.

It is rumored that Councilman Ryanwachter will have to been "seen" before anything can be done.

MISS JULIA GIFFORD.

As she is seen in her striking costume in "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." Miss Gifford is a clever little thespian.

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Does It Pay to be Unconventional?

By F. D. L. Mann.

MRS. LANGTRY is, with some reason, considered a successful and brilliant woman.

How successful she is could be known only if one should learn the extent of the opposition against which she has hurled herself in her career towards the success which she has attained.

From the early days when she decided to cut loose from the matrimonial ties with Mr. Langtry up to the report, a week or so ago, of a desire for divorce from her present husband, one Hugo de Bathe, Mrs. Langtry's march has been almost uninterruptedly onward and upward. Many were the obstacles, many were the pitfalls placed in her way, but she has surmounted or safely side-stepped them all.

Mrs. Langtry returning home from an afternoon whizz along London streets.

King Edward VII. of England was, when Prince of Wales, an open admirer of Mrs. Langtry. Stories of his attentions are still current and one which will never die is that which relates how, presuming on their friendship, the actress dropped a piece of ice down the Prince's back, upon which there was a quarrel. The story is probably an invention out of whole cloth, but it lingers yet.

When Mrs. Langtry came to the United States she received the equally fervid attentions of a Mr. Frederick Gebhard—recently alleged to be the suitor for the hand of Miss Drina De Wolfe, of Mrs. Osborn's Playhouse Company. Mr. Gebhard paid court to the lovely English actress for many moons and then they parted. Mrs. Langtry returned to her home; and Mr. Gebhard married somebody else.

Women are not fond of "The Jersey Lily," as Mrs. Langtry is called—she was born in the island of Jersey in the English Channel—but they have not been able to withstand her whenever it came to the point of a social struggle of any kind. Mrs. Langtry has always "won out." Her former visit here was signalized by a reception at which some members of the most exclusive society in New York met her on terms of—apparently—perfect amity.

How will society treat Mrs. Langtry during her present tour?

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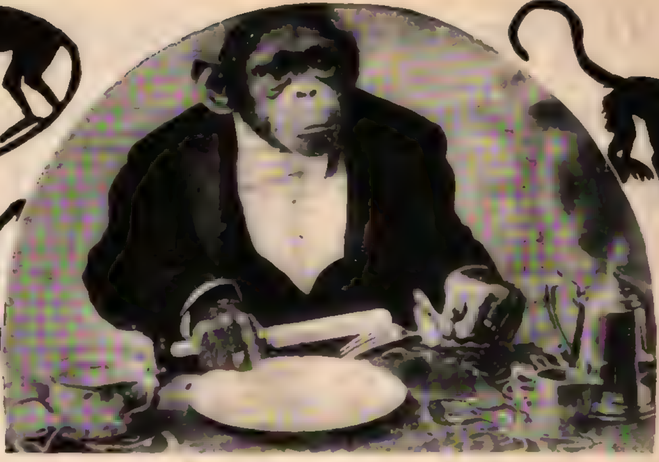


Esau is Almost Human.

By B. T. Barnes.

I HAVE a distinct impression on my mind of the table manners of certain persons which would be improved by a careful scrutiny of those of Esau, but I am not going to speak to them about it, for certain reasons, and Esau travels around too much to bother about speaking of it to them. But they often make me think of Esau.

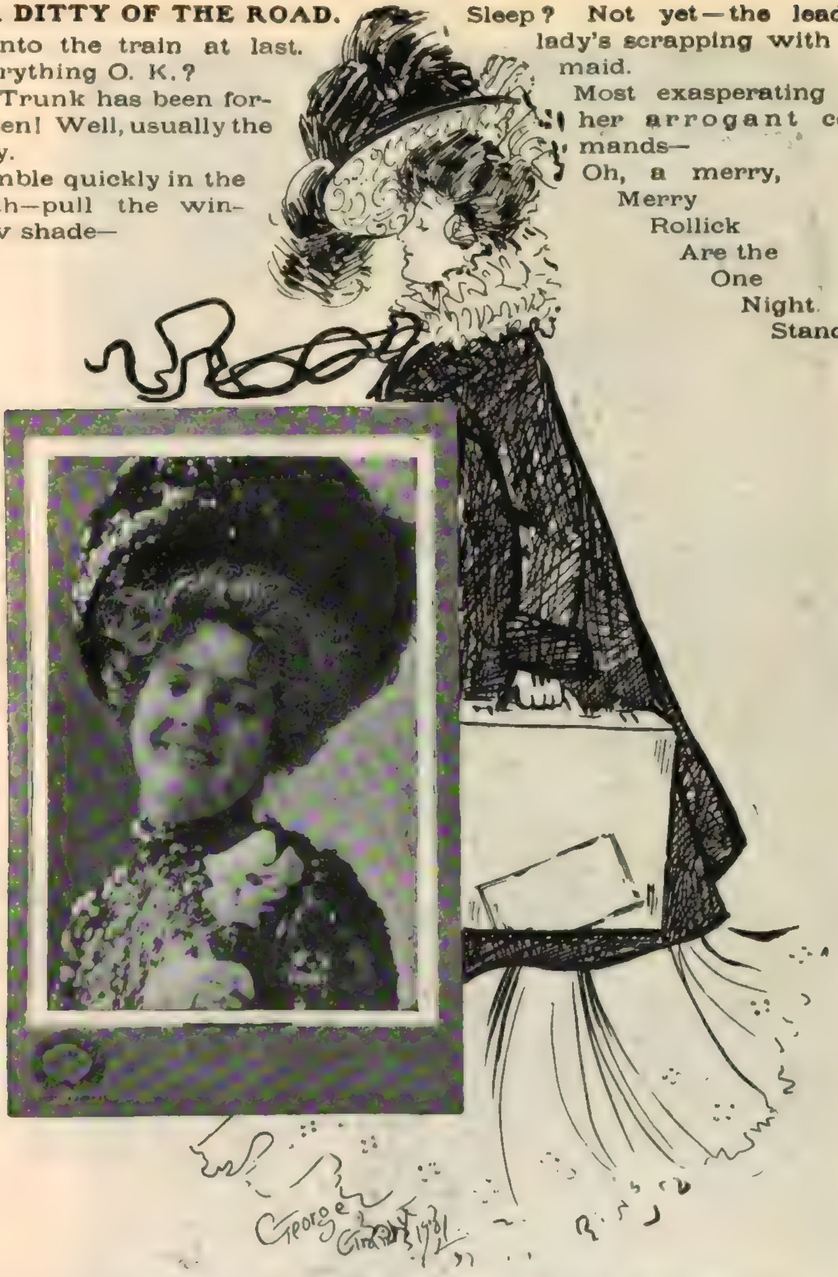
Esau, as need hardly be said, is the educated Simian who displays his accomplishments twice a day under the auspices of Bostock's Menagerie. He was recently in New York and left an agreeable impression behind.

To sing, to smoke, to bow, to handle such implements of civilization as a knife and fork, to ask for money, to acknowledge it, to play ball are but a few of Esau's brilliant gifts. To speak of him as possessing almost human intelligence is but indifferent praise. He is Martian if anything.

Only one thing bothers me, and that is, whether Esau realizes that his antics amuse or instruct. His expression is always inscrutable.

A DITTY OF THE ROAD.

Got into the train at last.
Everything O. K.?
No! Trunk has been forgotten! Well, usually the way.
Scramble quickly in the berth—pull the window shade—
Sleep? Not yet—the leading lady's scrapping with the maid.
Most exasperating are her arrogant commands—
Oh, a merry,
Merry
Rollick
Are the
One
Night
Stands!

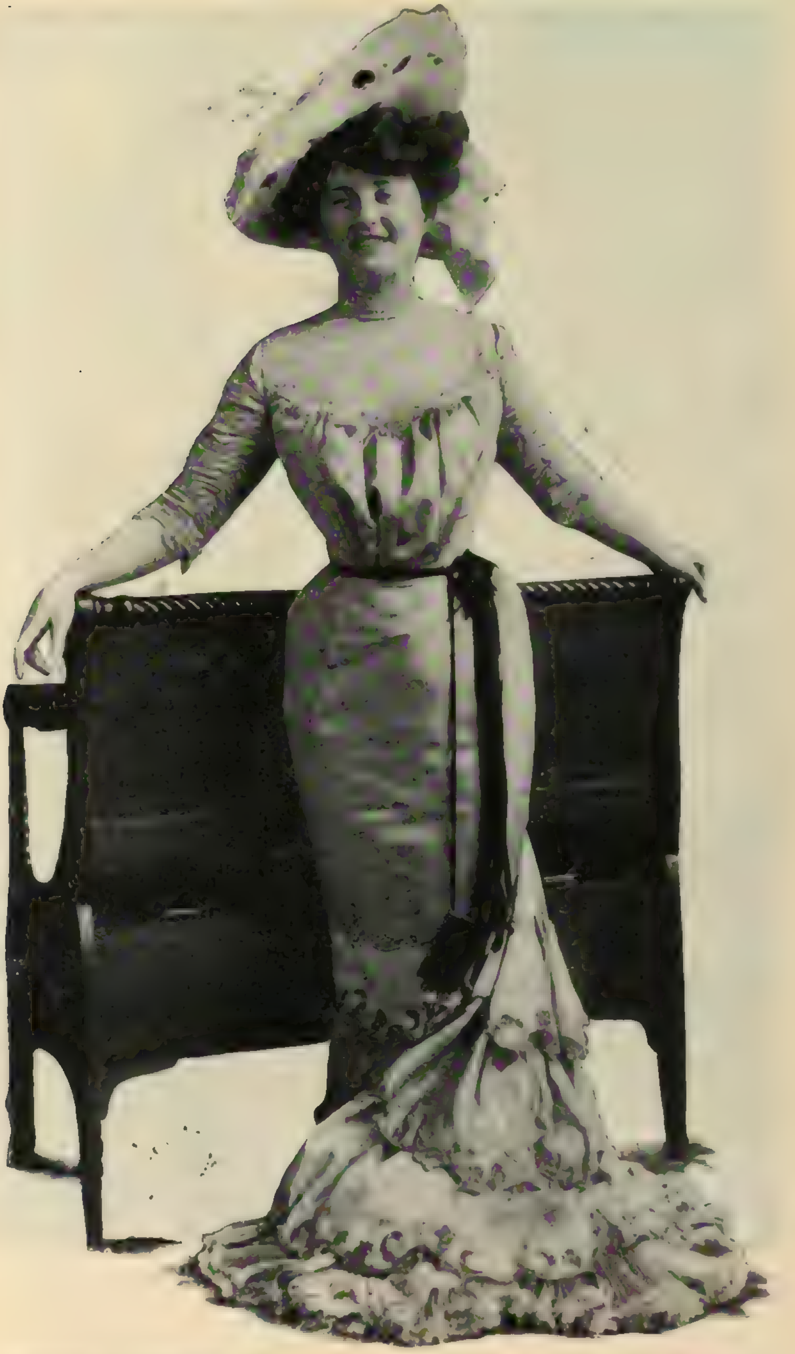


Morning dawns—another town—another round of hustle—
Another crop of Rubes demanding: "Which be Lillian Russell?"
Hard lines coming 'round the mouth, wrinkles 'round the eyes—
Did you say "domestic joys?" Note the sad surprise.
More towns in the circuit than the shore possesses sands—
Oh, a merry, merry rollick are the One
Night
Stands!

Photograph by Vaughan & Keith, San Francisco.

MRS. LOUISE THORNDYKE BOUCICAULT.

Who has been appearing as *Mrs. Hilda Pointer* in "Mrs. Jack"



Photograph by Chickering, Boston.

MISS REINE DAVIS

This young actress took the part of *Sally* in "Sally In Our Alley" for a few nights, after which she returned to the ranks of the Show Girls. Miss Davis is further celebrated by being credited with swimming across the Narrows in New York Harbor.

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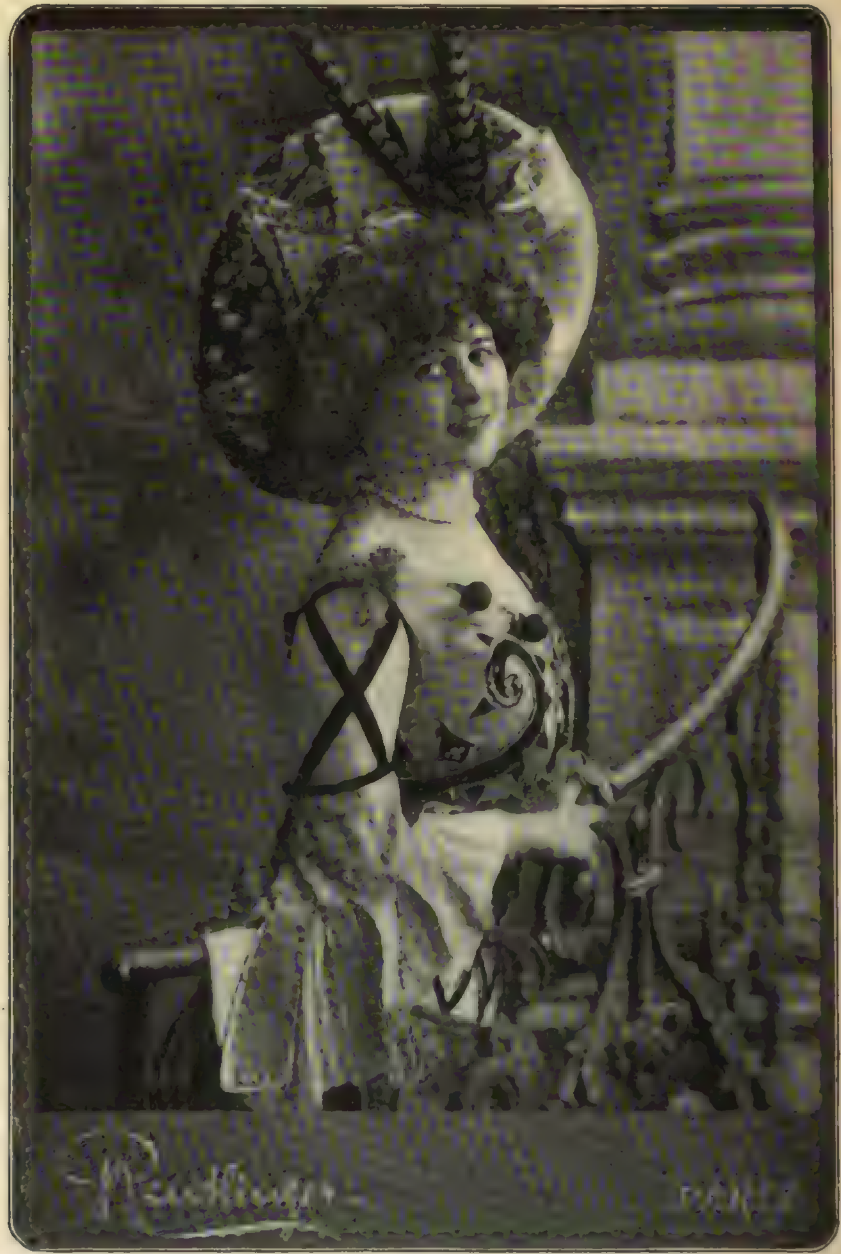


MDLLE. ELISE DE VERE.

This pretty young Frenchwoman has been engaged to star in a musical comedy during the season of 1903-4 under the management of Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr. Her English is not faultless, but she is credited with speaking it in a most entrancing manner. Mdlle. de Vere was one of the prize winners in the Parisian beauty contest a few years ago

UNIVER

Photograph by De Silva & Hill, New York.

MISS LILLIAN ST. CLAIR.

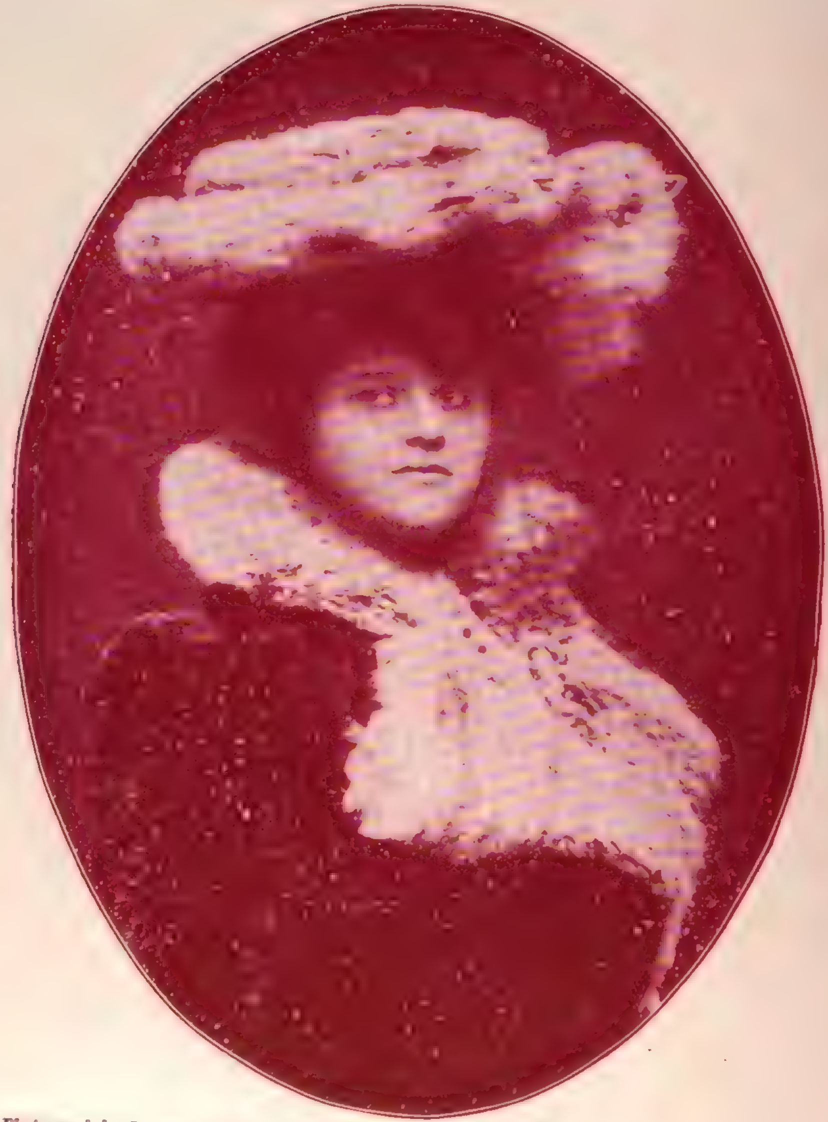
Photograph by De Silva & Hill, New York.

MISS ROUTLEDGE.

Photograph by De Silva & Hill, New York.

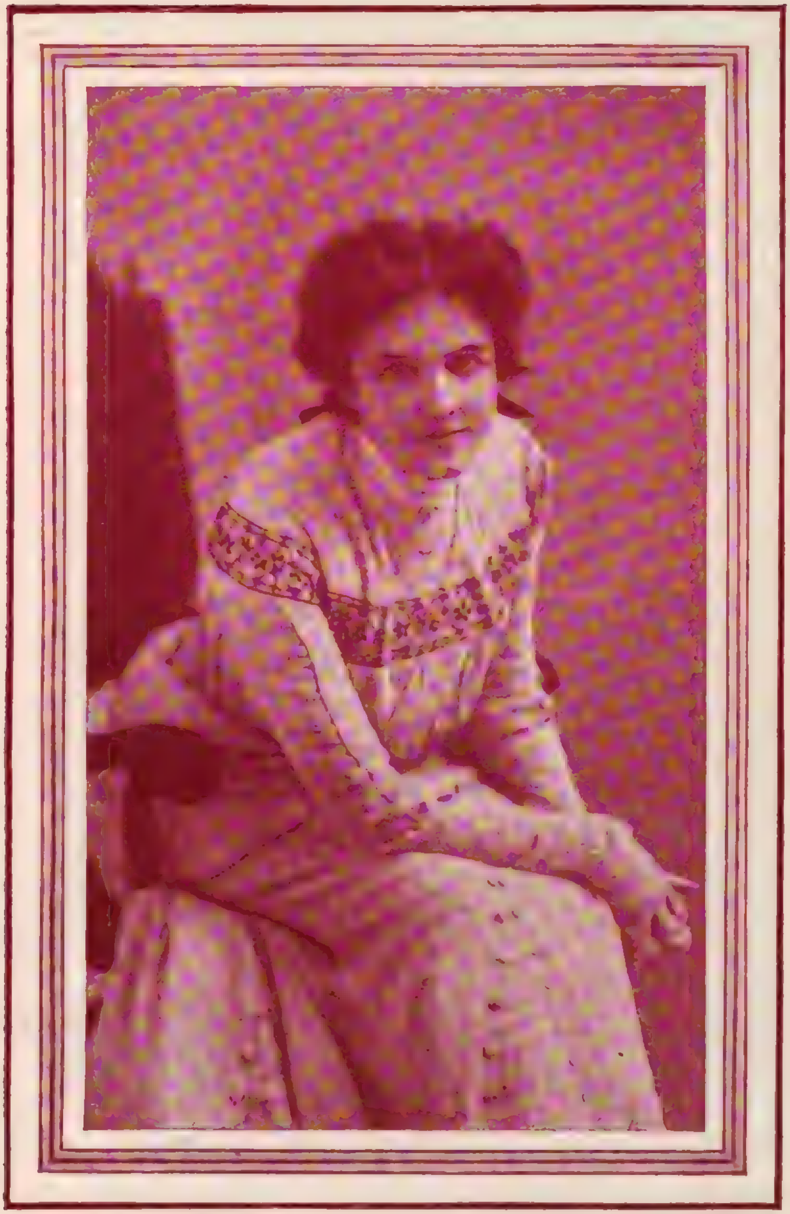
MISS RAVEN.

New York Girls.



Photograph by De Silva & Hill, New York.

MISS ELWYN.



Photograph by Sarony, New York.

MISS FAY DAVIS.

Leading woman with
Mr. William Faversham

Photograph by White, New York.

MISS TOBY CLAUDE.

With a road production
of "A Chinese Honeymoon."

Broadway Magazine

March 1903

"New York Girls." *Full-page portraits in color.* 625-628

"Women in the Public Eye." *Full-page portraits in color.* 629-632

"The '400' and the Horse," by Arthur K. Payne. *Illustrated.* 635

"General Greene, the New Police Commissioner." *Illustrated.* 645

"Beauty Adorned and the Camera," by Kingsley Potter. *Illustrated.* 646

"Are the Crinoline and Curls Returning?" by Arthur M. M. Shawn. *Illustrated.* 650

"Our Esteemed Contemporaries." *Illustrated.* 652

"Duse, the Woman and the Artist," by Thomas Satterlee. *Illustrated.* 657

"New York, Queen of Night" (No. IV.—The Nocturnal East Side), by Albert Parker. *Illustrated.* 662

"New York Beauties as Artists View Them," by George M. Cathcart. *Illustrated.* 665

"Does Make-up Enhance American Beauty?" by Oliver Anson. *Illustrated* 670

"Two Typical New York Politicians," by James A. Grady. *Illustrated.* 672

"'The Darling of the Gods' as an Art Study," by A. E. Sparling. *Illustrated.* 674

"At a School of Etiquette," by Theodore Ainsley. *Illustrated.* 677

"Coming Billionaires," by Oxnard Phillip. *Illustrated.* 680

"A Brilliant Young Player," by Claude Estine. *Illustrated.* 682

"Was Mascagni Blameless or to Blame?" by Alexander Darrow. *Illustrated.* 684

"The Stage in New York." *Illustrated.* 686

"Shall We Have a National Subsidized Theatre?" 698

"Our Players' Favorite Players." 700

"The Woman of the World," by Carolyn Lowrey. 702

"John Mackay of the Syndicate," by Henry Traitel. 703

"The One-Man Photography," by Oswald Ayres. *Illustrated.* 718

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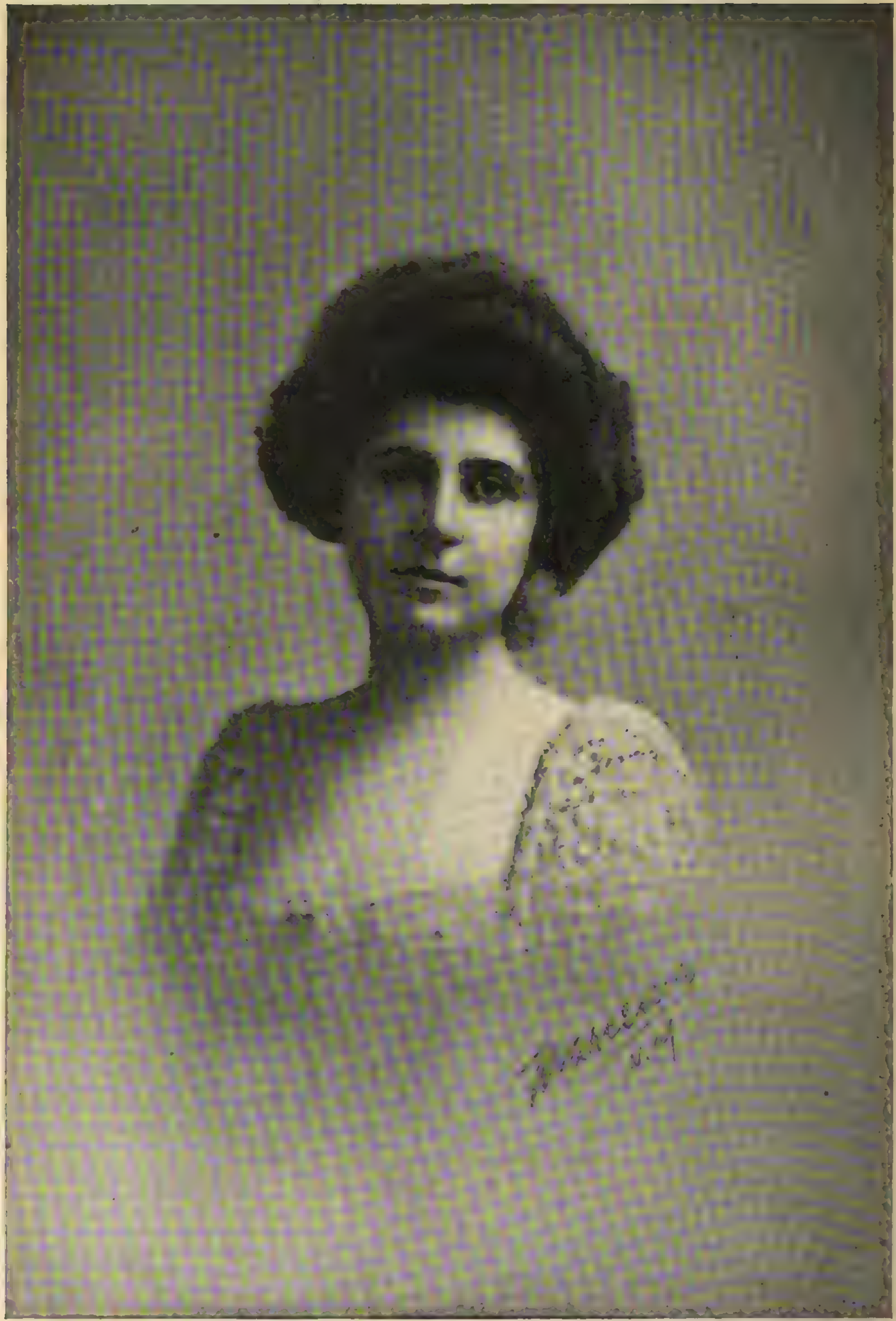

Photograph by Marceau, New York.

MRS. CLARENCE MACKAY.

One of the best-known horsewomen among New York's "400."

MARCH 1903

The "400" and the Horse.

VOL. X. NO. 6.

By Arthur K. Payne.

With Special Photographs by Walter P. Robertson.

WHO dares say that the auto is the thing whereby to "catch the conscience" of the kings of the Four Hundred?

Who maintains that gasoline and electricity have superseded horseflesh, and that the interest in gearings and spark-coils is growing, while the love of a fine filly's coat, a perfect poise of the head and movements like poetry—an epic of the thoroughbred—is on the wane?

New York society is capricious, vacillating and seeking ever the new sensation. But while it has apparently taken on with the new love which takes the form of Blue Dragons and Green Devils and Jaundiced Juggernauts, it has not put off the old love as any and every horse show

MR. RICHARD DONNELLY ON "HEATHERBLOOM,"

Jumping 6 feet 6 inches at Mr. Willett's farm.

MR. REGINALD VANDERBILT AND MISS CATHLEEN NEILSON.

within a radius of a hundred miles of New York will demonstrate, to say nothing of the Speedway or an afternoon in Central Park where the flower of horseflesh may be seen daily, throughout the entire year.

There is something so human, lovable and satisfying about a horse that no machinery ever invented by man can possibly take its place. Enthusiasm may abate for a little time, as during the late bicycle craze when horse-breeders throughout the land began to look to their laurels and to blame the bicycle for all sorts of imaginary ills.

But soon the zeal of the conservative cyclist abated, and back to the paddock the old love led his steps. Then came the autocar, and from the late show at Madison Square Garden it would appear that all the fashionable world would soon go flying awheel and leave the horse far behind.

But that, too, is an illusion. The inventions of man are a passing fancy at best, and from thence pass into a commercial necessity. But the works of nature inspire a sustained affection and merit deeper regard. Not even the flying machine, brought to the highest perfection and made an everyday miracle for man's uses, just as the bicycle is now, will ever rob the noble beast of his due share of admiration.

The increasing number of prize-winners during the last year or two, and the interest taken in various horse shows throughout the country, prove that enthusiasm grows apace, and records are being constantly broken.

It is a desire to attain the best that inspires the horse lover to stop at no measure to attain the perfection of form and grace as well as speed and safety. The palatial homes of hundreds of the foremost people on Long Island, in Jersey and in Westchester have each of them correspondingly palatial homes for their four-footed favorites. The stables of William C. Whitney, for instance, at Wheatley Hills,

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MR. ROBERT MACKAY DRIVING.

are fit even for people of most refined taste to make their home in. Only the most expert care and the highest development bring about the best results, and these results are certainly worthy of all praise.

The examples illustrated here are chosen from some of the most recent contests and speak volumes for the fine taste of the owners and the perfection of mould and form in the horses themselves. Mr. Richard Donnelly is a horseman of the first order, and is the owner of some of the crack jumpers of the world, like "Hetherbloom," which takes a six-foot fence with astounding ease. Mrs. Donnelly is also one of the first women riders in the country and her hunters have taken prizes wherever exhibited.

MRS. RICHARD DONNELLY ON HER HUNTER.

The Harriman stables are famous, and the Misses Harriman are among the best

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MR. FLETCHER HARPE ON HIS POLO PONY.

riders in society. These pictures show not only some of their prize-winners, but also their own excellent form in the saddle.

The Mackays have an extensive stable on Long Island, and are owners of some of the finest stock in the world, both hunters, jumping and trotting horses, four-in-hand coach horses and stallions. Mr. Fletcher Harper's tastes run more to the polo pony and he is an expert at that fascinating and skilful game. The Hollins and the Holloway families of Long Island have some of the high-bred stock in the country, and are in evidence at every event where the horse is king. The same may be said of the Trevors, the Belmonts, De Cerneas, Vanderbilts and others who have recently taken to country life in the manner of the English barony.

There is certainly no fairer sight in all the world than the picture of a pretty woman on a prize-winning hunter or jumper. It is a study for an artist. It is distinctly the thing now to belong to the horsey set, as it is irreverently called. Some of the fair buds of society are the most accomplished critics and judges as well as riders and drivers.

Many of the younger set, like the Harrimans, for instance, have been literally brought up in the saddle. The outdoor exercise that the sport encourages and the freedom of the country life afforded by interest in blooded animals atone for many lapses into society dissipations.

A good pony is a certain and effectual rest-cure against many ills that those to the manner born are heiresses to, and that is one reason why horse-love has become so fashionable—it is an antidote to late hours, lobster patties and the three A. M. cotillion. The horse girl is eminently an athlete and is in evidence throughout the entire social season, thanks to her splendid physique.

The hunting set of Meadowbrook, on Long Island, have developed some of the finest riders in the land. During the past year many of these have entered into other fields and taken many prizes. There have been a score of horse shows, which on account of the exclusiveness of the competitors, may almost be said to be private functions.

On these occasions the flower of the "horsey set" has been seen, and in the contests have appeared some of the foremost experts of America of both sexes. On these occasions there has been great festivity and the friendly rivalry of the contestants has been the features of a social year.

MISS MARION HOLLINS.

Miss Hollins is one of New York's youngest equestriennes, and is the daughter of Banker Hollins.

In the history of American racing, the year just closed proved to be the most

MISS MARION HOLLOWAY ON "AMERICA."

interesting to sportmen. It was what a celebrated horseman has called "the banner year of thoroughbreds." In all parts of the country success has attended every enterprise in the interest of the racing man, and the horse-lover. In almost every instance the attendance records were broken. This attendance has included some of the foremost men of the country and enthusiasm over the motor car as a feature of our national life has in no way interfered with the breeding, speeding and showing of American classes of thoroughbreds and prize-winners in every class—cobs, hackneys, tandems, four-in-hands, trotters, pacers, hunters and teams. The list of the smart people who have entered the competition in the manner of breeding, showing and in horsemanship reads like an excerpt from the Social Register. This year of 1903 promises to break all records in matters concerning the horse and his development as a national pride.

The Horse Show Association, which has its headquarters in New York, has

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MISS HARRIMAN ON "PHYLLIS."

branches in every part of the country where horse matters are occupying the interest of the wealthy and influential classes. The records of the association show that there has never been such interest in form and speed since the days of the old Fashion Course out on Long Island when the Vanderbilts, Lorillards, Garrets, Drews, Bonners and others engrossed in the subject of trotting records, repaired almost daily, and when racing was a sport which enthused the first gentlemen of the land.

The tendency of the times is in the direction of high class exhibitions, and the various horse shows, at points all the way from New York to San Francisco, call together the foremost people of the several States.

Not only have the records been broken in the matter of attendance, but also in the increased number of practical horse-

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men and women who have developed now and then into stars of the first magnitude, many of whom have visited various shows successively and carried away prizes.

The breeding of fine stock has been the serious pastime of Mr. William C. Whitney, James R. Keene, and other Americans of great wealth and lovers of thoroughbreds, and these have done much to stir and keep alive the interest which has been cumulative within the past few years. And the stock has been very fine.

MR. AND MRS. ALBERT DE CERNEA DRIVING "MALROUX."

Some of these eminent horsemen have established stables on the other side of the Atlantic as well, and have achieved international reputations. The lack of success attending the efforts of "Nasturtium" and of "Tommy Atkins" on the English turf, for instance, has demonstrated the difficulty of sending speedy horses abroad to compete with their native-bred stock, as they are far too tender and highstrung to suffer a sea-voyage without injury. The coming season, however, will doubtless see several millionaires represented on the English turf permanently, each with his own stable.

The rise of enthusiasm in horse matters has induced many foreign firms, notably from Great Britain, to establish in our cities branches of their great shops abroad. The latest vogue in harness, traps and costumes, as well as all the paraphernalia of the paddock, are eagerly sought by the smart people, and every gathering of the horsey set brings out the very latest fashions in habits, vehicles, costumes of grooms, as well as all the perfections of stable arts by which the up-to-date expert is to be judged by his confrères.

Amateur horsemanship has been a feature of American life for a considerable

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MISS CAROL HARRIMA ON A PRIZE WINNER

period, perhaps more so during the last five years, since which time the tendency has been to build great mansions on estates within easy distance from New York.

A whole district east of Hempstead plains on Long Island has been bought up at enormous expense and parceled out to men of wealth and lovers of horseflesh. These vast tracts afford plenty of room for the various sports in which society leaders engage, such as following the hounds, cross-country riding, polo matches, and other aristocratic fads so much in vogue in England and for that matter all over the world where the leisure classes seek recreation.

Some have built private race tracks, as for instance that of Mr. William C. Whitney, which is perhaps one of the finest in the world. Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., has lately purchased a large tract of land near Great Neck, within a short run from the very heart of the fashionable district, and erected thereon a large country house on the very banks of beautiful Success Lake. He will also build a large stable and keep the best horses that the country affords. As his tract includes nearly a thousand acres of woodland and rolling upland, there is no doubt that the Vanderbilt barony will be the Mecca of the leaders of sport, not only for the district, but for the whole country.

Up Westchester way there are also immense tracts of land being bought up and

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prepared for the purpose of affording field for various sports which employ the fleetest and finest breed of horses. New Jersey, too, has its exclusive contingency, and there is a long sequence of magnificent estates leading up the Hudson from the Harlem almost to Albany on both sides of the river.

An afternoon at Central Park is an inspiration for the lover of fine stock. The bridle path is usually brilliant with the best riders in the metropolis, and some of the rarest hunters and mounts of good form are to be seen in exercise by their owners who take pride and delight in this exercise to counteract the naturally sedentary life of the metropolitan pleasure-lover.

Such riding academies as Durland's, near Central Park West, teem daily with the flower of the horsey set, and even on days when the inclemency of the weather forbids an outdoor jaunt hundreds may be seen exercising within doors, keeping themselves otherwise in training for the outdoor seasons which will soon follow.

There are also certain days set aside for indoor games, exhibition riding, *et cetera*, when are called together the experts of both sexes from the ranks of the Four Hundred.

Several riding clubs in this district, many of them composed entirely of millionaire horse-breeders and owners, keep alive the interest in the various phases of this patrician sport.

The Riding and Driving Club on Fifty-eighth street is composed of many of the foremost citizens of New York, and their chambers overlooking the Park are as sumptuous as those of almost any club in the country and more luxurious than probably any other similar organization in the world.

A turn-out by the members of this coterie of wealthy horse-lovers is an event, and ladies' days are rare events to the appreciators of whatever is good form in the difficult but most enjoyable art of riding and driving.

MISS H. G. TREVOR DRIVING

Let the accompanying pictures be an inspiration to the young enthusiast, for there is infinite scope here for the highest talent.

Inasmuch as photography has become a part of our national life, and every beauty is photographed a score of times every year, the matter of poses is a most serious one.

In England every one follows the royal manner, and no sooner does the Duchess of So-and-so come out with a new pose than the society beauties as well as professionals emulate her distinguished taste.

In France the art of posing may be said to be a national trait, every French woman being more or less of a poseuse, and proud of it.

We in America may not follow distinguished precedent, but we have certain original ideas that are considered leaders in matters of the exquisite in art. Every variety of dress having been exhausted as a means to the enhancement of feminine loveliness the ingenuity of the subject and artist alike are taxed to the utmost to provide new measures whereby to catch the interest of the beauty-worshipers.

The whole range of classicism is scoured for prototypes. The modes and manners of foreign countries are counterfeited before the camera, and the variety of superb photographs that confront the passer-by in any number of the Broadway windows is wonderful to behold.

And yet there are always crowds before these displays, for the fascination of a beautiful face is as strong to-day as when Cleopatra made havoc all the way from the Blue Nile to the Tiber, and since the days of Recamiers, Talliens, Devonshires, Poitiers and Catharines of Russia who made kingdoms quake with their very nod and dangled empires on their fingers like marionettes.

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IRENE BENTLEY AS A WOODLAND NYMPH.

Any one who has the divine spark of art in his or her animate soul may reap big rewards to-day by exercising ingenuity in the direction of artistic photography. Long ago it was thought that beautiful effects were entirely exhausted, but every year brings forward new ideas and the fund of invention seems without limit. The public is very capricious and demands the latest and most novel photographic counterfeit presentments that experts can devise. There is an immense field in art photography for clever people.

Are the Crinoline and Curls Returning?

By Arthur M. M. Shawn.

Illustrated with Special Photographs by Eddowes, New York.

THIS is eminently the land and the era of surprises. There being nothing new under the sun, it is necessary to revert to the old in order to find the artistic and the bizarre.

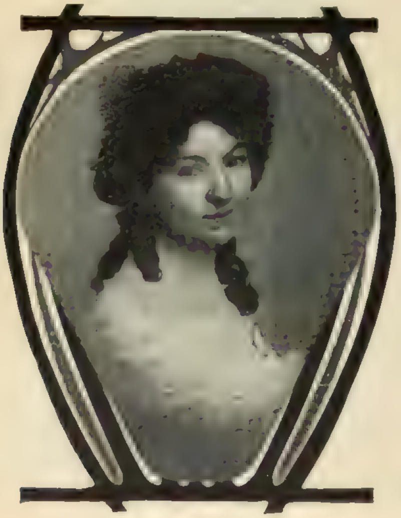
The late dramas and novels which have made a strong bid for fame and favor with the public, have caused the fair contingency to revert to old forms, genuflexions and customs. The historial fad has resulted in reviving many old fashions, among others the curl, which many claim is the latest manner of dressing the hair and which recalls the daguerreotype beauties of our grandfathers' days.

In the South the curl is still in evidence, and some of the recent portraits of society leaders show the fetching mode to perfection. In the "The Crisis," and "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," notably, there is a revival of the vogue of the early sixties, including the hoopskirt, and it is a startling innovation.

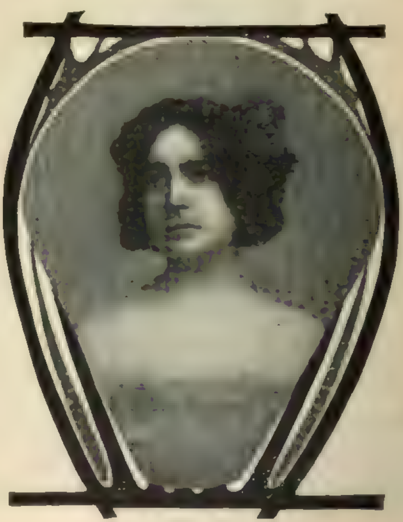
Whether or not society will take up the latter fad seriously is a question, but the curl has come to be a possibility at least.

It is a most trying mode, however, and though pretty and effective when artistically worn, it requires a certain cast of countenance not at all common even in a galaxy of beauty, such as the metropolis affords. There must be a certain suggestion of archaic forms and observances—a quaintness that is redolent of the days of antebellum chivalry, when men fought duels and played young Lochinvar in real life over the mountains and plains of the districts beyond the Mason and Dixon line.

Just at present while there is so much of the "good old days" in the air, it might be well for belles to try the new fad and discover whether or not they are able to adopt the trying fad or not. It is certain that when it is prettily worn,



MISS DERONDE MAYO



MISS ISABELLE RICHARDS.

MISS GEORGIANA PITCHER.

MISS CHARLOTTE HICKS.

there is nothing more artistic and coquettish in all the arts of femininity.

For many years the Southern type was not appreciated in New York, and the consequence is that after this lapse of time the sterling charms of the peculiar feminine loveliness which is to be found in the South make a strong impression up the North. Some of the fairest of the sunnier States have married into Northern families and have become the famous beauties of the time. The revival of interest in Southern matters social which has been fostered by literature and the drama, has had much to do with our appreciation of the queens of the flowers and charming hospitality. And then the Southern accent is so pleasant!

HISTORY REPEATED.

The brave man struggled up a long, long way,
The path narrowed.
Suddenly he came upon a company of men.
"This is the end, ' they said.
"We know, for we are a chosen band,
Called 'Immortals.'"
"But I would go farther," said the stranger.
"It is impossible."
"But see! there is a pass between the rocks yonder
"Aye, but no man has yet passed through."
"Then I shall be the first!"
They laughed.

The stranger struggled forward.
They watched him.
Suddenly they perceived that he had almost succeeded
A hair's-breadth, and—
They sprang forward, seizing him.
"If he succeed, then are we no longer immortal!
"But the world will be broader and better too,
"If I go forward," said the stranger.
"Curse the world, and you!"

And they tore him to pieces. I. L. Mettock.

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Photograph by Dupont, New York. OUR ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARIES.

Mr. Frank A. Munsey.

MR. MUNSEY is the pioneer of the ten-cent magazine editors. He has made a success of his publication by giving the public a good deal for a little money. Stories by the popular authors and many illustrations are its specialties.

Munsey's Magazine sprang into being not parentless. It was originally *Munsey's Weekly*, a small ten-cent publication very much like *Life*. Then it was published once every two weeks, and that not being successful, the proprietor decided to change the character of it altogether. He then brought it out successfully once a month in magazine form.

Mr. Munsey is now a millionaire. Some months ago he bought the *Daily News*, but recently changed it from an evening to a morning paper. He also owns the Washington *Times* and Boston *Journal*.

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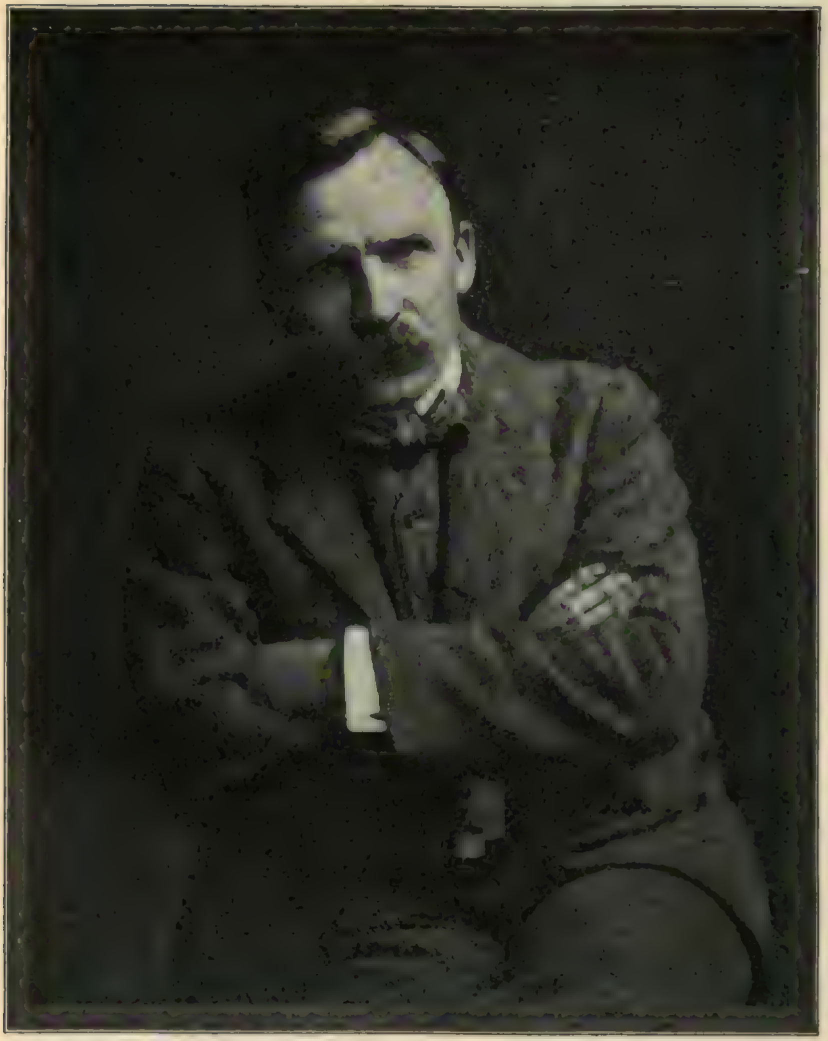

Photograph by Zaida Ben Yusuf, New York. OUR ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARIES.

Mr. S. S. McClure.

MR. McCLURE was a literary syndicate organizer long before he was an editor. Stories by Conan Doyle, Rudyard Kipling, Gilbert Parker, Anthony Hope and other famous writers were syndicated by Mr. McClure fully ten years ago. The handling of this manuscript gave him the idea for *McClure's Magazine* which from the start has been a literary publication, and so continues.

Mr. McClure is still the head and front of *McClure's Magazine* and McClure's syndicate. Although a big purchaser of foreign manuscripts, he is a firm believer in the young American writer. Mr. McClure is blonde, and of medium stature, and has been known to work for eighteen hours a day for three months at a stretch.

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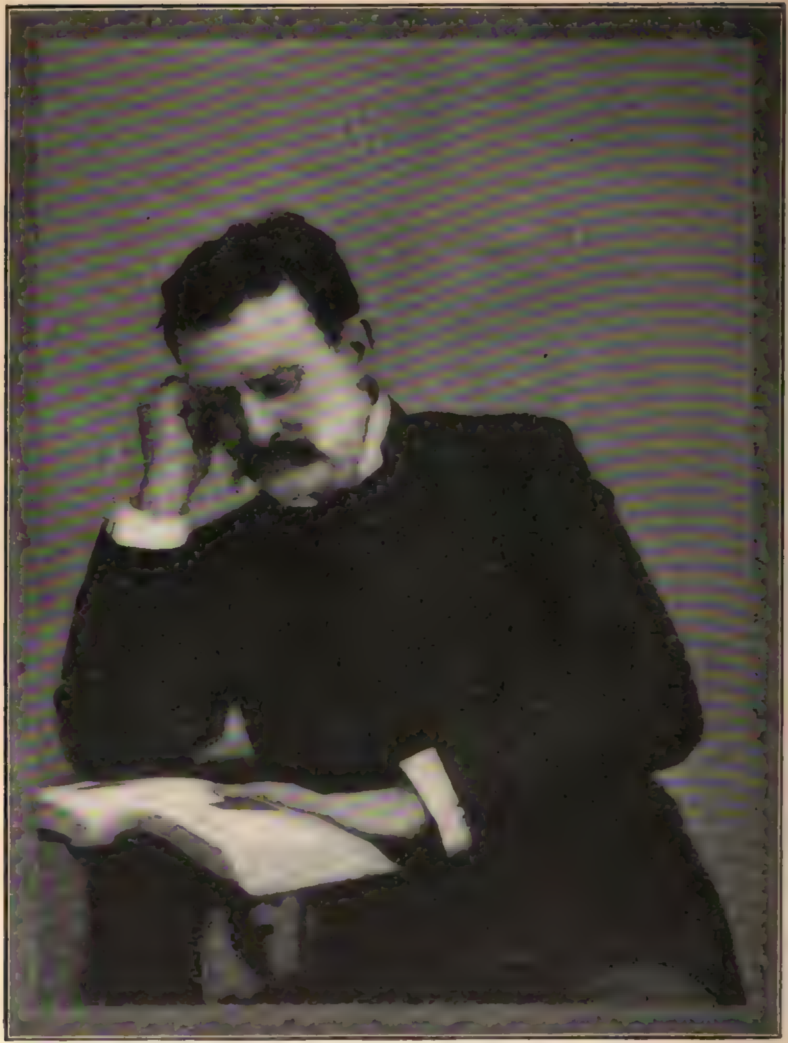

Photograph by Ashton, New York. OUR ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARIES.

Mr. John Brisben Walker.

MR. WALKER is the owner and editor of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*. His publication is in the ten-cent catagory, although it originally started in life asking for a quarter. Then the price was reduced to 12½ cents, and finally to the present cost.

The *Cosmopolitan Magazine* makes a specialty of stories by such authors as Camille Flammarion and H. G. Wells, and of general articles on the subject of female loveliness and dress by Professor Harry Peck. Mr. Walker is himself a contributor to his publication.

Mr. Walker's one hobby outside the *Cosmopolitan* is automobiling. He is president of a company which manufactures automobiles.

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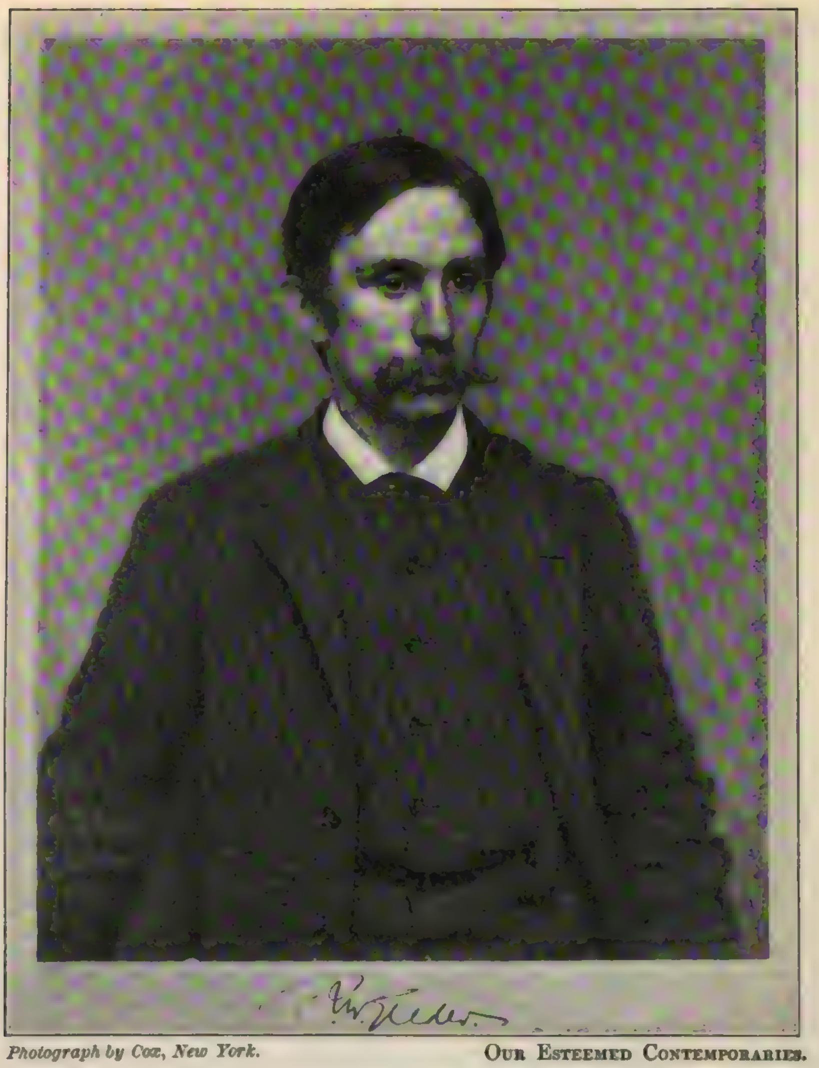

Photograph by Cox, New York. OUR ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARIES.

Mr. Richard Watson Gilder.

MR. GILDER has been the editor of the *Century Magazine* for many years, and comes of a historically literary family. His sister, Miss Jeannette Gilder, at present the editor of *The Critic*, was long a newspaper writer and editor.

The *Century Magazine* has never been one of the cheaper publications. Its price has been uniformly thirty-five cents, and no change is suggested. Mr. Frank Stockton made his reputation as a story writer through the *Century Magazine*.

Mr. Gilder is intensely literary, and while not in the least old-fashioned in his methods, is of the older stock of journalists. He has a gentle word to say of and to everybody, especially the young writer.

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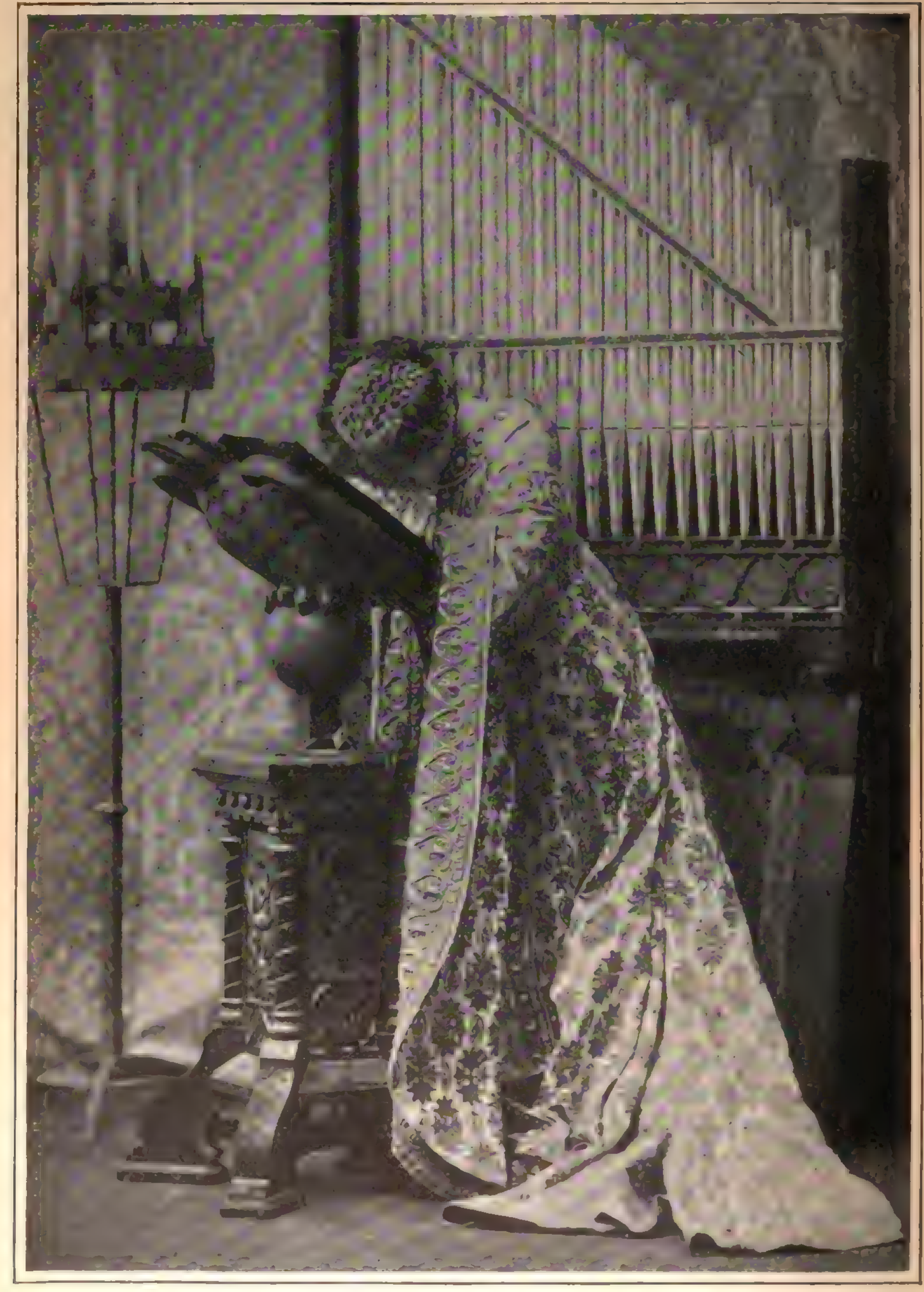

MADAME DUSE AS FRANCESCA DA RIMINI.

Duse, the Woman and the Artist.

By Thomas Satterlee.

ELEANORA DUSE has come and gone, but she is not forgotton. That weird, sentient, passionful personality, once seen, never forgotten, rapt and dedicated to an idea, beautiful and yet not beautiful, enchanting yet repelling, the mystery, sphynx, prophetess and exponent of Latin decadence and tragedy, herald of the greatest Italian poet since Ariosto, Gabriele D'Annunzio, has shaken the dust of our shores from her feet, perhaps forever.

It is not likely that Madame Duse was either disappointed in America or that America was disappointed in her. But it is certain that her tour was cut short—just why no one seems to know, and there was probably no reason whatever save that most reasonable reason in the world, a woman's. America was not disappointed in Duse—how could we be? She was everything that we expect to find in a world-famous stage favorite. She has the highest intelligence, the most thorough command of her many talents and charms, a voice that is not as musical as the divine Sarah's, but more thrilling, nor a face as classic in modeling as Maxine Elliott's, but more mobile and expressive. She has that, moreover, which defies all expression in words—the unknown, the *x* charm of the equation which commands respect from the first, and which exercises a subtle influence upon all beholders, cumulative and powerful to the last.

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO, POET AND DRAMATIST.

Duse loves and is loved, so it is said, and there could be no greater test of this affection than a willingness to suffer any martyrdom in order to prove the measure of her zeal in her loved one's behalf. She undertook a mighty task when she left Italy. It was to literally cram four or five of the most amazing plays ever written down the throats of the pleasure-loving public of a New World with its rich red blood, its hatred of the effeminate, of the cruel, the ignoble and the decadent. Duse succeeded in New York, for here the diverse measure of our population

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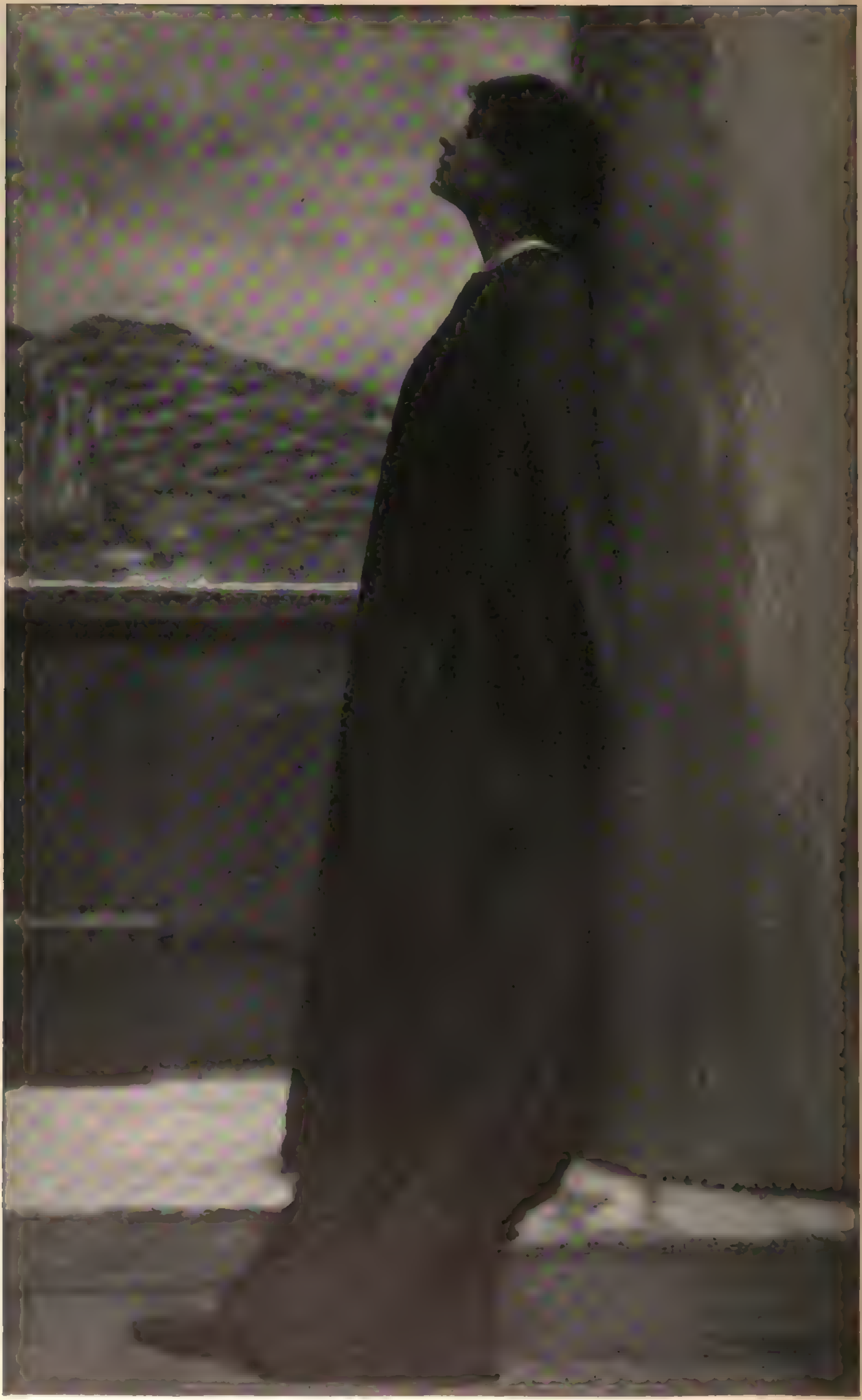

MADAME DUSE IN A CHARACTERISTIC POSE.

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MADAME DUSE IN "LA GIOCONDA"

makes all tasks of intelligence possible.

Any great personage from any part of the world can come to New York and find thousands of his or her kind to enthuse over, rally around and go into raptures of welcome over. In the metropolis, people were turned away from the theatre doors, even with prohibitive prices at the box office, but outside of New York there was some hesitancy. Many a young man

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REPRODUCED FROM A COLOR-STUDY OF DUSE.

of the Italian quarter confessed that he put himself in pawn for a month in order to take his fairest signorita to see the immortal Duse, and delighted in the sacrifice. But "in the provinces" Duse was looked at somewhat in uncertain bewilderment if not in actual terror. "La Gioconda" mystified. Her "Francesca da Rimini" awed. "Magda" repulsed, and "La Citta Morta" shocked. People could not understand why Shakespeare, Molière and Sardou were all shoved aside to make way for a weird, plain-spoken, shockingly truthful Latin degenerate who writes plays for the fun of the thing rather than for wealth, or as they say in the Latin quarter of Paris, "to shock the stupidity of the bourgeoisie."

The provincials could not understand this dedicated life, this consecrated spirit, this woman's soul bound up in veneration of one far distant, whose every written word as she spoke it was music in her ears, whose finest phrases encompassed her with ineffable joys as she uttered them, to whom the music of the spheres was naught compared with the fine bursts of eloquence as written for her own lips by one of the grandest word-lyrists of the times. They could not see that Duse was playing first of all to please herself, graciously allowing the public the opportunity to take delight in her reflected joy.

Duse comes of a long line of Italian stage folk, and her people are identified with the footlights. She began at the age of four, and is now in the prime of her talent. Her brothers, cousins, uncles, aunts and others of near or distant relation are stage people. There are no less than twenty-three of them in various capacities from "primo attore" and "amorosa" down to the humblest "caratterista" and "generico."

She has the footlight spirit in her very blood, and it pervades, enlightens and impassions every word, movement, suggestion and charm of her genius. She has had her successes—is having them now in various parts of the world; but she has also had her trials, having been more than once hissed off the stage, maligned, accused, deceived and traduced. But, like all genius that is real genius, she triumphs by very reason of her hardships and because of them. Such hardships would have crushed any but talent of the very first order.

It may be that Madame Duse will return to America again, but it is unlikely. Away from her Italian surroundings she is like a tropic bird wandering beyond the line of Cancer. She is out of her realm. Like certain rare orchids, she requires the temperate clime, the equable warmth, the passionate, musical, poetic nights and the *dulce far niente* days to make her entirely happy. Though she might have remained six months longer here and taken home with her at least a hundred thousand dollars more of our good money, she has flown back to her old love, content with a small handful of the golden fleece which she sailed hither to seize upon and hold.

She cannot have left America, however, wholly disappointed. The daughter of Mr. Pierpont Morgan has, it is said, promised to contribute the bulk of the financial wherewithal to found a theatre in Italy for the exclusive appearance of her and her company in new plays written exclusively by Italian geniuses, and under the patronage of Queen Margherita. The Latin distrust can so easily be placated.

Duse and America are the best of friends and appreciators; but the Old World D'Annunzio and the New World spirit of health, vitality, morality and progress are separated by a mighty chasm which even the brilliant genius of perhaps the rarest actresses of the world cannot bridge.

New York, Queen of Night.

By Albert Parker.

No. IV.—The Nocturnal East Side.

A DREAM of Alnaschar, an Arabian night's phantasy, an inspiration to the poet, the musician and the artist—such is the great teeming, swarming crush of the East Side of New York after nightfall.

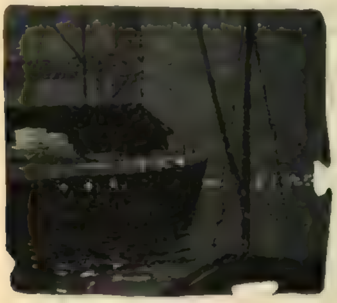
Whatever it may be in the daylight, with its jostling hordes of picturesque foreigners in their setting of squalor and banality, and however the scene may move one with pity or repulsion, under the subduing shadow of night, in the glamor of flickering lights and in the spirit of mirth and song at the hour of unbending, the East Side is a moving picture of charm and beauty, distinctive, diverse and quite worthy of the attention alike of the philosopher and the poet.

Here from every quarter of the world, from every clime and latitude of the great globe have they come—the hopeless to gather hope; the poor to attain a competence; the criminal to hide themselves where they may begin life over again; the sorrowing to bury their sorrow. It is a conglomerate mass, and the little checkerboard extending from the Syrian quarter on the south to the Magyar on the north, the Greek on the east to the French on the west, encloses representative types of every nation, each living in and for himself and his own, hating the foods that his neighbor loves, practising a religion that his fellow sojourner across the way wots not of, all cosmopolitans, yet bringing each with him some distinctive and subtle part of the spirit of the soil whence he came.

New York is a microcosm—a little world complete in itself. It encloses all peoples and accounts for many strange anomalies in our metropolitan life. A little stone and masonry is all that separates the remote steppes of China from the sun-kissed vales of Sicily, and one may walk in two minutes clean across the continent of Europe, figura-

"The pavements are at once their playhouse, reception hall and mart."

tively, from Wales to Hungary, from Sweden to Greece. It is no wonder that this heterogeneous mass is the despair of the sociologist who sees in it the menace of the immigration problem, but the delight of the artist and the poet who discovers here half a million people in all their unspoiled naturalness, paying little or no attention to American customs, language or manners, sufficient unto themselves and as much to themselves as if an unbridged chasm separated the vast tenements instead of asphalt streets.



"The weird life of the river front."

And these same streets are their only playground, save perhaps the roofs in fine weather, where all classes meet in orderly congregation if not indeed communion. The pavements are at once their playhouse, lyceum, reception halls and mart. Here they meet to discuss the affairs of the day, which are not the affairs of people and things of national importance, but of the district solely. Newspapers which have no circulation and are never seen ten blocks away from the place of their publication (being printed in a foreign language and appealing to a foreign cast of thought and interest), are cried through the streets in musical falsetto. The tenements being for the most part merely little closets connected by ill-lighted and ventilated passages, unfit for humans, it is a relief to get out after the sweatshop crush and grind for daily bread is over, to meet friends and make friends, to read aloud to a friendly handful on a doorstep the latest letter from the old country, and to discuss the affairs of the dear ones left behind.

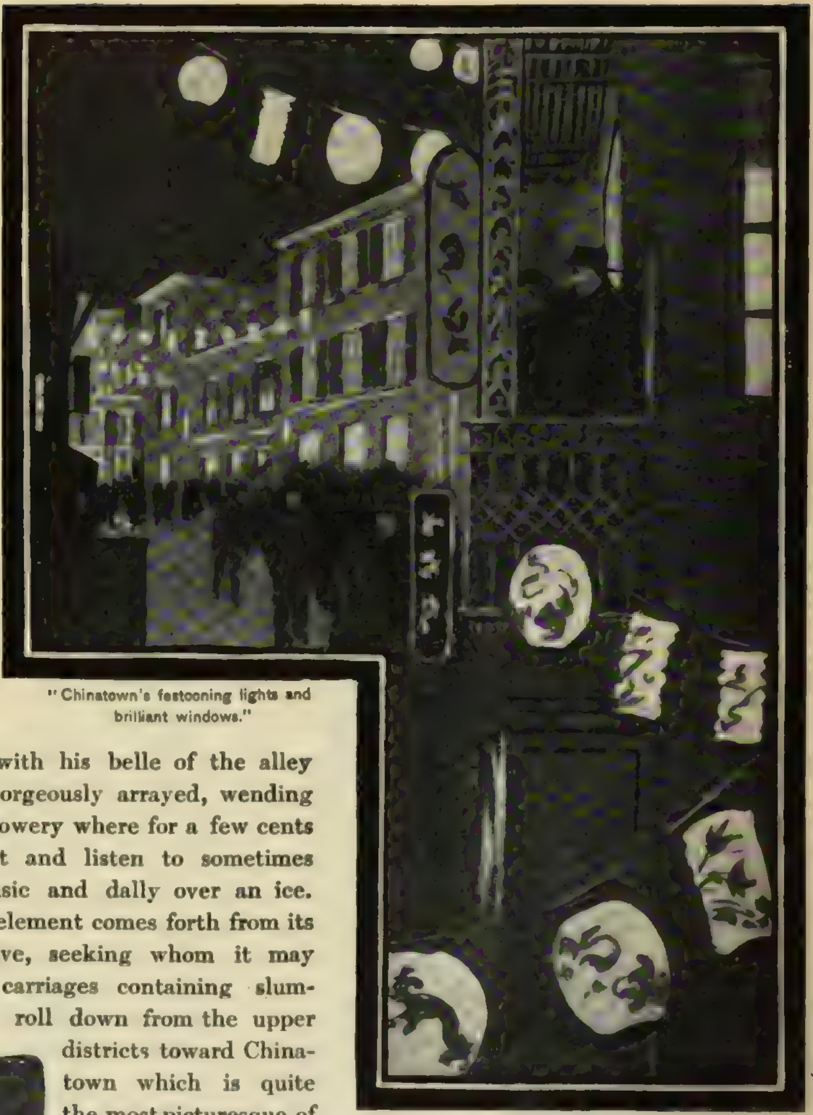
"Spectral skeletons of steel."

"Cooper Square—the needle's eye of the great East Side."

It is then that sorrows and struggle under adverse circumstances are forgotten. The moiling million gives itself up to recreation and tries to forget the stren-

Google

uous strife of work-a-day existence. The public schools are aglow with a motley crowd thirsting for knowledge and amusement that may be had without cost. The young man of a sportive turn gets himself up in a manner amazing to behold, and promenades with his belle of the alley perhaps as gorgeously arrayed, wending toward the Bowery where for a few cents they may sit and listen to sometimes excellent music and dally over an ice. The rougher element comes forth from its eerie and dive, seeking whom it may devour, and carriages containing slumming parties roll down from the upper districts toward Chinatown which is quite the most picturesque of all the quaint quarters of that thronging section so enchanting under the glamor of the festooning lights and brilliant windows.


"Chinatown's festooning lights and brilliant windows."

'In the shadow of the 'L' road

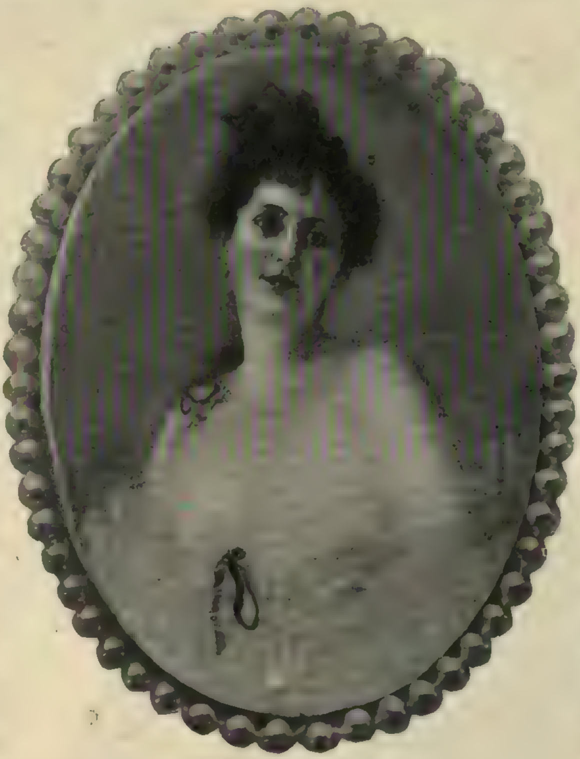
The inroads of civilization, however, have had much to do with dispelling the Oriental spirit which is everywhere rife, San Francisco's Chinatown being already in a state of decay and with all probability of its disappearing sooner or later entirely. If such occurred in New York it would be a great pity, for at present it is the Mecca of thousands who love the weird, strange and ultra-foreign in our metropolitan life.

The only consolation left to antiquarians is the feeling that sentiment has been replaced by soap.

New York Beauties as Artists View Them.

By George M. Cathcart.

FOREIGNERS rightly affirm that the American beauty is the finest and fairest type of all the world. They are of the opinion that while the several distinctive charms of the many Continental types appeal strongly to the artist, in the American type is combined the greatest number. Whereas the French woman has vivacity and a certain chic, the Russian is an accomplished linguist and has grace of form which gives her charms of mind a distinctive setting, the Italian has the dreamy eye of the poet and the musician, while her sister of the north has a certain inexpressible ruggedness of beauty, the American has a combination of all these felicities that makes her the delight of the artist.



MISS RUTH MORE.
From a miniature by Amalia Küssner (Mrs. Coudert).

Aspiring painters have found in the distinctive American type a field for intimate and serious study. Some of the greatest have spent certain portions of the year in New York for the express purpose of making studies of American beauty, not alone to effect sales where there are so many who can afford to purchase paintings by celebrated painters, but to take home with them studies of new and original species of feminine loveliness. Men of accepted standing in European art circles, like Muller-Ury, Chartran, Helleu and others of a like excellence in portrait work have made pilgrimages frequently to the shrine of the American type and perpetuated it in numberless works of historical interest.

More than that, in America we have also developed a class of portrait men of the highest standing. Men like Hall, Porter, Naegele, Pennington and others of great merit, have made immense successes both here and abroad, but particularly in this country, where they cannot claim that they are without honor. Miss Amalia Küssner is an artist whose miniatures are justly deserving of the high regard in which they are held by society women both at home and abroad, particularly in England where this artist has been received among the best and given every opportunity to prove her talent.

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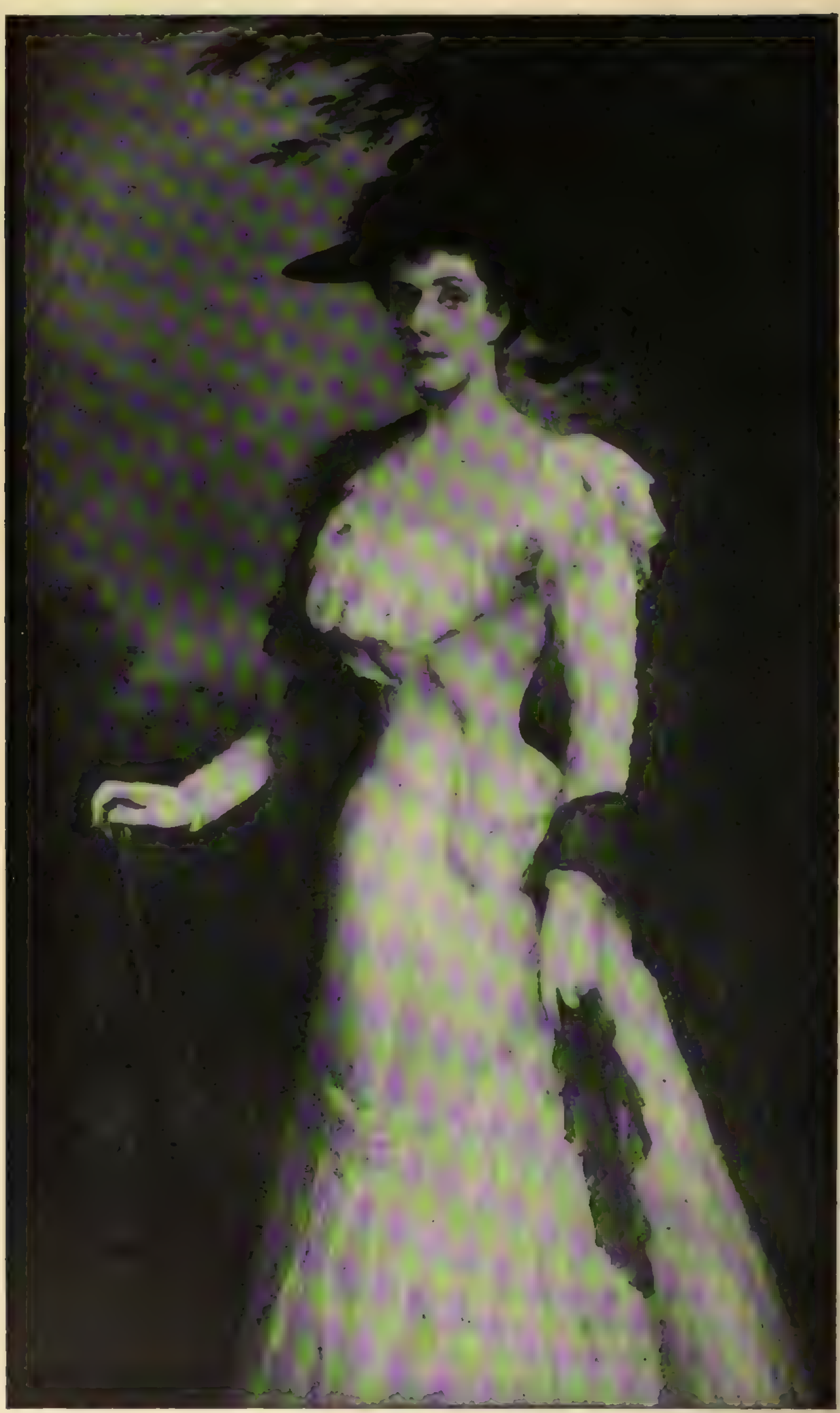

MRS. ROYAL PHELPS CARROLL.

From a painting by Harper Pennington.

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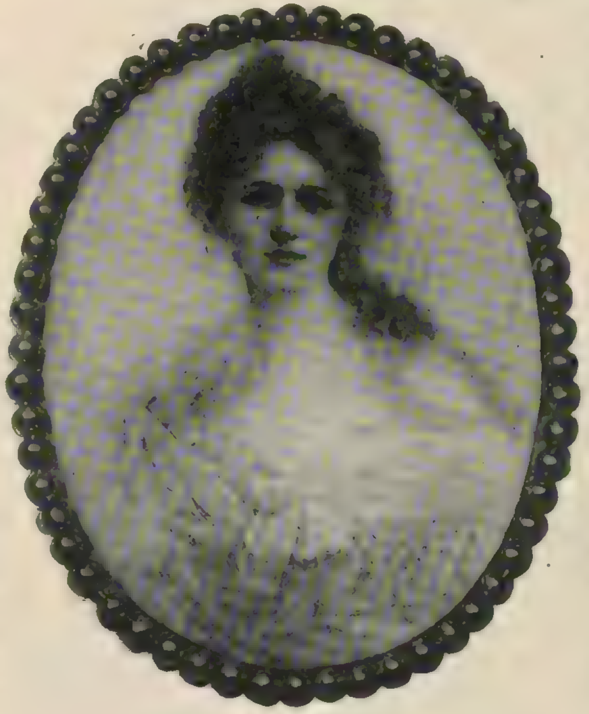
Some of the most beautiful women in New York have been painted by the German master, Monzig, who passes a certain time of the year in America. One of his most finished works is a portrait of Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, which ranks with the portraits of historical beauties, as does also the charming portrait of Mrs. Stevens Lloyd Bryce by the gifted painter, B. C. Porter.

It is exceedingly interesting to discover just wherein the American beauty differs from her Continental sister as a study in art, but the idea is expressed well in the works of the masters. There is a cosmopolitan air about the American type—she is thoroughly a creature of the world at large, at home in every clime and assimilates the best of the various nations and characters with whom she comes in contact. This advantage, greater than that afforded even the princesses of Europe, has developed a new and distinct feminine charm which may be said to be an illumination and an enlightenment rather than an enfranchisement or a self-assertive independence which Continental critics seem to believe somewhat overdone.

Certain it is, however, that American strenuosity and swift movement of scene has developed the American woman amazingly, and the painters of Europe, as well as of America, have not been long in discovering and perpetuating it.

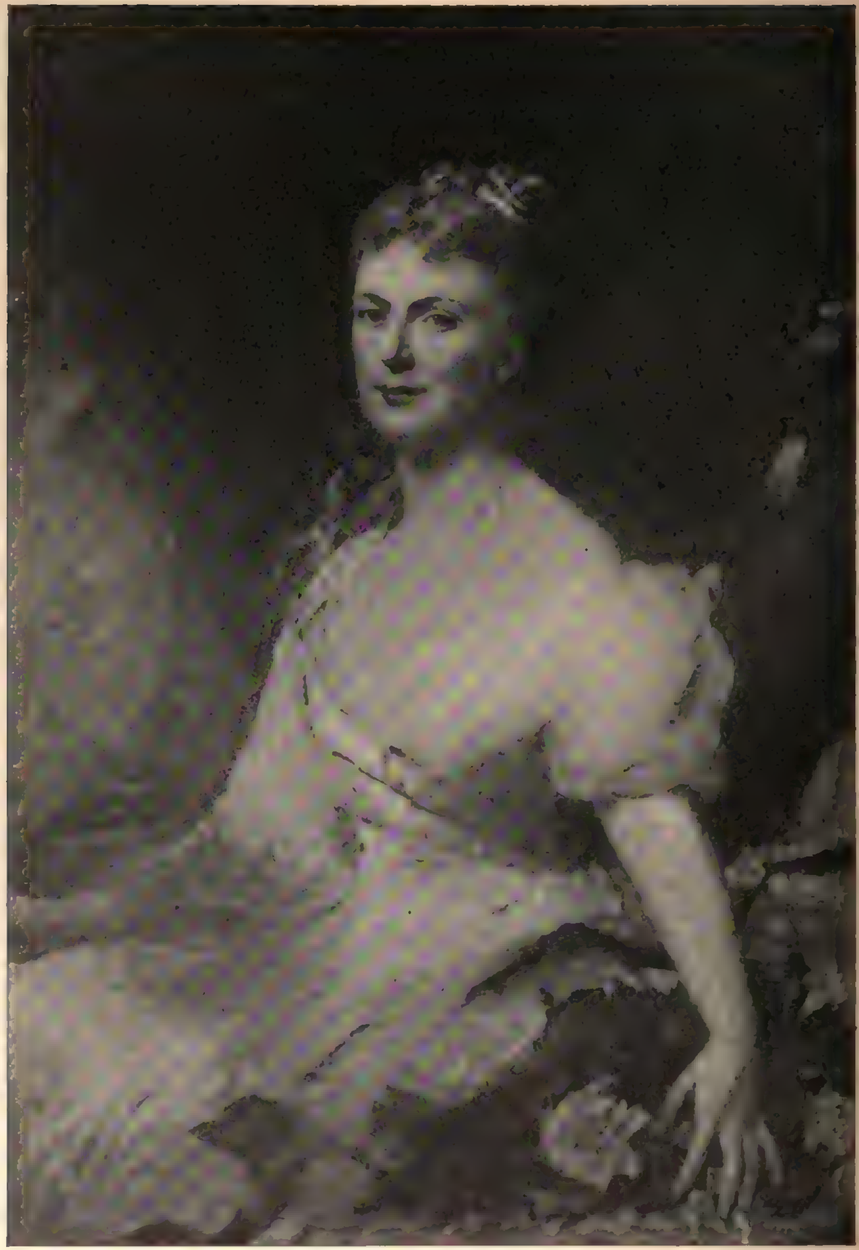
Miniature painters have caught certain subtle expressions that seem to have escaped the more ambitious works of the painters, and for that reason the miniature painter has been in great demand in New York society. There is an intimacy about a miniature that is not to be attained unless the subject is perfectly at ease, and as the miniature, like a photograph, may be worked over in the quiet of the drawing-room transformed for the time being into a studio, these portraits are treasured as family heirlooms.



HON. MRS. RAMSEY.
Daughter of the late Commodore Garrison.
From a miniature by Miss Küssner.

As works of art, they have a rank entirely distinct and individual. Miss Amalia Küssner's work has encouraged others to enter the field, and to-day there are many who make a specialty of this interesting feature of portrait work.

The encouragement given to our native artists by leaders of society has been most gratifying, the result being that we have in this country at present some of the finest portrait painters in the world—men who have sterling rank among their compeers in the capitals of Europe.



MRS. STEVENS LLOYD BRYCE.

From a painting by B. C. Porter.

American women have been very keen to realize merit in the home product, and while many thousands of dollars travel abroad every year, a goodly sum remains to encourage the pursuit of the ideal in our own American cities. Our art schools, likewise, are taking this branch of work most seriously and offering ever-increasing advantages to students desirous of perfecting themselves in painting.

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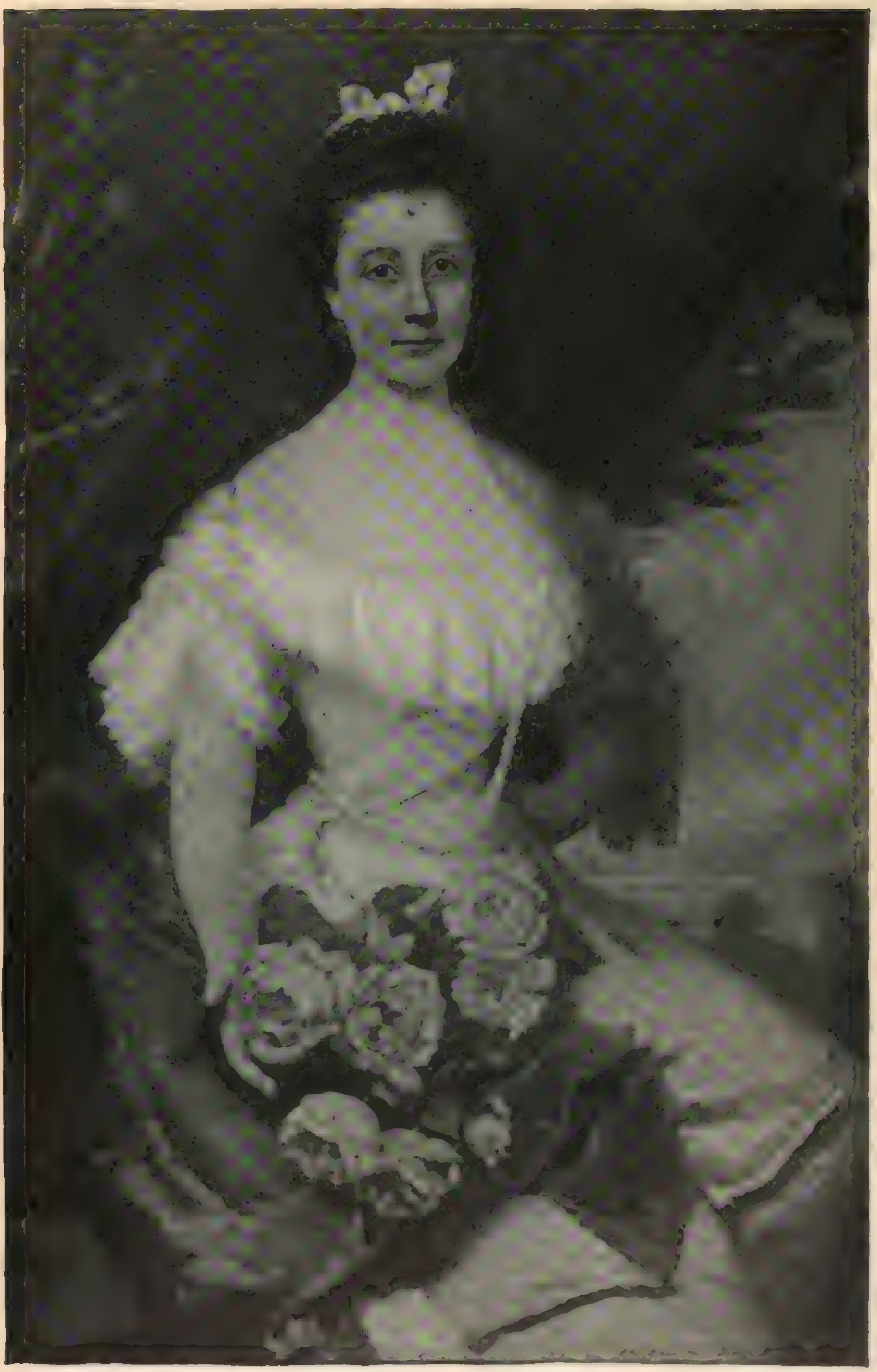

MRS. STUYVESANT FISH.

From a painting by Monzig.

Does Make-up Enhance American Beauty?

By Oliver Anson.

With Special Photographs by Tonnelé & Co., Posed for by Miss Ita Kamph.

TO paint or not to paint, that's the question.

Whether the American beauty is of herself sufficient in her charm, or whether it were better to emulate her Continental sisters and repair to the make-up box for consolation against little shortcomings : such is the problem that confronts the modern queen.

Preparing to embellish and thicken the eyelashes.

A simple rouging process.

The Italian girl learns to paint and powder almost from the cradle. The French maiden is infinitely more artful, concealing the evidences of her gentle craft. The English maid scorns any yielding to this fad, in spite of the fact that now and then there is one who might reasonably enhance the beauties of nature, with becoming grace and without harm—indeed rather with advantage to herself. The Russian beauty insists upon dabbling a little in the dangerous art handed down to her from the French court, but the American girl has as yet been very chary of this indulgence in which there is such danger of detection and of overdoing in the hands of the unskilled.

The question arises, however: does the American beauty really need to call upon art at all in order to help her out in the natural coquetries which are her privileges and her due ? This is something that defies all the critical ingenuities of man, and must be left solely to those gentle arbiters themselves who are said now and then to lapse into a pretty little vice that they condemn in others. The art of make-up is the art that conceals art, but just how far and how skilfully one may go is a question which the guilty ones alone must decide.

The American climate is notoriously hard on complexions unless great care is taken to preserve health and keep the red blood moving. When sufficient exercise is enjoyed, however, it is well known that

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USING A PREPARATION TO EMPHASIZE THE LIPS AND THE CORNERS OF THE EYES.

the complexions of American women match that of even the peasant maidens of Sweden, who are said to have the finest complexions in the world. That velvety texture of the skin, that fullness and glowing health of the curves in the cheek and temples, and all the dimpled winsomeness of the lower face may be preserved in this climate longer than in any other. There have been famous instances of women preserving their beauty beyond the half century mark.

However, whether they found the make-up box an aid and a preservative, or a hindrance and a bane, is something that must be decided by other criteria. And just how little and how much, if indeed at all, an American girl may safely resort to the paint-box would make an interesting symposium. We should like to hear from our fair critics on this much tabooed subject, always supposing that when they have something to say, that something must be truthful!

Two Typical New York Politicians.

By James A. Grady.

FROM car driver to the seats of the mighty is a great stride, but one man in New York has accomplished it, and that is "Silent Charley" Murphy, the new chief of Tammany Hall. Mr. Murphy was the strong candidate of the Sullivan-Croker faction, and their logical representative. On the sunny side of fifty, Mr. Murphy has had experiences which have entitled him to the notice of the historian of men and affairs of this great metropolis and is destined to be a power

Photograph by De Younge, New York.

TAMMANY LEADER CHARLES F. MURPHY.

in the land. He became known as a man who could manage any political *coup* that was needed to land a candidate successfully in the legislature or in Congress. It was a wise choice that gave "Silent Charley" the leadership of what is perhaps the most powerful political organization on this or "any other" hemisphere.

One of the most prominent figures in New York politics is Timothy "Dry Dollar" Sullivan, district leader, and general man of affairs. It was Mr. Sullivan who was influential in placing "Silent Charley" Murphy in the chair vacated by Tammany's former chief. Mr. Sullivan, like Chief Murphy, arose from the ranks by slow and laborious conquest, and is essentially a man of the people in every sense of the word. Besides being a political power, he is a real estate owner.

Photograph by Altman, New York.

STATE SENATOR TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN.

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ONE OF THE DROP CURTAIN SCENES.

These scenes are shown the audience before the play begins, in order to fill the theatre with the requisite Japanese atmosphere.

"The Darling of the Gods" as an Art Study.

By A. E. Sparling.

With Three Flashlights by Joseph Byron, New York.

GANJERO YETO is the artist who is responsible in a large measure for one of the most artistic productions that ever delighted the eyes of the metropolitan theatre-goer. In the superb production, "The Darling of the Gods," at the Belasco Theatre, there are effects which defy the imagination. Critics thought that the little play, "Madame Butterfly," was a concrete piece of old Japan lifted bodily and brought to New York, but the latest drama of the same author, John Luther Long, and the dramatist, David Belasco, distances all that has gone before.

The weirdest effects are achieved in a manner that at once excites wonder and astonishes by their very fidelity to the original. The costumes are not the product of Grand street ingenuity and imitation. They are the real things, brought from Japan, and of the rarest design, displaying the most exquisite embroidery and the most ravishing colors.

Each scene is an art study in itself, and it is no wonder that the artist exclaimed when his work was all done: "Ah, it makes me homesick for Japan again!"

Yeto is a Japanese himself, hailing from a long line of artists; he was born near Nagasaki, the southern port of Japan. He came to New York after the World's Fair at Chicago, and started in to make a name for himself in the art world. The late John Twachtman, of the League, saw

MISS ADA LEWIS AND MISS BLANCHE BATES.

In Act I. of “The Darling of the Gods.”

possibilities in Yeto, and encouraged him in his art work, with the result that he has achieved a name as an original artist.

Never in the history of the stage has there been such a demand for the real in contradistinction to the imitation as at present, and whereas stage properties a few years ago were miserable trumperies at best, the tendency now is toward realism. The result has been that such plays as “The Darling of the Gods” have been hailed as forerunners of the New Drama which is essentially the exponent of realism and insists upon having the true and exact at whatsoever cost. Even Irving, pronounced to be the master stage manager of the world, has never surpassed the scenic effects of the latest Belasco production. Strong as is the play, the result of the marvelous appeal to the eye is such as to dim the lustre of the text. The science of appealing to the ear, the eye and the sense of smell first of all and to the intellect afterward is here

MR. ROBERT T. HAINES AND MISS BLANCHE BATES.
In Act II. of "The Darling of the Gods."

brought to perfection. The most enchanting scenes bathed in the most gorgeous lights and obscured by incense follow one another so that one imagines the dream of the elder poets come true.

Naturally one asks what the end will be?

Men like Belasco set the pace which few can follow, and of course the public will ever seek the newest and the most beautiful. If one could spend a million dollars on a single production, the public would be only too delighted, so long as the front-row seats were not priced beyond all reason.

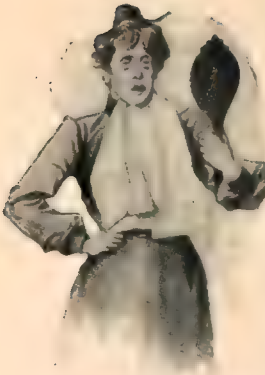
But it has now reached a point where, unless a play is magnificently staged, there is little hope for its long and successful run in this jaded, surfeited, pace-setting metropolis.

Another fact is that Americans, who for years took their cues from England, no longer do so now, but overleap the Britons at their own game.

The Americans prove at all events to be an artistic people.

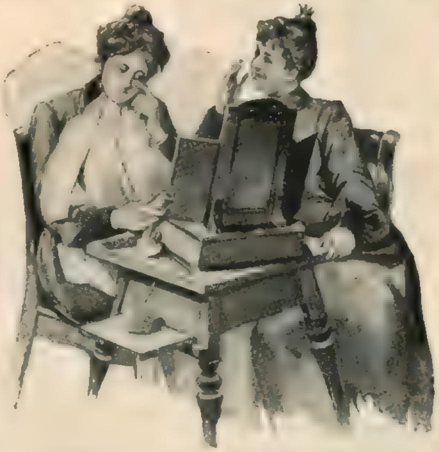
At a School of Etiquette.

By Theodore Ainsley.



"The girls know that they are not fit."

HOW to Behave! What a number of well-meaning people there are who would give much of what they own if they only knew—people who are in a constant agony of doubt about certain small things such as the correct knife to use for fish, or the appropriate method of acknowledging an introduction with ease and grace!



"The society use of cosmetics is not at all the same thing as the stage use of these materials."

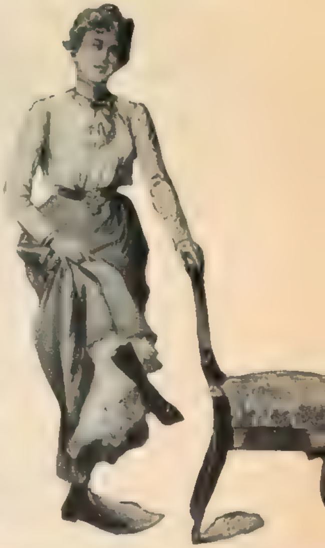
There are certain ambitious families of humble origin which, having accumulated something more than the average amount of wealth, desire to shine in a grade of society higher than that which they have been adorning hitherto. Mrs. O'Smith, whose husband, a contractor, has gradually made a quarter of a million dollars on some particularly lucrative pieces of work, does not care to associate longer with Mrs. Ajones whose husband is still pegging away at his small salary of $30 a week as a bookkeeper, and the daughters of the O'Smith family agree with their mother with no dissenting voice.

But the girls know that they are not fit, by reason of their lack of education and training, to associate right away with the other quarter-million contingent whose education and training have been gathered instinctively, as it were, and they must learn. The question is: how?

For just such people as the O'Smiths a school has been established in New York—a School of Etiquette, where young women who aspire to be real ladies, and who can afford to learn, are taught the proper way to talk, walk, smile, dress, dance and discreetly flirt.

The school does not advertise in the newspapers. Nevertheless, it exists. What is more, it makes a lot of money and flourishes like a green bay tree. The head and owner of it is an Englishman of irreproachable manners and appearance who is never seen by the pupils or by the visitors, all business being conducted through his sister who is employed by him as a general director.

The first thing done to the pupil when the course of instruction begins is to ask her: "How do you do?" Upon the manner and style of her reply hangs the nature of her first lesson. She is taught to respond amiably but with not



"The Shibboleth is always, 'be graceful,'

"The natural pose of the body is regarded as most important."

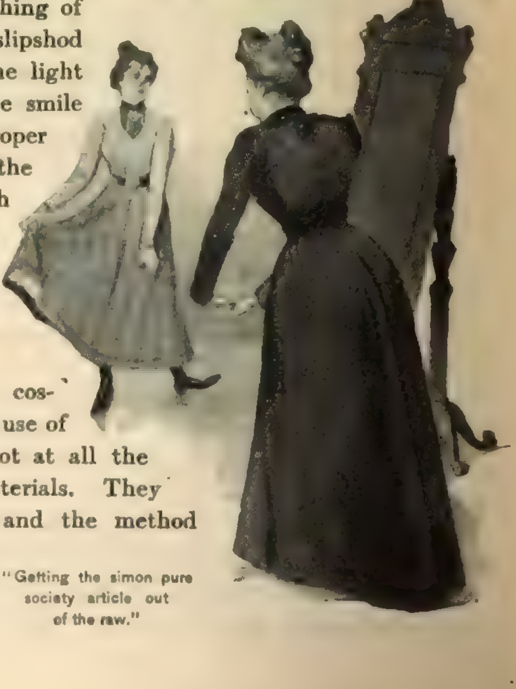
Walking and dancing are considered as not among the least interesting of the studies in the curriculum at the School of Etiquette. The natural pose of the body is regarded as "most important," to quote the general director. The shibboleth is always, "be graceful."

The length of time to get the simon pure society article out of the raw is difficult to estimate. Sometimes it takes but little more than a month; at others it requires eight or nine months. The average American girl is of an assimilative nature, and learns easily, but there are difficult cases.

The idea of such a school as this will naturally make many people smile, but it does not make the pupil smile, nor does it arouse ridicule in the breasts of the *nouveaux riches* who place their daughters there. The course is gone through with too much earnestness.

too much fervor. The proper smile is shown her. The smile is not merely smiled and that's all; no, the smile is a thing of too much importance to be done in such a slipshod manner. It is taught by stages: first, the light in the eyes; second, the dawning of the smile proper (not that there is anything improper about it); third, the full effulgence of the smile; fourth, the breakaway; and fifth and lastly, the disappearance. The last stage is the most difficult of all, and has to be practised time and again in order that it may not degenerate into a simper or a grin.

Making up, or the society use of cosmetics, is taught here also. The society use of cosmetics, it must not be forgotten, is not at all the same thing as the stage use of those materials. They are laid on in a more delicate manner and the method is also different from that used by women who wish their complexions to be admired on the street.



"Getting the simon pure society article out of the raw."

A Winning Little Flirt.

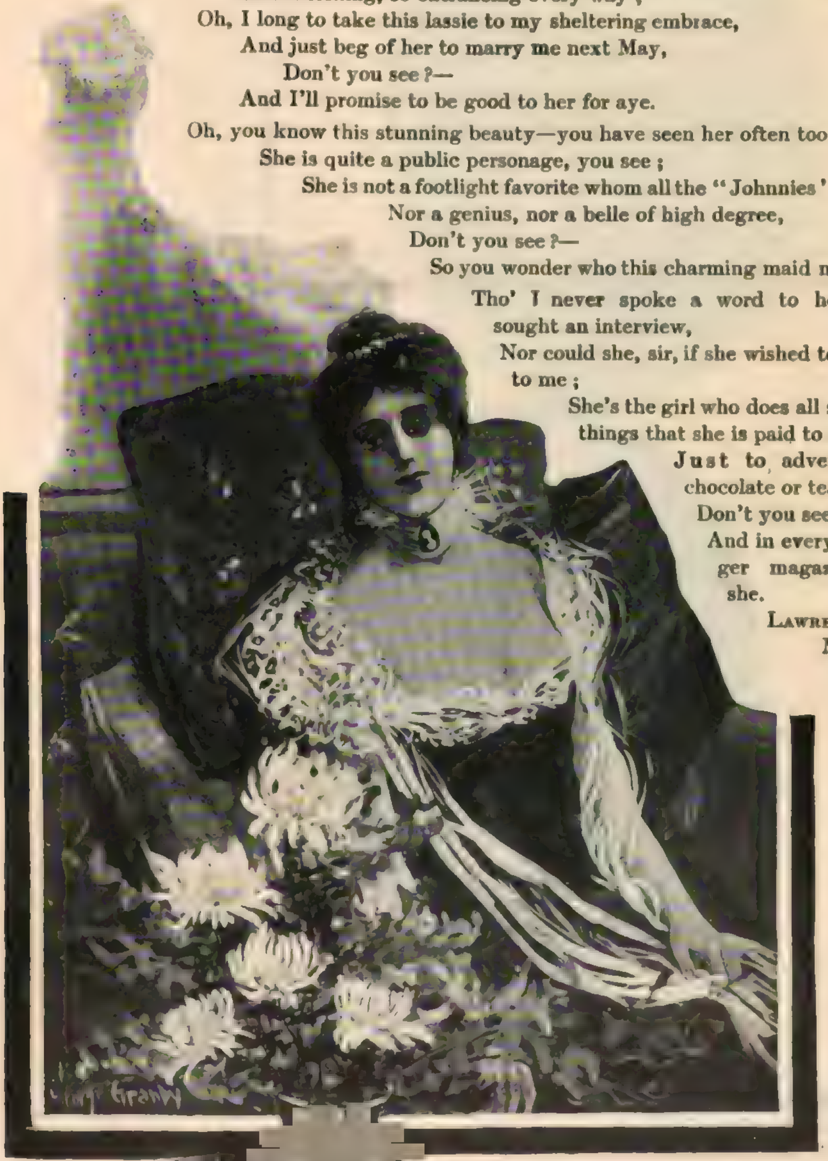
THERE'S a gentle little lassie with a dimpled smiling face,
And I meet her, yes, I meet her everywhere ;
She has classic-modeled shoulders and a most patrician grace,
With a fluffy, wavy, fetching wealth of hair,
Don't you see ?—
And it wreathes around her veined temples fair.

How she eyes me with a twinkle in her stunning gown of lace,
So bewitching, so entrancing every way ;
Oh, I long to take this lassie to my sheltering embrace,
And just beg of her to marry me next May,
Don't you see ?—
And I'll promise to be good to her for aye.

Oh, you know this stunning beauty—you have seen her often too,
She is quite a public personage, you see ;
She is not a footlight favorite whom all the "Johnnies" woo,
Nor a genius, nor a belle of high degree,
Don't you see ?—
So you wonder who this charming maid may be.

Tho' I never spoke a word to her, nor sought an interview,
Nor could she, sir, if she wished to speak to me ;
She's the girl who does all sorts of things that she is paid to do,
Just to advertise a chocolate or tea,
Don't you see ?—
And in every swagger magazine is she.

Lawrence Millin.



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Coming Billionaires.

By Oxnard Phillips.

ONE billion dollars.

Does not the very sound give one a thrill, as if the utterance were beyond comprehension, to say nothing of impossibility?

And yet there are two men upon whom the eyes of the whole world are now fixed. One is the great financial organizer, J. Pierpont Morgan, and the other is the Standard Oil king, John D. Rockefeller, Sr.

These two powers in finance are as different from each other as if they might have been born on different hemispheres. Mr. Rockefeller has made all his money through one channel, Mr. Morgan through many. Standard Oil interests have branched into many, it is true, but this was the one lever that brought down so many smaller enterprises and merged them into a monster whole.

President Dickerson, of the American Tin Plate Trust, affirmed at a recent dinner, that the time would soon be at hand when men with a rating of one billion dollars would be as thick as millionaires are to-day, and that men capable of dealing with financial enterprises involving thirteen or fourteen figures would be as common as there are men now who deal in affairs involving seven.

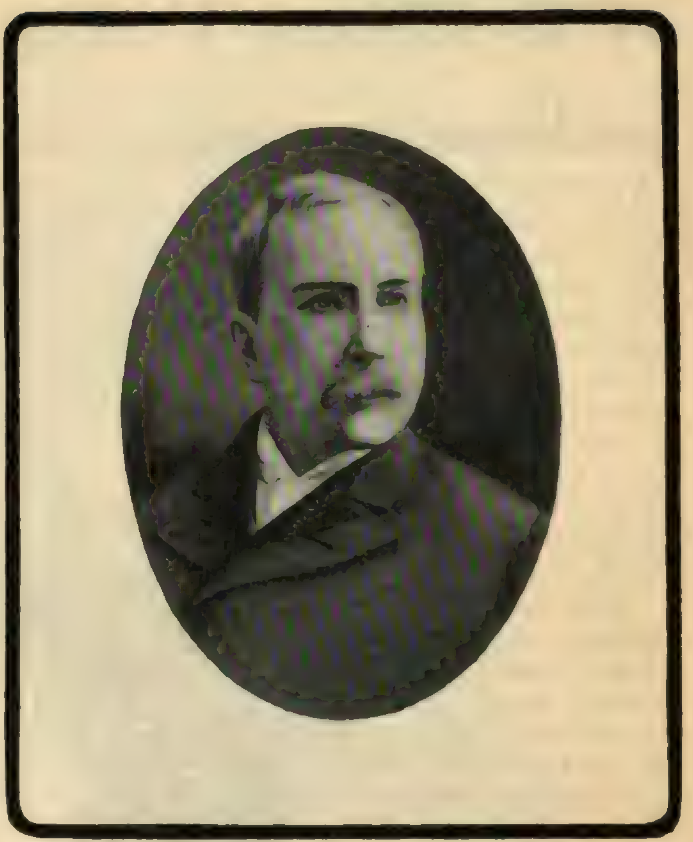
Foreigners claim that colossal fortunes, such as are being built up in this country, are a positive menace. Be that as it may, the fact remains that such colossal aggregations of capital go on accumulating and that there is nothing to stop them. Money makes money, and it is just as easy to handle a great machine as a small one, for the lever to draw the throttle of a locomotive and tender costs just as much

Photograph by Pach, New York.

MR. JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN.

energy as that to draw a train of a hundred cars.

Both Mr. Morgan and Mr. Rockefeller are famous for their charities. The former has devoted his millions exclusively or almost exclusively to metropolitan enterprises in the interest of the poor, while the latter's benefactions have taken an educational trend. No one will ever know how much is annually given away by these men, but it is something enormous, and requires the employment of a whole bureau. These benefactions are largely secret, so that only a part of the bounty becomes known to the general public through the press, both men believing in doing with their right hands without their left hand knowing of it. The billionaire is not an illusion nor a thing of improbability, as many suppose. He is a coming feature in our national history, and inevitable.



Photograph by Pach, New York.

MR. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, SR.

Both Mr. Morgan and Mr. Rockefeller are gigantic workers. The former labors at his desk as hard as the hardest underling in his employ, and organization may be said to be his only recreation. In this era of money-making, the pursuit of the elusive dollar is about the only sport that Americans of wealth enjoy. The man with thousands wants a million, and the millionaire longs to be the billionaire. Americans have generally succeeded in attaining what they set out to achieve, and hence the billionaire is a logical sequence. It is, therefore, a neck and neck race between Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Morgan, with the odds in the favor of the latter.

There are many who predict harder times and severer social conditions when billionaires are rife, but the economists who know how these intricate financial matters are figured out claim that a certain compensation always balances the equation, and that there will be only a slight difference between large concentrations and actual government ownership, as the late Edward Bellamy brought out in his illustrious work, "Looking Backward." However, these are mere problems.

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A Brilliant Young Player.

By Claude Estine.

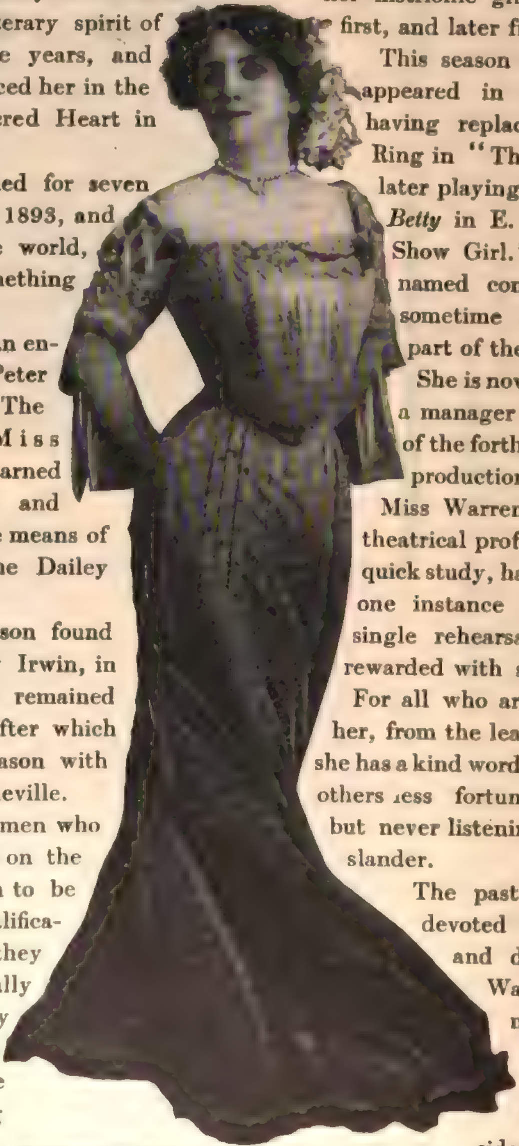
Miss KATHLEEN WARREN is a notable young woman of the stage. Coming originally from Boston she imbibed the literary spirit of that centre for some years, and then her parents placed her in the Academy of the Sacred Heart in Philadelphia.

There she remained for seven years, graduating in 1893, and went forth into the world, determined to do something worth doing.

She soon secured an engagement with the Peter Dailey Company in "The Country Sport." Miss Warren had by this learned to dance gracefully, and this gift found ample means of expression during the Dailey engagement.

The following season found her with Miss May Irwin, in whose company she remained for three seasons, after which she appeared for a season with Henry Dixey in vaudeville.

There are some women who have attained success on the stage, but who seem to be without the least qualification for it. Even they themselves occasionally stop and wander why it is they have succeeded and when there will be an awakening on the part of the public. A woman like Miss Kathleen Warren never has moods of this character, for she knew of her histrionic gifts, by instinct at first, and later from experience.



Photograph by Marceau, New York.

MISS KATHLEEN WARREN.

This season Miss Warren has appeared in two productions, having replaced Miss Blanche Ring in "The Defender" and later playing the part of *Lady Betty* in E. E. Rice's "The Show Girl." With the last named company she closed sometime during the early part of the year.

She is now negotiating with a manager to appear in one of the forthcoming New York productions.

Miss Warren is noted in the theatrical profession for being a quick study, having in more than one instance appeared after a single rehearsal only and been rewarded with success.

For all who are associated with her, from the least to the greatest, she has a kind word, ever encouraging others less fortunate than herself, but never listening to the voice of slander.

The past year has been devoted to voice culture and dancing. Miss Warren is one of the most graceful dancers on the American stage. She is also considered one of its best-gowned women.

Photograph by White, New York.

MISS JANE HOLLY,

Who was in the company presenting the original production of "Hearts Aflame." Miss Holly is a young actress who has set her heart upon attaining a high position in her chosen profession, for which her talents and beauty should be of no little assistance.

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Was Mascagni Blameless or to Blame?

By Alexander Darrow.

THE visit of Pietro Mascagni to this country has been notable and unique in more ways than one.

There was great rejoicing among the musical when the announcement was first made that the Italian maestro was to make a tour in the United States, and perform his own compositions. About a visit of this kind there would naturally be some expectation and eagerness, and it was conjectured that much profit would accrue from the enterprise.

PIETRO MASCAGNI, THE ITALIAN COMPOSER.

The managers of the maestro were the Mittenthal Brothers, a theatrical firm which had already attained some fame in managerial work and were likely to secure more from the Mascagni project.

It is a matter of history that the affair did not turn out well at all. Far be it from me to pass judgment upon either Mascagni or the Mittenthal Brothers, but there was something wrong somewhere, and the trouble became manifest quite early in the proceedings.

The first note of discord was sounded at a dinner tendered to the composer by a number of his compatriots in New York. The dinner was magnificent in its plan and scope, and only one thing marred its success. This was the absence of the person to whom the repast was tendered. The Italian Prince of Denmark, it was learned, was forbidden to appear at the Hamlet dinner by his manager, who claimed to dictate all the movements of his client while in this country, both professional and social. Mascagni gave way and his fellow-countrymen were naturally incensed.

Then came snatches of rumors of financial difficulties. The tour, we were informed, was not the success which had been anticipated by the Mittenthal Brothers, and they became, moreover, embroiled in money disputes with the

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composer. They, therefore, drew out, and Mascagni was compelled to secure other managerial help.

Offers of money and advice came to Mascagni from various citizens, and finally, accepting some and rejecting others, the composer quarreled with Mr. Heard, his personal manager. In the meanwhile, the Mittenthals had gone to the length of having Mascagni jailed. He was quickly bailed out, of course. The incident developed a peculiar trait in the maestro—or a trait that seems peculiar to Americans. Whenever he encountered an obstacle of this kind or a hostile move, he wept.

The difficulty between Mascagni and his managers is the old one that has always existed between Art undefiled and Commerce. By Art undefiled we mean Art with no inclination to study its financial side. Mascagni was by no means averse to receiving all the money he could possibly get for his work, but he would not go about getting it on regular and recognized American business principles. Both he and the members of his company were continually making demands for salaries in advance and his managers felt that such proceedings were unreasonable, especially if they were kept up as a regular thing. Their refusal to accede to the composer's requests naturally irritated his artistic soul, and he broke the traces whenever he chafed.

SIGNOR MASCAGNI, IN ANOTHER POSE.

The general feeling among the public is that Mascagni has been shabbily treated. This statement is simply a record of fact. It is the general feeling. But my opinion is that there were faults on both sides and that Mascagni proved a too difficult subject to permit of the tour being an unqualified success as outlined at the beginning.

As to Mascagni personally. He is a man thirty years of age, with none of the eccentricities of face or figure to suggest a genius. His hair, brushed pompadour fashion, is of normal length, and his temper and manners are said to be sweet and good-natured. He is given over entirely to music, however, and cares little for aught else.

Google

The Stage in New York.

ILLUSTRATED WITH SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

POOR ELIZABETH TYREE! How can she ever hope to be a star when the great American dramatist seems dead set against her! First Miss Tyree appeared in "Molly Pitcher"—which was very foolish of her. From the first this play showed no signs of strength. Then she rested awhile and came before the New York public again in "Gretna Green," by Grace Livingston Furniss.

"Gretna Green" is, of course, built around the famous Scotch town where a begrimed blacksmith acted as parson and united eloping couples at the rate of several a day.

No wonder New York would not have "Gretna Green." There was nothing to it beyond its pretty title. It had no dramatic purpose. It was simply a drooling, pappy sort of dramatic concoction that had no more backbone than a fur boa. Hence there was no particular reason for believing that it was destined to run for any length of time—and it did not.

Miss Tyree is rapidly leaving off her old perky ways, and becoming an exceedingly good comedienne. All her comedy work in "Gretna Green" was good, just as her serious work was bad. The moment Miss Tyree makes up her mind to become a comedienne pure and simple, her future is assured. She has good looks to aid her, and a buoyant temperament that will not down.

Mr. Max Figman as *Richard Murray, the Earl of Bassett*, accepted the post of leading man with Miss Tyree at the last moment. It would, therefore, be unfair and cruel to express all one's opinions regarding his work as Miss

The hoopskirt dance from "When Johnny Comes Marching Home."

From a Flashlight by Hall, New York.

Scene from "Heidelberg," with Mr Aubrey Boucicault and Miss Minnie Dupree in the centre.

From a Flashlight by Byron, New York.

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Scene from "Gretna Green"—Miss Elizabeth Tyree seated at table.
From a flashlight by Byron, New York.

Tyree's chief support. No doubt he did his best.

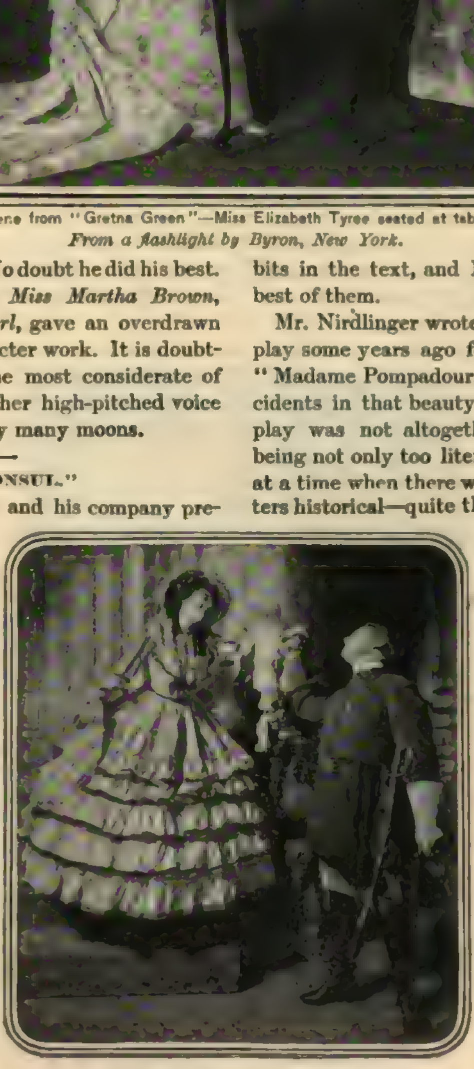
Miss Eva Vincent as *Miss Martha Brown*, foster-mother of the *Earl*, gave an overdrawn but amusing bit of character work. It is doubtful, however, if even the most considerate of earls would have stood her high-pitched voice around the house for very many moons.

"THE CONSUL."

MR. LOUIS MANN and his company presented "The Consul" at the Princess Theatre and came in for their share of criticism, perhaps not altogether favorable, but still showing no evidences of a frost. The play is by that accomplished raconteur, Charles Frederick Nirdlinger, late of *Town Topics*, and one of the most brilliant writers and critics of the metropolitan press. It cannot be said that Mr. Nirdlinger made the very best of his situations in the drama of the consul to Carinthia; but there are some very clever bits in the text, and Mr. Mann has made the best of them.

Mr. Nirdlinger wrote a brilliant and scholarly play some years ago for Miss Martinot, called "Madame Pompadour," founded upon the incidents in that beauty's eventful career. The play was not altogether a success, however, being not only too literary, but also appearing at a time when there was little interest in matters historical—quite the reverse from the present. The later play of the dramatist is in no wise the serious work of the former which brought forth unqualified praise from critics when it was published in book form, being more of a play for reading than for acting.

"The Consul" does not claim to be altogether original, the subsidiary plot being from the French; therefore, Mr. Nirdlinger has some excuse for the play's worst points.



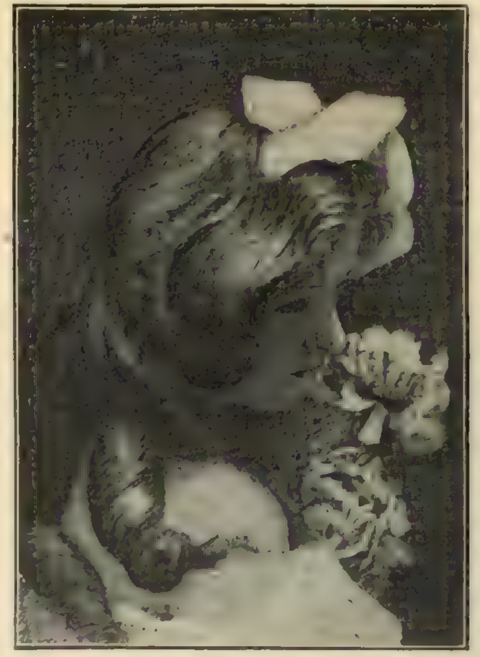
Miss Kennedy and Mr. Stewart in a scene from "When Johnny Comes Marching Home."
From a flashlight by Hall, New York.

"MR. PICKWICK."

TO turn Charles Dickens into a musical comedy is not one of the easiest tasks in the world, and Mr. Charles Kline, his brother Manuel and the lyrist, Mr. Stewart, are to be congratulated upon having attained a reasonable amount of success. De Wolf Hopper approaches the legitimate in "Pickwick," and only now and then lapses into the old-time rough and tumble jollity that characterized him in the comic opera field. Digby Bell was in evidence, but his part was not such as to burst buttons. The music was clever and in some respects original, with some numbers included that are sure to be popular favorites—"The Story of the Rainbow," for example.

Thrilling scene from "Jim Bludso," at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, with Mr. Robert Hilliard and Miss Jessie Mae Hall.
From a flashlight by Byron, New York.

The lyrics of the comedy may be said to redeem some of the shortcomings of the play; catchy, clean and really meritorious lyrics are very difficult to attain in this day of uneven and sometimes actually meretrictious versifying. The lyrists of accepted fame are so rushed for copy that they take little time to polish their lines, and the result has been that absolute doggeral has been accepted from writers of acknowledged reputation.



MISS SANDOL MILLIKEN.
Of "A Bird in a Cage."
From a drawing by Eisenhardt.

"THE UNFORESEEN."

CAPTAIN MARSHALL'S new play at the Empire, is worth seeing. Miss Margaret Anglin has an opportunity in this play which she has heretofore sadly needed, for she is a woman of talent. The plot is a simple one withal, although there are moments of great perplexity wherein there is a chance for subtle work. The heroine is engaged to a worthy fellow whom she meets at a hotel in Paris. They are to be married the following day. The hotel is crowded, owing to the official visit of the crowned head of Russia. The pair intend to part for the night and occupy separate hotels, but just then an army man, a friend of the lover, and a young curate, also an acquaintance, are encountered. The lover, in order to shield his fiancée in the dilemma, introduces the army man to her, boldly asserting that the maiden is his wife. The lovers afterward quarrel and there is no marriage. The maid returns home and the lover commits suicide. The curate becomes blind, and having fallen in love with the heroine, marries her. Afterward he recovers his sight and recognizes the woman whom he has believed to be the wife of another man. The denouement is well worthy of the dramatist. Mr. Charles Richman, of whom the matinee girl always expects the very best things and sometimes does not get them, will find this one of the occasions, as his curate is not especially impressive. There is an

Miss Louise Gunning, Mr. De Wolf Hopper, Miss Marguerite Clark, and Mr. Grant Stewart
in the operatic dramatization, "Mr. Pickwick," at the Herald Square Theatre.

From a flashlight by Byron, New York.

opportunity for an earnest, versatile actor in this rôle, and the seriousness with which Mr. Richman takes himself ought to be a sure guarantee of excellence. Success may deepen his interest, however, and make all there is to be made in the part.

"THE BIRD IN THE CAGE."

WE have heard of Clyde Fitch's wonderful fecundity, by which extraordinary talent he is enabled to indite a masterpiece in either tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable or poem unlimited, between his caviar and sherry nightcap and bedtime. The little play at the Bijou, however, beats all previous Clyde line rapid transit records. It must have been written on a corner of his shaving-paper while his valet was stropping the razor. Even the rollicking unconventionalities of the old-school mimer, Edward Harrigan, could not save it from icicles nor give it the aspect of having been constructed on anything but Buddenseck principles out of old cast-off German junk material at that. The excellent work that Clyde Fitch has done in the past and his enormous success as a purveyor of brilliancies to the million, has led him to emulate the medical oil men who spend two million dollars advertising their wares, and then suddenly lying low to gather in the rake-off for the following five or ten years. With the comparatively excellent plays that are just now floating about New York unwritten, to go to Germany to secure a plot and some machineries that are third rate at best, and by throwing over it

Miss Clara Bloodgood and Mr. Robert Drouet
In "The Girl with the Green Eyes" at the Savoy Theatre.

From a flashlight by Byron. New York.

the glamor of the Fitch name, in all earnestness and good faith at that, strikes the critic as being a little short-sighted. I foresee a split between the young dramatist (who is aching to emulate J. Pierpont as a money-gatherer) and the Frohman contingency, which has bought a layer of golden eggs only to discover that of late the product has turned out to be iron pyrites. Mr. Fitch should take a full week off to do the next adaptation and so redeem himself.

"MICE AND MEN."

THIS sentimental comedy at the Garrick has drawn excellently and given the dainty star, Annie Russell, an opportunity to display her limited, but exceedingly choice and piquant talent, Miss Madeleine Lucette Ryley—ye gods! think of a Mountmorency Murphy or a Percy Piereponte O'Hooligan—wrote the little play with as much of the Madeleine-Lucette manner, and as little of the Ryley, as possible. The third act is weaker than the first, as, I believe, all the succeeding acts are. However, it is asking too much for any woman to be thoroughly even-tempered and consistent for three mortal hours without once lapsing, and the run in London which the play enjoyed was quite justified. Mrs. Gilbert came in for a vast deal of welcome. A masculine touch here and there would improve Miss Ryley's drama, but perhaps it would likewise jolt in like the clang of an anvil in a string quartette. Miss Russell will succeed with the play, even though she does rive our sympathies by emulating sockless Jerry Simpson.

"MR. BLUE BEARD."

DRURY LANE has been responsible for many things terrible to behold, and many others that were a delight to the eye. But seldom has the revered name brought so many different varieties of joy as in "Mr. Blue Beard," now running at the Knickerbocker. It is a poem—rather Ossianesque and stilted, to be sure, but a poem all the same, appealing to the ear, the eye and the intelligence. Mr. John J. McNally adapted the play to the American stage, Frederick Solomon coined the music, and J. Cheever Goodwin did the lyrics in a manner that suggests his old work which was, at its best, of a high order. Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger outdid themselves with this production. I do not dare to commit myself as to the possible cost of such a lavish production, and if I rang up the press agent for information, he would probably name a figure that would make Rockefeller gasp and shrink into a pint-cup. But it is a masterly piece of costuming and stage-setting for all that, with one picture following another with amazing rapidity, and like the prizes in a church grab bag, no two alike.

"The Triumph of the Magic Fan" is a ballet that would have made the dear old ballet-masters of the Mapleson days—and ballet-masters in those times were fêted like princes—look like a yellow gun-wad beside a bright, new double eagle. I do not understand these magic spectacles, or how the miracles are performed, but they are fearfully and wonderfully constructed. Perhaps, like woman's love and

MISS CECILIA LOFTUS.
The *Ophelia* to Mr. Sothern's *Hamlet*.
From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

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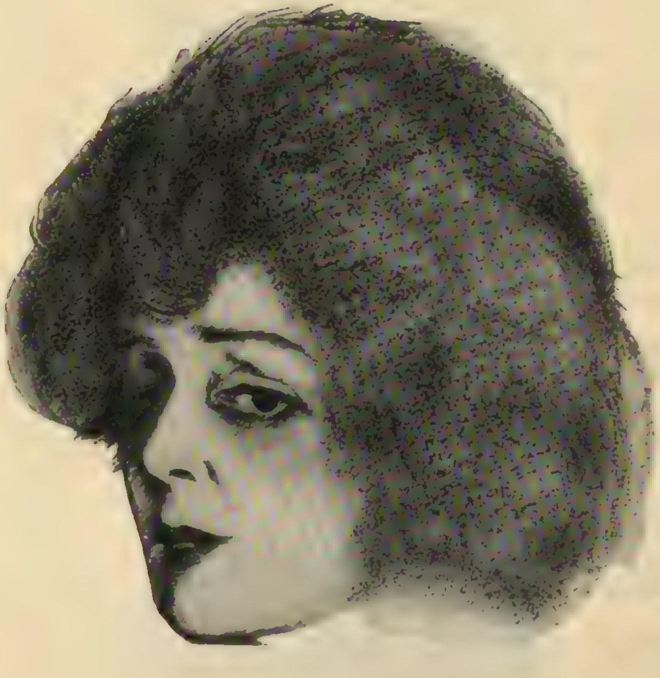

MRS. LESLIE CARTER, BY ERNEST HASKELL.

REPRODUCED FROM THE FAMOUS POSTER IN COLOR.
See No. 1 of "Broadway Weekly" for reproduction
of this poster in colors.

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the following three million years, from Prometheus down to George Ade. Yet such is the case, for the great mass of thinking people dearly love a paradox. The Greeks had their ill-natured people, like Diogenes and Aristophanes, the Romans their Tacitus and Lucan, the French their Voltaire and Rochefoucauld, England her Henry Arthur Jones and Pinero, and now America claims her Herford, Dunn, and last, but not least if indeed latest, George Ade. "The Sultan of Sulu" contains many things quite worthy of the author of fables in slang. Here are some of them:

"The Constitution and the cocktail follow the flag."

"Married life is an education."

"I love you only as a West Pointer can love the only woman in sight."

"You don't think I would be so impolite to a woman who was not my wife, do you?"

"A governor is the noblest work of the campaign committee."

"Don't the ladies of your country smoke?" "The ladies do; the women don't."

"Are you engaged?" "In a sort of way." "You mean you are engaged, but you do not know if it will take."

"According to the *Ladies' Home Journal*, it is not considered good form for a wife to hang around when her husband is proposing marriage to another woman."

Such witticisms as these are far superior to the "Tanqueray" brand of epigram, which was the inverted proverb for the most part, as for instance, "It is bad form for husband and wife to pay attentions to each other on the street. It's too much like washing one's clean linen in public." After all, Sheridan and old Dr. Johnson were the subtlest at epigram. Witness, "Second marriages are the triumphs of hope over experience." Has even the Windy City wit improved much on this manner, think you?

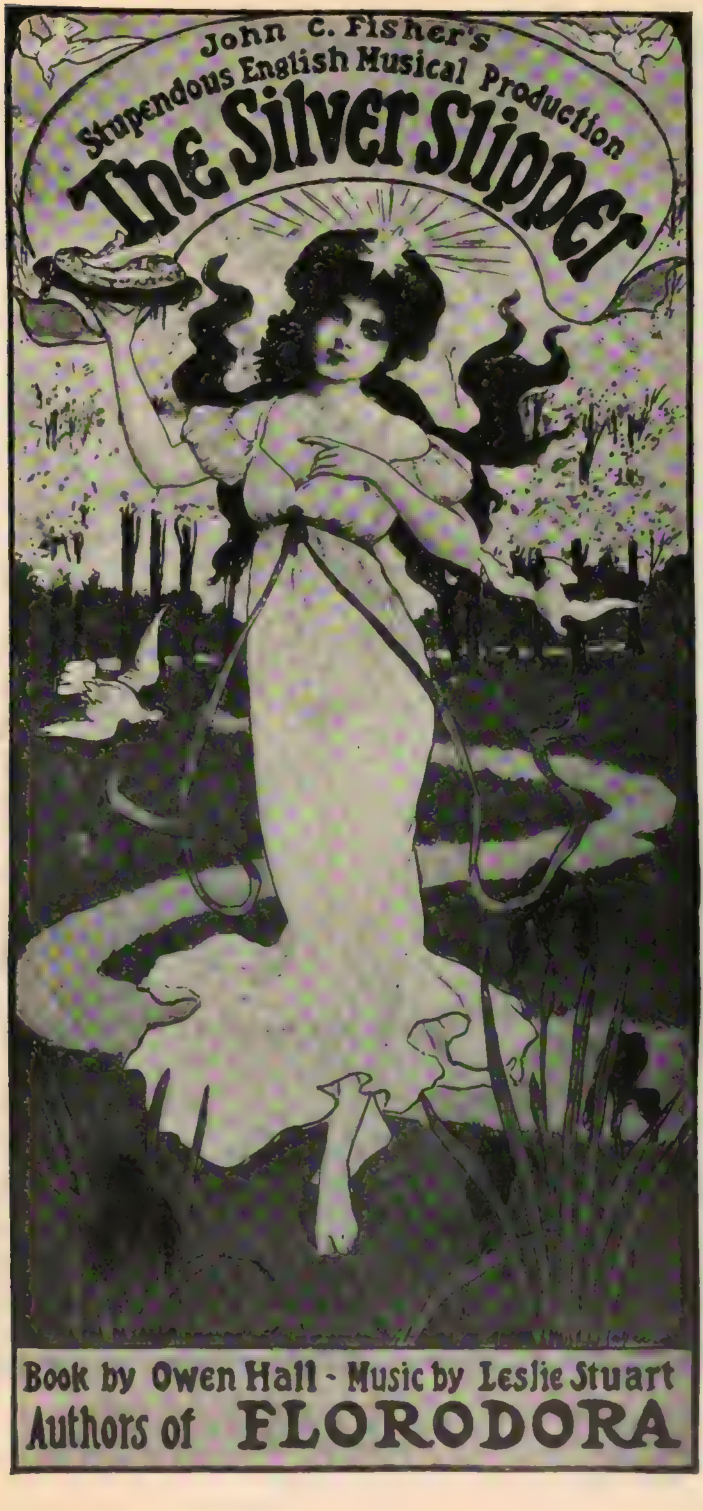
Photograph by Biograph Co., London, Eng.

MISS DORA BARTON.

Miss Barton is a member of Mrs. Langtry's English company, having taken the part of the *Hon. Muriel Pembroke* in "The Crossways." She started her stage career as a child actress in 1892, with Mr Beerbohm Tree, and played before the late Queen of England. She has appeared in most of the London theatres under the management of Mr. Forbes Robertson, Sir Charles Wyndham, Mr. George Alexander, Mr. Arthur Bourchier, the Gattis and Mr. Charles Frohman. Last summer she played a leading part in "Sweet and Twenty," and shortly afterwards appeared as *Hermia* in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." One of her favorite parts is that of *Bonita* in "Arizona," of which she was the first English representative.

A WONDER-WORKER IN MELODRAMA.

MR. THEODORE KREMER, who was erstwhile a member of Mrs. Potter's company, is perhaps the least-known playwright in the metropolis, but certainly one of the most prolific and best paid. He has some dozen melodramas on the boards at once in various parts of the country, and draws a good royalty from each. He began writing melodramas in Australia and realized his talent in a peculiar way. He was not able to learn new parts without great effort, and was in the habit of curtailing his lines in order to memorize them easier. From this art of blue-penciling the author's works and substituting now and then his own phrases, resulted a constructive talent which displayed itself in the plot of "The Fatal Wedding" which is now running in London after having made a great hit here through all the East and West. The latest work of Mr. Kremer, founded upon the incidents surrounding the delivery of a jail out in Pittsburg, and by a jailor's wife who was in love with one of the convicts, was not attended with the success that was foreseen for it. However, Mr. Kremer has many others up his sleeve.


John C. Fisher's
Stupendous English Musical Production
The Silver Slipper
Book by Owen Hall - Music by Leslie Stuart
Authors of FLORODORA

REPRODUCED
FROM THE
ARCHIE GUNN
POSTER OF
"THE SILVER
SLIPPER."

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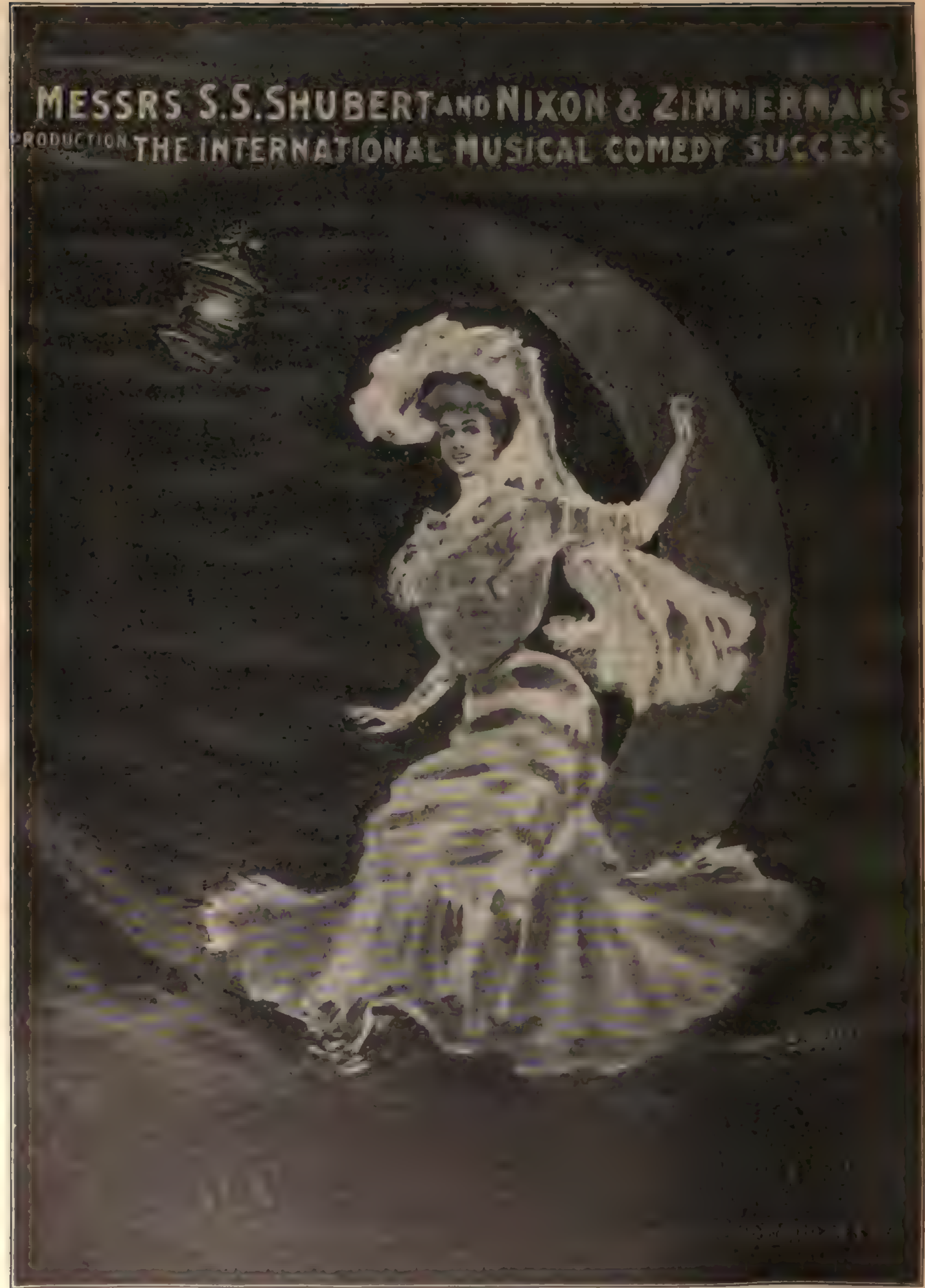
MESSRS S.S. SHUBERT AND NIXON & ZIMMERMANS
PRODUCTION THE INTERNATIONAL MUSICAL COMEDY SUCCESS

"A CHINESE HONEYMOON" POSTER.

Reproduced from the painting by F. Earl Christy.

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MR. GRAU'S SUCCESSOR.

THE announcement that Mr. Maurice Grau had resigned from the management of the Metropolitan Opera was no violation of secrets, for it was known months ago that the impressario who had made so many grand *coups* for the benefit of American audiences had found the life of an opera manager, like that of the comic opera policeman, not a happy one. He literally pined away under the burden.

"The King never dies—long live the King!" It is the same in and out of royalty and the grand opera. No man ever filled a high position that his place could not be filled from the ranks of brilliant men, in finance, art or literature, or the difficult rôle of manager on the stage.

And yet, as in these cases before, it has always been left to the last moment to supply the deficiency, and the most logical occupant of the chair being Mr. Charles Frohman, who is conceded to be the wizard among wizards in the managerial line, it is with a certain degree of confidence that the public accepts Mr. Frohman.

The operatic favorite may not be so easily handled as the theatric star, but it is certain that as Mr. Frohman has proven himself a man of expedients in the past with stage celebrities, New York need have no fear about the outcome if Mr. Frohman is at the head of operatic affairs in the metropolis during the season 1903–4.

BREAD CAST UPON WATERS.

MR. PETER NASH is open to congratulations. Mr. Nash is one of the strong men of the Keith *ménage* as it blooms forth in Fourteenth street, Philatown, Boston, *et cetera*. Mr. Nash is a man of heart. A few months ago he helped a man who claimed to be an ex-proprietor of a Colorado playhouse, and who reached New York destitute. The impressario of the West promised to reward Mr. Nash with a gold mine some day, and while the kindly benefaction was forgotten by the giver, the recipient had a heart and conscience. He returned home and went prospecting. Some months ago he sent a letter from Colorado stating that he had located a claim in the Northwest country, and that if Mr. Nash were living, he would locate one for him without charge. The reply was satisfactory, and two weeks ago a deed of the claim was forwarded, together with several samples of the gold, which the U. S. Assay Office announces to be if not exactly a bonanza at least a highly paying property, as the assay runs from fourteen to eighteen dollars a ton. There is something in kindness after all. Mr. Nash has not resigned from the Keith staff because of the windfall, but he is at least two inches taller, which accounts for the fact that he looks over the heads of some of his friends as he meets them on Broadway.

THE MANSFIELD EXAMINATION.

MUCH has been said of late about the strenuous life of the actor. I am inclined to dissent. Actors are the best paid for the smallest work of any of the work-a-day fraternity—I refer to the first-class, of course. Not one of them receives less than four thousand, and from that on to sixty thousand a year. And when we read the officials reports of Mr. Richard Mansfield, for instance, who makes the latter sum yearly if he makes a cent, declaring in open court that he is a pensioner on his wife's bounty and a boarder in her charming hostelry, the information comes with a shock to the laity and is received with smiles by his fellow Thespians. The poor dramatist, Edmond D. Rostand, who thought that he was doing a great kindness to the American public by allowing Cyrano de Bergerac to show his protuberant proboscis on the American stage, must go without his royalties, forsooth, because an American court has declared that Rostand was a plagiarist from a Chicago fellow. Whatever the merits of the Windy City man against Rostand, it is not clear wherein the score between Mansfield and the dramatist is wiped out, even if, as Mansfield declared in court, there was no contract save one of honor between the great French playwright and the greatest American actor. It does seem as if Mr. Mansfield might have proven the truth that Americans pay their entertainers and instructors better than do any other people of the world, and the public is not half so proud of it as the recipients of its favors. We had almost forgotten all about the trouble between Monsieur Rostand and Captain Samuel Eberley Gross, of Chicago, who claimed that the French playwright was dependent on the Chicago man's play for the idea of "Cyrano de Bergerac." Here, however, we are suddenly reminded of the gentleman. The decision of the Chicago courts, upholding Captain Gross, did not please Rostand, but he only smiled.

by Google

Shall We Have a National Subsidized Theatre?

Because of the recent discussion regarding the feasibility of establishing a National Subsidized Theatre, the editor of BROADWAY MAGAZINE wrote to several persons whose opinions are worth quoting. The following letters speak for themselves:

Charles Frohman says:

There is nothing that I can say in regard to a Government Subsidized National Theatre. If the Government wishes to come in opposition to us for the good of the country, let them come along. It is a mighty difficult profession, this theatrical business; I have been up against calamities, sickness, blizzards, failures, washouts and war, so I don't mind trying the Government for a competitor.

CHARLES FROHMAN.

Daniel Frohman says:

I do not think the plan of carrying on a National Theatre is feasible.

DANIEL FROHMAN.

Oscar Hammerstein says:

You are about to discuss the establishment of a National Theatre and you want me to help the discussion. I will.

Who wants a National Theatre?

Every one of our best New York theatres is a National Theatre—that is: every one of them strives to give the population the greatest and best that the greatest and best minds can evolve. What more is necessary?

Competition is the National Theatre; it gradually brings on that which the promoters of the National Theatre strive for, the portrayal of the noblest in our lives.

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN.

Clyde Fitch says:

I am glad to say in answer to your letter that I do approve of the establishment of a subsidized National Theatre.

If it could be done, and rightly governed, I think it would be a fine thing. But I do not think it could be done; and if it could be done I do not think it would be rightly governed.

CLYDE FITCH.

Harrison Grey Fiske says:

I think that a subsidized National Theatre is feasible, but it is a question whether under our political conditions it could be conducted so as to parallel the admirable achievements of the state theatres in foreign countries. An endowed theatre, having the aims of an institution like the Théâtre Français, situated in New York City, would probably be a safer and a simpler undertaking.

HARRISON GREY FISKE.

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Nat Goodwin says:

I really believe the National Theatre scheme most feasible, provided enough capital can be obtained and artists of recognized ability and standing become interested.

N. C. Goodwin.

Tony Pastor says:

A National Theatre endowed by the Government would be an incentive to action, educational and encouraging to art and artists. By all means let us have it.

Tony Pastor.

James K. Hackett says:

I have for some time advocated the establishment of a National University of the Dramatic Arts wherein, after thorough examination as to adaptability therefor, pupils may be educated in everything which pertains to the stage. With this in practical operation, I think the National Theatre would follow naturally as the outcome thereof, and in no other way could it be feasible.

James K. Hackett.

John Corbin, Dramatic Critic of *New York Times*, says:

It seems to me that a theatre for the performance of the best plays, new and old, is not only desirable but is indispensable if the drama is to take its place in American life on an intellectual level with music and the novel. That such a theatre should be supported by the nation or by the municipality seems to me impracticable, and perhaps inconsistent with the spirit of American life. I think it should be an independent corporation like our great universities, with an original endowment and receiving subscriptions, and legacies when they are necessary, from public minded citizens; but in its government free, and in its finances mainly self-supporting. I have given the subject very careful thought, and have studied the repertory theatres of France, Germany and Austria. Aside from the question of endowment, there would be a serious initial difficulty in collecting a competent body of actors, and especially in securing a director who was at once a scholar in the drama and a practical man of the theatre. But such men are numerous in countries where repertory theatres have been long established, and Americans are not liable to prove less apt and intelligent when tried than Germans and French. I believe that many forces are uniting to produce a subventioned repertory theatre, that the considerable initial difficulties will be overcome, and that before many decades the literary drama in America will be on as sound basis as the opera or the novel.

John Corbin.

Francis Wilson says:

If the establishment of a subsidized National Theatre did no more than instruct the people in the matter of enunciation and pronunciation, its existence could be justified. Yet, to my thinking, this would be the least of its virtues. I do not regard the plan as feasible at present because the consensus of liberal intelligence is not great enough in the halls of Congress to bring such a theatre to a successful issue.

Francis Wilson.

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Our Players' Favorite Players.

THERE is so much variety in the nature of the artistic work done upon the stage, in the several stages from heavy tragedy to light comedy and past it to mere buffoonery, that it is possible for actors and actresses to feel genuine admiration for each other's work, when that work is quite different from their own.

With this agreeable reflection in mind, the editor of BROADWAY MAGAZINE recently sent a letter to the actors and actresses mentioned below to the following effect:

> "BROADWAY MAGAZINE in an early issue intends to publish a symposium of the favorite actors and actresses of the best known professional people. Kindly mention the name of the actor or actress (or both) whose Art impresses you most deeply."

The answers to this letter will be found well worth studying, as they show a wide diversity of opinion in regard to the impressions of which a record was desired.

Miss Mabelle Gilman, the latest comic opera star, for instance, expresses herself as follows:

> "Your letter at hand, and am hastening to send prompt reply regarding my impressions of the Art shown by **Mrs. Leslie Carter** and **Mr. Willard** in their work upon the stage. Their work has impressed me very much, and I will not take the time to go into detail, but you may supply all the beautiful adjectives necessary on such an occasion.
>
> Very sincerely,
>
> MABELLE GILMAN."

Miss Julia Marlowe sends a simple message that **Sarah Bernhardt** is her favorite actress, but does not mention the name of any actor whose professional work she particularly admires.

Mr. Sam Bernard, by a sort of semi-coincidence, replies with equal brevity, giving **Miss Julia Marlowe** as his favorite actress, and betraying no admiration for any actor. We refer to this as a semi-coincidence, the names Bernhardt and Bernard being so similar.

The private secretary of Mrs. Langtry writes from the Hotel Imperial:

> "Mrs. Langtry wishes me to say that her favorite actress is **Miss Maude Adams**, and **Mr. William Gillette** her favorite actor.
>
> Yours faithfully,
>
> INA GOLDSMITH,
>
> Secretary."

By this we observe that Mrs. Langtry, when in a foreign land, is careful to express a preference for the native product of that land, and so shows her wisdom and her tact.

Here is young Mr. Boucicault's preference:

> "I was impressed most deeply in my life by **Duse.**
>
> Yours truly,
>
> AUBREY BOUCICAULT."

Miss Nellie Follis, the singer in "The Billionaire," at Daly's Theatre, comes next:

> "Ever since a child I have admired **Miss Julia Marlowe**; she is my ideal, being a true artist. As an actor I consider **Mr. Richard Mansfield** the best our country has ever produced.
>
> Sincerely,
>
> NELLIE FOLLIS."

And Mr. Jerome Sykes, of the same company, tells us that he thinks **Mr. Nat Goodwin** is the best actor on the American stage.

From the Gilsey House comes the opinion of the latest *Ophelia:*

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the glamor of the Fitch name, in all earnestness and good faith at that, strikes the critic as being a little short-sighted. I foresee a split between the young dramatist (who is aching to emulate J. Pierpont as a money-gatherer) and the Frohman contingency, which has bought a layer of golden eggs only to discover that of late the product has turned out to be iron pyrites. Mr. Fitch should take a full week off to do the next adaptation and so redeem himself.

"MICE AND MEN."

THIS sentimental comedy at the Garrick has drawn excellently and given the dainty star, Annie Russell, an opportunity to display her limited, but exceedingly choice and piquant talent, Miss Madeleine Lucette Ryley—ye gods! think of a Mountmorency Murphy or a Percy Pierepont O'Hooligan—wrote the little play with as much of the Madeleine-Lucette manner, and as little of the Ryley, as possible. The third act is weaker than the first, as, I believe, all the succeeding acts are. However, it is asking too much for any woman to be thoroughly even-tempered and consistent for three mortal hours without once lapsing, and the run in London which the play enjoyed was quite justified. Mrs. Gilbert came in for a vast deal of welcome. A masculine touch here and there would improve Miss Ryley's drama, but perhaps it would likewise jolt in like the clang of an anvil in a string quartette. Miss Russell will succeed with the play, even though she does rive our sympathies by emulating sockless Jerry Simpson.

MISS CECILIA LOFTUS.

The *Ophelia* to Mr. Sothern's *Hamlet*.

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

"MR. BLUE BEARD."

DRURY LANE has been responsible for many things terrible to behold, and many others that were a delight to the eye. But seldom has the revered name brought so many different varieties of joy as in "Mr. Blue Beard," now running at the Knickerbocker. It is a poem—rather Ossianesque and stilted, to be sure, but a poem all the same, appealing to the ear, the eye and the intelligence. Mr. John J. McNally adapted the play to the American stage, Frederick Solomon coined the music, and J. Cheever Goodwin did the lyrics in a manner that suggests his old work which was, at its best, of a high order. Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger outdid themselves with this production. I do not dare to commit myself as to the possible cost of such a lavish production, and if I rang up the press agent for information, he would probably name a figure that would make Rockefeller gasp and shrink into a pint-cup. But it is a masterly piece of costuming and stage-setting for all that, with one picture following another with amazing rapidity, and like the prizes in a church grab bag, no two alike.

"The Triumph of the Magic Fan" is a ballet that would have made the dear old ballet-masters of the Mapleson days—and ballet-masters in those times were fêted like princes—look like a yellow gun-wad beside a bright, new double eagle. I do not understand these magic spectacles, or how the miracles are performed, but they are fearfully and wonderfully constructed. Perhaps, like woman's love and

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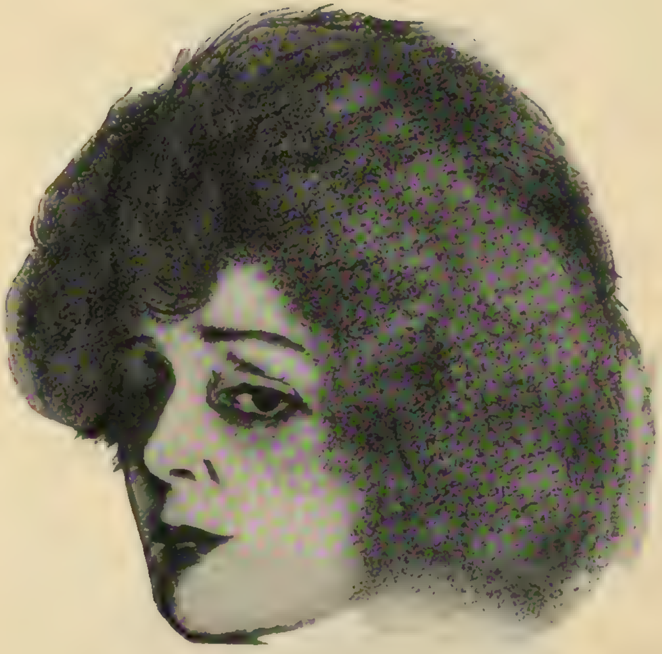

MRS. LESLIE CARTER, BY ERNEST HASKELL.

REPRODUCED FROM THE FAMOUS POSTER IN COLOR.
See No. 1 of "Broadway Weekly" for reproduction
of this poster in colors.

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the following three million years, from Prometheus down to George Ade. Yet such is the case, for the great mass of thinking people dearly love a paradox. The Greeks had their ill-natured people, like Diogenes and Aristophanes, the Romans their Tacitus and Lucan, the French their Voltaire and Rochefoucauld, England her Henry Arthur Jones and Pinero, and now America claims her Herford, Dunn, and last, but not least if indeed latest, George Ade. "The Sultan of Sulu" contains many things quite worthy of the author of fables in slang. Here are some of them:

Photograph by Biograph Co., London, Eng.

MISS DORA BARTON.

Miss Barton is a member of Mrs. Langtry's English company, having taken the part of the *Hon. Muriel Pembroke* in "The Crossways." She started her stage career as a child actress in 1892, with Mr Beerbohm Tree, and played before the late Queen of England. She has appeared in most of the London theatres under the management of Mr. Forbes Robertson, Sir Charles Wyndham, Mr. George Alexander, Mr. Arthur Bourchier, the Gattis and Mr. Charles Frohman. Last summer she played a leading part in "Sweet and Twenty," and shortly afterwards appeared as *Hermia* in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." One of her favorite parts is that of *Bonita* in "Arizona," of which she was the first English representative.

"The Constitution and the cocktail follow the flag."

"Married life is an education."

"I love you only as a West Pointer can love the only woman in sight."

"You don't think I would be so impolite to a woman who was not my wife, do you?"

"A governor is the noblest work of the campaign committee."

"Don't the ladies of your country smoke?" "The ladies do; the women don't."

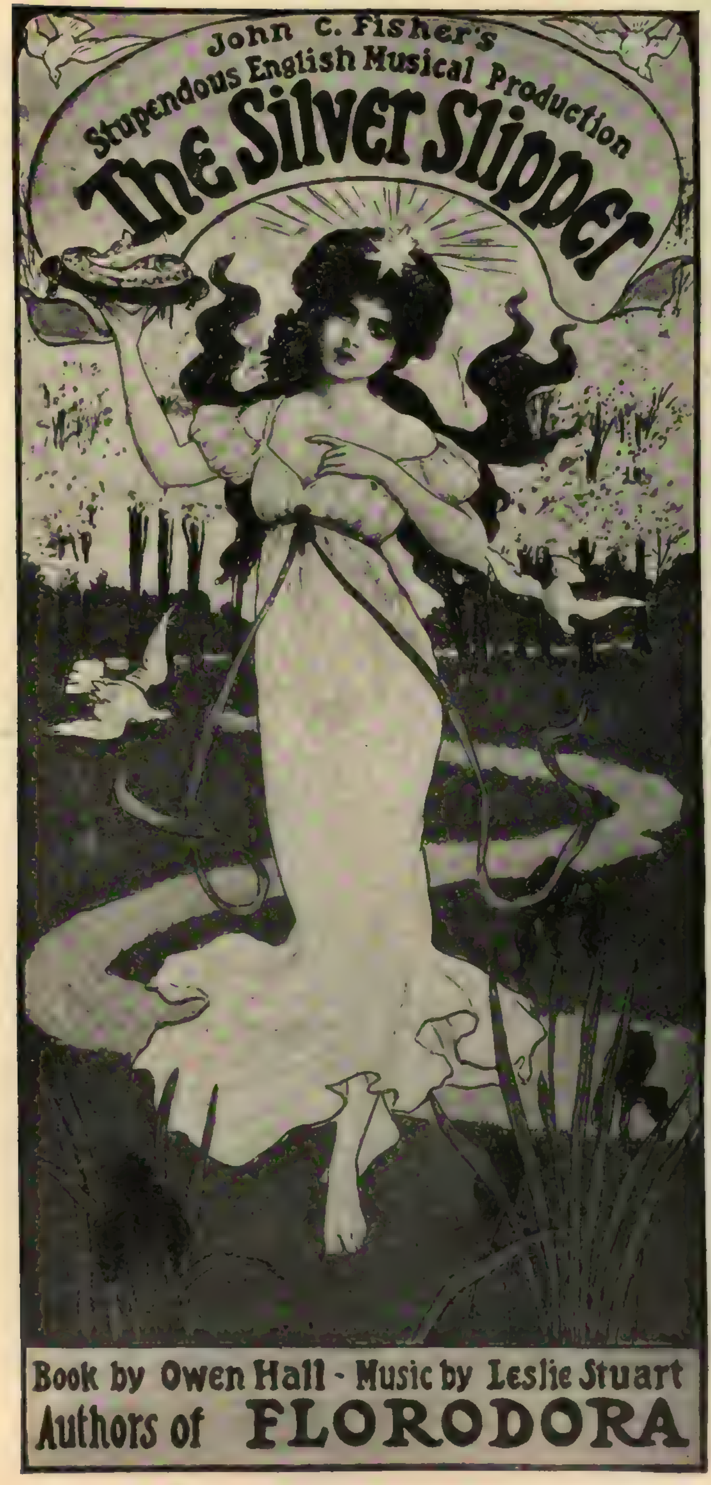
"Are you engaged?" "In a sort of way." "You mean you are engaged, but you do not know if it will take."

"According to the *Ladies' Home Journal*, it is not considered good form for a wife to hang around when her husband is proposing marriage to another woman."

Such witticisms as these are far superior to the "Tanqueray" brand of epigram, which was the inverted proverb for the most part, as for instance, "It is bad form for husband and wife to pay attentions to each other on the street. It's too much like washing one's clean linen in public." After all, Sheridan and old Dr. Johnson were the subtlest at epigram. Witness, "Second marriages are the triumphs of hope over experience." Has even the Windy City wit improved much on this manner, think you?

A WONDER-WORKER IN MELODRAMA.

MR. THEODORE KREMER, who was erstwhile a member of Mrs. Potter's company, is perhaps the least-known playwright in the metropolis, but certainly one of the most prolific and best paid. He has some dozen melodramas on the boards at once in various parts of the country, and draws a good royalty from each. He began writing melodramas in Australia and realized his talent in a peculiar way. He was not able to learn new parts without great effort, and was in the habit of curtailing his lines in order to memorize them easier. From this art of blue-penciling the author's works and substituting now and then his own phrases, resulted a constructive talent which displayed itself in the plot of "The Fatal Wedding" which is now running in London after having made a great hit here through all the East and West. The latest work of Mr. Kremer, founded upon the incidents surrounding the delivery of a jail out in Pittsburg, and by a jailor's wife who was in love with one of the convicts, was not attended with the success that was foreseen for it. However, Mr. Kremer has many others up his sleeve.



John C. Fisher's
Stupendous English Musical Production
The Silver Slipper
Book by Owen Hall - Music by Leslie Stuart
Authors of FLORODORA

REPRODUCED
FROM THE
ARCHIE GUNN
POSTER OF
"THE SILVER
SLIPPER."

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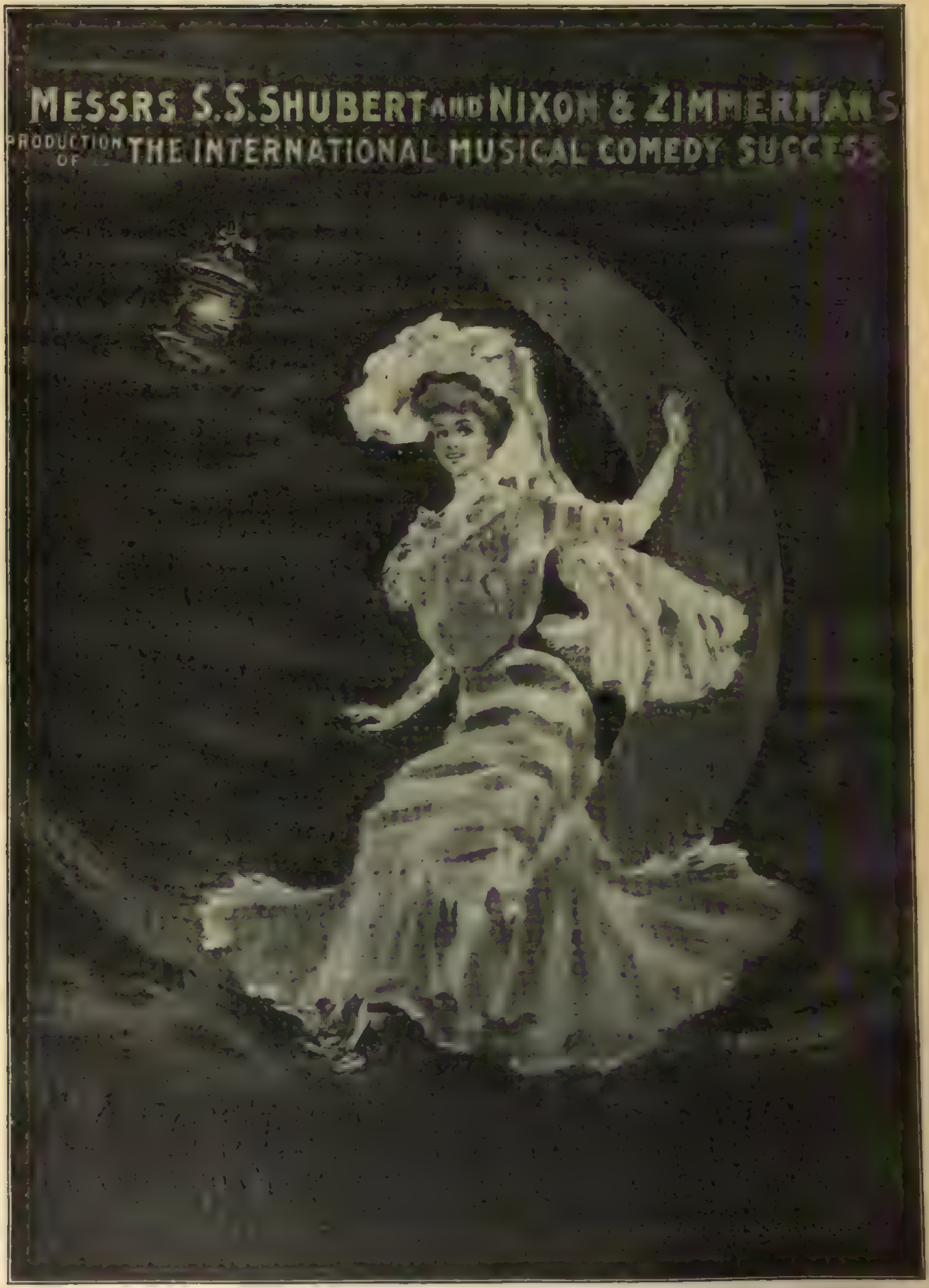
MESSRS S.S. SHUBERT AND NIXON & ZIMMERMAN'S
PRODUCTION OF THE INTERNATIONAL MUSICAL COMEDY SUCCESS

"A CHINESE HONEYMOON" POSTER.

Reproduced from the painting by F. Earl Christy.

MR. GRAU'S SUCCESSOR.

THE announcement that Mr. Maurice Grau had resigned from the management of the Metropolitan Opera was no violation of secrets, for it was known months ago that the impressario who had made so many grand *coups* for the benefit of American audiences had found the life of an opera manager, like that of the comic opera policeman, not a happy one. He literally pined away under the burden.

"The King never dies—long live the King!" It is the same in and out of royalty and the grand opera. No man ever filled a high position that his place could not be filled from the ranks of brilliant men, in finance, art or literature, or the difficult rôle of manager on the stage.

And yet, as in these cases before, it has always been left to the last moment to supply the deficiency, and the most logical occupant of the chair being Mr. Charles Frohman, who is conceded to be the wizard among wizards in the managerial line, it is with a certain degree of confidence that the public accepts Mr. Frohman.

The operatic favorite may not be so easily handled as the theatric star, but it is certain that as Mr. Frohman has proven himself a man of expedients in the past with stage celebrities, New York need have no fear about the outcome if Mr. Frohman is at the head of operatic affairs in the metropolis during the season 1903–4.

BREAD CAST UPON WATERS.

MR. PETER NASH is open to congratulations. Mr. Nash is one of the strong men of the Keith *ménage* as it blooms forth in Fourteenth street, Philatown, Boston, *et cetera*. Mr. Nash is a man of heart. A few months ago he helped a man who claimed to be an ex-proprietor of a Colorado playhouse, and who reached New York destitute. The impressario of the West promised to reward Mr. Nash with a gold mine some day, and while the kindly benefaction was forgotten by the giver, the recipient had a heart and conscience. He returned home and went prospecting. Some months ago he sent a letter from Colorado stating that he had located a claim in the Northwest country, and that if Mr. Nash were living, he would locate one for him without charge. The reply was satisfactory, and two weeks ago a deed of the claim was forwarded, together with several samples of the gold, which the U. S. Assay Office announces to be if not exactly a bonanza at least a highly paying property, as the assay runs from fourteen to eighteen dollars a ton. There is something in kindness after all. Mr. Nash has not resigned from the Keith staff because of the windfall, but he is at least two inches taller, which accounts for the fact that he looks over the heads of some of his friends as he meets them on Broadway.

THE MANSFIELD EXAMINATION.

MUCH has been said of late about the strenuous life of the actor. I am inclined to dissent. Actors are the best paid for the smallest work of any of the work-a-day fraternity—I refer to the first-class, of course. Not one of them receives less than four thousand, and from that on to sixty thousand a year. And when we read the officials reports of Mr. Richard Mansfield, for instance, who makes the latter sum yearly if he makes a cent, declaring in open court that he is a pensioner on his wife's bounty and a boarder in her charming hostelry, the information comes with a shock to the laity and is received with smiles by his fellow Thespians. The poor dramatist, Edmond D. Rostand, who thought that he was doing a great kindness to the American public by allowing Cyrano de Bergerac to show his protuberant proboscis on the American stage, must go without his royalties, forsooth, because an American court has declared that Rostand was a plagiarist from a Chicago fellow. Whatever the merits of the Windy City man against Rostand, it is not clear wherein the score between Mansfield and the dramatist is wiped out, even if, as Mansfield declared in court, there was no contract save one of honor between the great French playwright and the greatest American actor. It does seem as if Mr. Mansfield might have proven the truth that Americans pay their entertainers and instructors better than do any other people of the world, and the public is not half so proud of it as the reeipients of its favors. We had almost forgotten all about the trouble between Monsieur Rostand and Captain Samuel Eberley Gross, of Chicago, who claimed that the French playwright was dependent on the Chicago man's play for the idea of "Cyrano de Bergerac." Here, however, we are suddenly reminded of the gentleman. The decision of the Chicago courts, upholding Captain Gross, did not please Rostand, but he only smiled.

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Shall We Have a National Subsidized Theatre?

Because of the recent discussion regarding the feasibility of establishing a National Subsidized Theatre, the editor of BROADWAY MAGAZINE wrote to several persons whose opinions are worth quoting. The following letters speak for themselves:

Charles Frohman says:

There is nothing that I can say in regard to a Government Subsidized National Theatre. If the Government wishes to come in opposition to us for the good of the country, let them come along. It is a mighty difficult profession, this theatrical business; I have been up against calamities, sickness, blizzards, failures, washouts and war, so I don't mind trying the Government for a competitor.

CHARLES FROHMAN.

Daniel Frohman says:

I do not think the plan of carrying on a National Theatre is feasible.

DANIEL FROHMAN.

Oscar Hammerstein says:

You are about to discuss the establishment of a National Theatre and you want me to help the discussion. I will.

Who wants a National Theatre?

Every one of our best New York theatres is a National Theatre—that is: every one of them strives to give the population the greatest and best that the greatest and best minds can evolve. What more is necessary?

Competition is the National Theatre; it gradually brings on that which the promoters of the National Theatre strive for, the portrayal of the noblest in our lives.

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN.

Clyde Fitch says:

I am glad to say in answer to your letter that I do approve of the establishment of a subsidized National Theatre.

If it could be done, and rightly governed, I think it would be a fine thing. But I do not think it could be done; and if it could be done I do not think it would be rightly governed.

CLYDE FITCH.

Harrison Grey Fiske says:

I think that a subsidized National Theatre is feasible, but it is a question whether under our political conditions it could be conducted so as to parallel the admirable achievements of the state theatres in foreign countries. An endowed theatre, having the aims of an institution like the Théâtre Français, situated in New York City, would probably be a safer and a simpler undertaking.

HARRISON GREY FISKE.

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Nat Goodwin says:

I really believe the National Theatre scheme most feasible, provided enough capital can be obtained and artists of recognized ability and standing become interested.

N. C. Goodwin.

Tony Pastor says:

A National Theatre endowed by the Government would be an incentive to action, educational and encouraging to art and artists. By all means let us have it.

Tony Pastor.

James K. Hackett says:

I have for some time advocated the establishment of a National University of the Dramatic Arts wherein, after thorough examination as to adaptability therefor, pupils may be educated in everything which pertains to the stage. With this in practical operation, I think the National Theatre would follow naturally as the outcome thereof, and in no other way could it be feasible.

James K. Hackett.

John Corbin, Dramatic Critic of *New York Times*, says:

It seems to me that a theatre for the performance of the best plays, new and old, is not only desirable but is indispensable if the drama is to take its place in American life on an intellectual level with music and the novel. That such a theatre should be supported by the nation or by the municipality seems to me impracticable, and perhaps inconsistent with the spirit of American life. I think it should be an independent corporation like our great universities, with an original endowment and receiving subscriptions, and legacies when they are necessary, from public minded citizens; but in its government free, and in its finances mainly self-supporting. I have given the subject very careful thought, and have studied the repertory theatres of France, Germany and Austria. Aside from the question of endowment, there would be a serious initial difficulty in collecting a competent body of actors, and especially in securing a director who was at once a scholar in the drama and a practical man of the theatre. But such men are numerous in countries where repertory theatres have been long established, and Americans are not liable to prove less apt and intelligent when tried than Germans and French. I believe that many forces are uniting to produce a subventioned repertory theatre, that the considerable initial difficulties will be overcome, and that before many decades the literary drama in America will be on as sound basis as the opera or the novel.

John Corbin.

Francis Wilson says:

If the establishment of a subsidized National Theatre did no more than instruct the people in the matter of enunciation and pronunciation, its existence could be justified. Yet, to my thinking, this would be the least of its virtues. I do not regard the plan as feasible at present because the consensus of liberal intelligence is not great enough in the halls of Congress to bring such a theatre to a successful issue.

Francis Wilson.

Our Players' Favorite Players.

THERE is so much variety in the nature of the artistic work done upon the stage, in the several stages from heavy tragedy to light comedy and past it to mere buffoonery, that it is possible for actors and actresses to feel genuine admiration for each other's work, when that work is quite different from their own.

With this agreeable reflection in mind, the editor of BROADWAY MAGAZINE recently sent a letter to the actors and actresses mentioned below to the following effect:

> "BROADWAY MAGAZINE in an early issue intends to publish a symposium of the favorite actors and actresses of the best known professional people. Kindly mention the name of the actor or actress (or both) whose Art impresses you most deeply."

The answers to this letter will be found well worth studying, as they show a wide diversity of opinion in regard to the impressions of which a record was desired.

Miss Mabelle Gilman, the latest comic opera star, for instance, expresses herself as follows:

> "Your letter at hand, and am hastening to send prompt reply regarding my impressions of the Art shown by **Mrs. Leslie Carter** and **Mr. Willard** in their work upon the stage. Their work has impressed me very much, and I will not take the time to go into detail, but you may supply all the beautiful adjectives necessary on such an occasion.
>
> Very sincerely,
>
> MABELLE GILMAN."

Miss Julia Marlowe sends a simple message that **Sarah Bernhardt** is her favorite actress, but does not mention the name of any actor whose professional work she particularly admires.

Mr. Sam Bernard, by a sort of semi-coincidence, replies with equal brevity, giving **Miss Julia Marlowe** as his favorite actress, and betraying no admiration for any actor. We refer to this as a semi-coincidence, the names Bernhardt and Bernard being so similar.

The private secretary of Mrs. Langtry writes from the Hotel Imperial:

> "Mrs. Langtry wishes me to say that her favorite actress is **Miss Maude Adams**, and **Mr. William Gillette** her favorite actor.
>
> Yours faithfully,
>
> INA GOLDSMITH,
>
> Secretary."

By this we observe that Mrs. Langtry, when in a foreign land, is careful to express a preference for the native product of that land, and so shows her wisdom and her tact.

Here is young Mr. Boucicault's preference:

> "I was impressed most deeply in my life by **Duse.**
>
> Yours truly,
>
> AUBREY BOUCICAULT."

Miss Nellie Follis, the singer in "The Billionaire," at Daly's Theatre, comes next:

> "Ever since a child I have admired **Miss Julia Marlowe**; she is my ideal, being a true artist. As an actor I consider **Mr. Richard Mansfield** the best our country has ever produced.
>
> Sincerely,
>
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With friendly greetings,

SCHUMANN-HEINK."

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The Woman of the World.

By Carolyn Lowrey.

WHEN THE TONGUE WAGS.

JOSEPH VIRN, manager of the "Alphonse and Gaston" Company, is having a few troubles of his own.

Miss Clare Hillsdale, one of the chorus, is suing him for a thousand dollars because he called her rude names.

The manager says he does not claim to be a silver-tongued orator, but he did make a few caustic remarks.

Miss Hillsdale said she was late one evening; that Virn said awful things to her, and made uncalled for remarks, in consequence of which she brought suit.

Settlement was made for twenty-five cents, and the fair Clare may now take a year's trip around the world.

MR. BOUCICAULT AND MR. HOPPER.

IT is rumored that Aubrey Boucicault gave as a souvenir a dainty handkerchief monogramed with his gratitude to each matinee girl who had dutifully dimmed the luster of her young eyes in his behalf.

Hearing of this token of appreciation, and desiring to encourage the sale in the linen department, De Wolf Hopper generously gave all Wednesday matinees to Mr. Boucicault also.

By the way—speaking of Mr. Hopper—he has purchased two horses, which in honor of his play and the memory of Dickens, he has named Sam and Tony.

Mr. Hopper claims that Sam is truly a scion of the Weller family and he shies at the sight of a widow, consequently, widows have been requested to keep off the drive when Sam exercises. But it was Tony who shied at widows.

MISS OPP IS SELF-APPRECIATIVE.

NOW that Miss Opp has decided to accompany her husband, Mr. Faversham, on the road in her domestic capacity only, she fears that people might forget how great she has been as an actress.

Miss Opp does not intend to give her husband time enough to forget that he has a new bride.

While he was trying to convince the audience that he was still a matinee hero, she was telling those behind the scenes of her wonderful popularity in London, and what a great actress America will find her some day when she gets the right part.

Is Charlie Frohman asleep?

MR. SHUBERT NONPLUSSED.

MR. SAMUEL SHUBERT realized that with all his business technique he has been out-witted by a woman, and good naturedly tells the story. It is the rule at the Casino that people who buy fifty cent seats in the top balcony cannot come down stairs and stand. One night a little woman was seen coming down, and Mr. Shubert immediately seized his prey.

He told her she must go back up stairs or pay the price of standing room on this floor which was one dollar.

She very sweetly informed him that she would remain where she was, and stand on one foot for her fifty cents.

Mr. Shubert retired speechless.

LIONS AND MISS RING.

WHILE Hagenbeck's animals were at the New York it was said that one of the lions disappeared.

This may have been only a lion story, but the rumor at the time was not denied, and now Louis Werba, manager of the New York, is looked upon with suspicion, as he lately appeared in a new fur-lined coat.

Mr. C. L. Williams, manager for Hagenbeck, has a trick of sending lions as a gift, and it is stated that Miss Blanche Ring was one of the fortunate receivers.

Miss Ring graciously vindicates Mr. Werba, and very proudly shows her own fur-lined coat.

MISS GOELET'S TIARA.

MISS MAY GOELET has broken the act of conventionality and has appeared at the opera wearing a tiara. In starting this fad she has taken from the married women their privilege, and in no way improved her own appearance.

A woman's hair is one of her glories, and to its simplicity a girl owes much of its charms.

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John Mackay of the Syndicate.

By Henry Traitel.

IN the way of business, John Mackay did all manner of things. He was a young man, and he meant to push. He employed directly under him a man of about the same age as himself, whose name was Herrington. Herrington was of the same hard stamp as, and he had come to be a kind of understudy to, his employer. If Mackay had to be absent, Richard Herrington took up Mackay's work. People said: "Next year Mackay will take young Herrington as a partner. Herrington and Mackay'll make a strong couple. Then we shall have to sit up."

Outside business the two were great chums, and indeed the idea of partnership was in Mackay's mind. But it was a girl who prevented it. She was just an ordinary girl, and it will be sufficient to call her Hilda. Richard Herrington, the younger man, was masterful with her.

He would say looking steadily at her: "Come up and meet me to-night if you care about it. I have two seats for the theatre. If you don't come, I shall give them away." But she always went.

When Mackay heard of this he would grip his chin between his finger and thumb, which was a peculiar habit whenever he was not pleased.

When a man likes a girl, and a man whom he employs takes her frequently to the theatre, there is bound to be trouble. On a Wednesday morning a certificate for a hundred $5 shares in the Mortimer-Manners Trust Company vanished from the desk in Mackay's private office. Mackay himself did not know whether he had left it outside on the flap of his desk or whether he had locked it away before going out. Anyway he left it somewhere in his office, and went out. When he discovered his loss he gripped his chin, but said nothing to Herrington. He did not go home that night, but went about the city, making inquiries for himself; and the next night he did the same.

On Thursday evening Richard Herrington went to see the girl, and gave her a thick gold bracelet, which fastened with a curious coiling snake. She was very pleased, and her eyes constantly glanced at the pretty thing upon her white wrist. Before he went away that evening Herrington had kissed her for the first time. At half-past ten the following morning he was in Mackay's office. Mackay came late.

"Oh, by the way, Herrington——" said Mackay suddenly, and stopped.

"Yes?" said Herrington. He looked up.

"Do you remember if you came into my room on Wednesday morning?"

Herrington drummed on the table with the tips of his fingers. "Yes," he said. "After you had gone. I cleaned up a little."

"Ah," said Mackay.

Herrington had his hand on the door, but suddenly he came back to the table where Mackay was sitting,

"What's up, Mackay?" said he.

"Did you buy a gold bracelet for a lady this week?" said Mackay.

"I did." Herrington was keeping himself in with difficulty. "What's that to you?" he said.

"On Wednesday morning," replied Mackay deliberately, "a five hundred dollar certificate was lost from my desk." Mackay met Herrington's eyes.

"Go on," said Herrington.

"On Thursday evening," Mackay continued, "you gave a—well, an expensive present to a lady. The certificate which I lost was sold on Thursday morning to Benham, the Broad street man. Curiously enough, his description of the man who sold it——"

"Fits me?" Herrington broke out.

"Exactly," said Mackay, and both men were staring at one another.

"A question for me," said Herrington. "Only one. Do you believe I took that note, Mackay?"

This was the moment. The backing of their long comradeship might have given Herrington the answer to the question. But you are to remember that Mackay might have been saying to himself: "This was my friend. He is my rival."

So Mackay did not answer the question at all. He only smiled. It was a very ugly kind of smile, and it swept away in a second all Herrington's control. He flung the papers in his hand onto the table. At the door he turned. Mackay's face was still the same.

"Good-bye, Mackay," said Herrington.

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That evening Richard Herrington saw the girl again. He told her everything, and that he had left Mackay. He told her of the scene in the office, watching her as he did so. She said no word of sympathy to him.

"You ought to marry me," said Herrington; "I am not old. What could we not do together? What is the world but a place to fight in—and to win?"

The girl did not answer. Slowly she took her hand from his. Herrington looked at her for a minute, and then stood up.

"You believe it, then?" he cried.

She was only an ordinary pink-and-white girl, and now she was afraid of him. "Give me the bracelet," suddenly said Herrington. Surprised, she undid the snake fastening and faltered: "Why do you want this?"

Herrington twisted the bracelet out of all shape between the fingers and the palm of a strong hand. He held the battered thing high and laughed.

"I want it for a sign," said he.

Herrington disappeared. He had gone to another town, and started to make money once again. Some day there would be a battle, and he knew that he would be no good then without money. Nine months after he had gone away, Seamer, one of Mackay's clerks, absconded with as much as he could lay hands on. The police caught Seamer when they had hunted three days for him, and brought him back. He confessed, among other things, to having stolen a five hundred dollar Mortimer-Manners certificate from the desk of John Mackay nine months before.

When Mackay heard this, he went white, and put advertisements in half a dozen papers advising Herrington, apologizing, and begging him to return. Herrington, in a distant city, saw one of these advertisements, and read it many times. Then he took a recent newspaper cutting from his pocket, and read this:

> "On Wednesday the nineteenth, John Hubert Mackay, of this town, to Hilda, only daughter of Frederick Phillips."

He finally put the cutting away in a little box in his desk where a twisted bracelet lay.

The story jumps year after year, and nothing happened in these years except that Mackay became a very big man. The same little office where Mackay and Herrington had long worked together was now known to the world, and sometimes many people in the world were a little afraid of it. If Mackay touched anything it went over the cables. "Oh, Mackay's on that, is he?" said the smaller men. "Then it's too big for me," and they dropped out of it. Or great firms wired to Mackay: "We want to do this, and this. We can't do it without your help. Cable your terms."

Then Mackay announced his intention to touch iron, and all the financial papers jumped. There were Mackay and Scott and Finnigan in this, and it was to be a very big thing. And so the Great Iron Syndicate was born, a Syndicate of these three. But far away, Dick Herrington heard the news. "So iron's trumps," he said. "Scott and Finnigan and Mackay—and iron's trumps. I know Scott and I know Mackay, and I'll risk the other. They mean to make a lasting thing of this. How much capital have I got now, I wonder?"

He sent his clerks away as usual, but all through that night he worked and worked, valuing securities which he held, adding up balances, so as to get the amount at his command. On Wednesday, when his agents wired, he wired back: "Buy iron in small quantities. Don't make a noise over it. Buy iron." Twice a week they were accustomed to wire for instructions, and on Saturday he answered again: "Buy iron. Buy iron whenever you can." In six weeks his agents numbered over twenty, and in a year Herrington was finding fresh iron all over the world—in Canada, in barren open parts of Asia, in places of which Mackay had not even heard. And still the cables were all the same. "Buy iron quietly. *Buy, buy, buy!*"

But a small part of his capital he kept apart, and speculated. Fortune laughed, and opened wide her hands. And the surplus went in iron.

"For one day they will be hard up, and want to drop iron," said Herrington.

Mackay had dipped his fingers into sugar, and pulled them out again very badly burnt. Scott had been playing with wheat and thinking it a great joke; but someone pulled him by the heels, and down he went among the sacks. Scott, hard hit, wanted money to pay creditors. Mackay had announced the marriage of his daughter, and all his money was now bound in iron. These two accidents put Finnigan in a white funk, and the Syndicate sat together.

"I want money badly," said Mackay.

"And so do I, by the Lord," said Scott, with a great laugh.

"Back us up till things come round a little, Finnigan," said Mackay.

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But Finnigan was afraid. "I'm darned if I do," said he.

"Then we must sell iron, and it's my last deal," said Mackay. "No one else has got any; it'll be a quite big enough scoop."

But Herrington, who had fought Mackay, and downed him over sugar, was now in the same town, waiting at a telephone.

"Yes, we must drop iron," assented Scott. "We shall get a fine price."

Finnigan and Scott went to give orders. The market began to be busy with iron in a small way. Foundries and yards and firms who had long been starved for iron would come to buy when they heard the news. But the door of Mackay's office opened, and in came Richard Herrington, and stood drumming his fingers on the table in his old way. Mackay said nothing. The simplest man would have known something was coming.

"You're selling iron, Mackay?" said Herrington.

"I am. Do you want to buy any?"

"No, thank you," said Herrington. "The same old office, I see."

"Yes. Is that all?" asked Mackay,

"No," said Herrington. "But I'm selling iron, too."

"You can't! We've got a kettleful," said Mackay.

"I have been buying iron for six years, Mackay. I have got substitutes for iron in mines next door to yours. I've got iron in shares, I've got iron in warehouses, and I've got concessions on miles of ground stuck all over with iron pyrites."

"Well," said Mackay. "Are you standing in with us?"

"Not exactly. In an hour I unload. I sell at half your price."

Mackay sat white and silent. At the door Herrington turned.

"Good-bye, Mackay," said he, and now it was Herrington who smiled.

And now the Syndicate began to sell its iron. Herrington sold, too—at half the price of the Syndicate. And all his cables ran: "Sell, sell, sell!" The Syndicate went lower. Herrington halved again, and sold; his price was now ridiculously low. Men had at first rushed for iron, but when they found it was such an easy thing to get they stopped, and here was iron—a city-load of iron—thrown on the hands of Scott and Mackay. It was on Herrington's hands, too, but he did not care.

And Scott and Mackay did not want iron; they wanted money.

"If we could only buy from him at his price—and run him dry," said Mackay.

"Except for iron, I'm stripped to the skin," said Scott. "But Finnigan's got plenty."

"Help us, Finnigan," said Scott.

"For God's sake, help me, Finnigan," wired Mackay.

But Finnigan, caring little for these two, had gone into the country. "I'm scared of iron now," he answered. "Not a cent."

Finnigan's answer reached Mackay in his own home.

"If I could get some money," cried Mackay, and fell face downward to the floor. They put him to bed, and a doctor said they must be very careful with him, or his brain might go.

Then somebody started buying iron steadily from Herrington. "What's this?" said Herrington, and went out to find the buyer. But afterwards he smiled. In three days the buying stopped. "Have you heard about Mackay? Broke and raving, poor devil. Well, he's had his little run," said one man to another. So Mackay was being downed in truth.

And then Herrington had a visitor. She came one night when he sat alone, walking fearless and straight into his office. Herrington looked up, and started, for indeed she was a ghost to him. But he said in his usual level voice:

"Sit down, Miss Mackay. I shall be quite free in a minute." He was thinking that she was just like her mother, but Mackay had given her some of his strength instead of her fragile mother's weakness.

"I have come to talk to you about iron," said she.

"I don't think you can tell me anything fresh about that, Miss Mackay. You have been buying iron yourself lately, I believe?"

"I have. How did you know?"

"And why did you do that?" said Herrington. "Did your father ask you?"

"He knew nothing of it. I thought perhaps I might run you out, and it would be all right for him. So I bought——"

"Till you had no more money," Herrington interrupted. "*I* know. But I wanted to be too certain to have to bluff. So now you have more iron still, and you are worse off than before. That is right, is it not, Miss Mackay?"

"Quite. I realized my income and bought as much as I could, I——and a friend."

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"The man you are going to marry," suggested Herrington.

She nodded. Herrington bent down to some papers on the table. "It is an interesting story," he said, "but I knew it already. I don't quite see why you have come to me."

But when he sat upright again, astonished at her silence, he was looking down the barrel of a revolver.

"Hold your iron, and let my father sell, or I shoot you," said Miss Mackay.

Herrington did not stir. He looked across the table with smiling eyes.

"Give that thing to me, Miss Mackay," said he.

Just so he had looked at her mother when he had asked her for a bracelet twenty years before. He repeated quietly: "Give it to me."

The revolver fell from the girl's hand and crashed heavily on the table, and she held her chin between her hands. It reminded him oddly of Mackay.

"I like you, Miss Mackay," he said. "You play the game strongly."

"My father is sick, and my mother can do nothing. I am only sorry I have failed," said she.

"I have had more experience in bluffing. I am going to make you an offer, Miss Mackay. Will you marry me if I hold my iron, and leave your father free to sell his?"

"Sooner than see my father broken and a beggar, I will," said Miss Mackay.

This indeed had been in Herrington's mind, so to shame John Mackay further than anything. She was to be married shortly, and everything was settled; but he would sweep everything aside. And behold, Mackay laughed at in all the papers, and under his thumb.

"You've grit," said Herrington, and looked well at her; and a long silence came. It was not the daughter, but the mother, who sat there now—the weak woman he had loved.

Dear as ever she was to Herrington, forever he had held the same picture in his mind. He had worked to ruin Mackay and her, and he had succeeded. The restless years were over. A great new wave swept across his mind.

"You shall not!" he cried. "No, you shall not! See here, Miss Mackay. For twenty years I've worked to break your father. I've stinted and struggled and slaved. I've won—do you hear me? But now it's over, I tell you—over and done with. Tell your father to bring the Syndicate along, and I'll pull with them."

He fumbled in a drawer. "Give this to your mother. Say I told you that it was all over, and she is to straighten this and wear it now. Good-night, Miss Mackay. Don't say anything."

But when she had reached the door he called her name. He was holding a pen.

"Your fortune is gone in iron. Will you let me make you a present? What do you think you could start housekeeping on, Miss Mackay?"

Letters to the Sub-Editor.

Sub-Editor Broadway Magazine.

Sir:

I have been keeping company with a young man that I stole from another lady. This other lady said I was a beast and a thief. I saw her buying rubber faces on the street the other day, and this morning I got a very insulting one in the mail, saying I was a thief. Do you think she sent it to me? Hortense.

Oh, no, Hortense. *She* never sent it. Oh, no! The idea! Absurd! You wrong her, Hortense! Impossible! *She* sent it? Oh, no! Oh! No!

Sub-Editor Broadway Magazine.

Sir:

? George B. Luks.

Sure.

Sub-Editor Broadway Magazine.

Sir:

Can you lend me six dollars? I will pay you back as soon as I get the money.

Algernon Fitzroy Montgomery de Pimpim.

If you pay us back as soon as you get the money, Algernon Fitzroy, etcetera, what good will it do you to get it? Ask another.

Sub-Editor Broadway Magazine.

Sir:

Is it true that onions eaten in haste will remove the smell of ice-cream from the breath?

Mrs. Smith-Jones.

Impossible to say. We are out of breath at your question, so cannot tell.

KOCIAN, THE BOHEMIAN VIOLIN VIRTUOSO.

NEW YORKERS, and particularly New York women, delight to be doing honor to some musician or other, and the latest deity is Herr Jaroslav Kocian, a young man not yet twenty years of age—according to his manager.

Kocian was born in Wildenschwert, in Bohemia, and displayed a predilection for the violin when only three years and a half old. His father, who taught him how to play, was a schoolmaster by profession.

His receptions at the end of his concerts are Paderewskian in their vehemence. The unmusical male is inclined to smile at this, but this same individual's wife and his daughter do not laugh at Kocian at all and feel all the ardor of musical devotees at the youth's shrine.

He is, however, a sensible young fellow, who is making a financial success of his tour and who, doubtlessly, cares little for the ridiculous aspects of his popularity.

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Society Notes.

THE Hon. Lulu Gwendolyn Percyface Mayfair, of London, daughter of the Duke of Bilgewater, is visiting the Tuftunters of Fifth avenue, New York. Society is flocking to the Tuftunters' house and premiums are being freely offered for invitations. The Hon. Lulu Etcetera is much amused over the domestic manners of her host and hostess and declines to eat at the same table with them. She has consented to prolong her visit, however, the remuneration for same having been raised.

Mr. and Mrs. Leggo, of Chicago, are in New York, celebrating their divorce honeymoon. At the conclusion of this halcyon period, they will secure a decree (which will be given to the husband) and each will re-marry. The new wedding cards are now being printed by Sniffany, and oceans of Ruinart will be drunk.

Mr. Larry Hair sold a bottle of catsup yesterday. He is now the agent for the new brand, Squashed Termaters, and is a great hustler. Mrs. Stuyvesant Rastus bought the bottle sold yesterday.

A pretty coming out party was celebrated on Wednesday last at 109 Centre street. The party consisted of Mrs. Owe Phlannertie, Master Owe Phlannertie, and the three Misses Owe Phlannertie, and it was Mr. Owe Phlannertie who came out. Mr. Owe Phlannertie came out with a scowl and he did not seem to relish his family being present to escort him to his home, but he contented himself with a single oath, told them to return to the pine forests and repaired himself to the nearest refreshment counter. He was roundly cheered by the populace in the neighborhood.

Broadway Localettes.

A PLATE glass window in a prominent store on Broadway the other afternoon cracked mysteriously its whole length. It was not accounted for till an onlooker across the street volunteered the information that a well-known comedian paused a moment before it to admire his shape. There are some things beside a fire that even plate glass will not stand.

He was from the West and his city friend was showing him a great building. "The finest in the world," said he, "and all cold steel." "A cold steal, eh? Lord, I wish I had been the thief," said the stranger.

Since a well-known opera singer discovered a motorman who had a fine grand opera barytone, Broadway conductors sing out their streets and theatres much louder and clearer than previously.

A historian has found that the old New Yorkers of elder days used to bait bears on Broadway in the Rialto district. From the way the value of property has gone up recently, it is patent that the action is entirely bullish.

Capitol Items.

A NEW bill to regulate the trusts is being framed by Congressman Tickle from New Maineshire. Its principal feature is the appointment of a government inspector who shall cover himself with invisible paint. This will prevent his being seen.

Senator Dullold Dillidally will address the Upper House to-morrow on the Reciprocity Treaty between Cuba and Hoboken. The other Senators will take a holiday, and the official scrubwomen will take this opportunity of washing up the public galleries.

Count G. Moustache, an attaché of the French Embassy, was thrown out of Senator Sorghum's house one day last week. He was discovered by Miss Sorghum, to whom he was engaged, trying to kiss Nora Fagan, the pretty housemaid, under the parlor stairs. Before he left the grounds, however, Thomas, the coachman, came around from the back and made the Count a gift of a most artistic black eye. International complications are feared.

The first Cabinet Meeting of the week will be changed from Tuesday to Wednesday next week, as the White House cook refuses to make cabinet pudding on Tuesdays.

Washington is a great city. We know it is. The *Star* says so. Therefore, it is.

The Tables Were Turned.

TO-WHIT, to-whoo!

The owl-clock warbles eight, and I'm still waiting for John.

I've just been thinking. Do you know, three weeks before we were married he was here before this very great fire singeing his spats and snapping his watchcase furiously, and when I appeared he gave me a Bluebeard look, vowing that he would miss the entire first act.

And now—I wait!

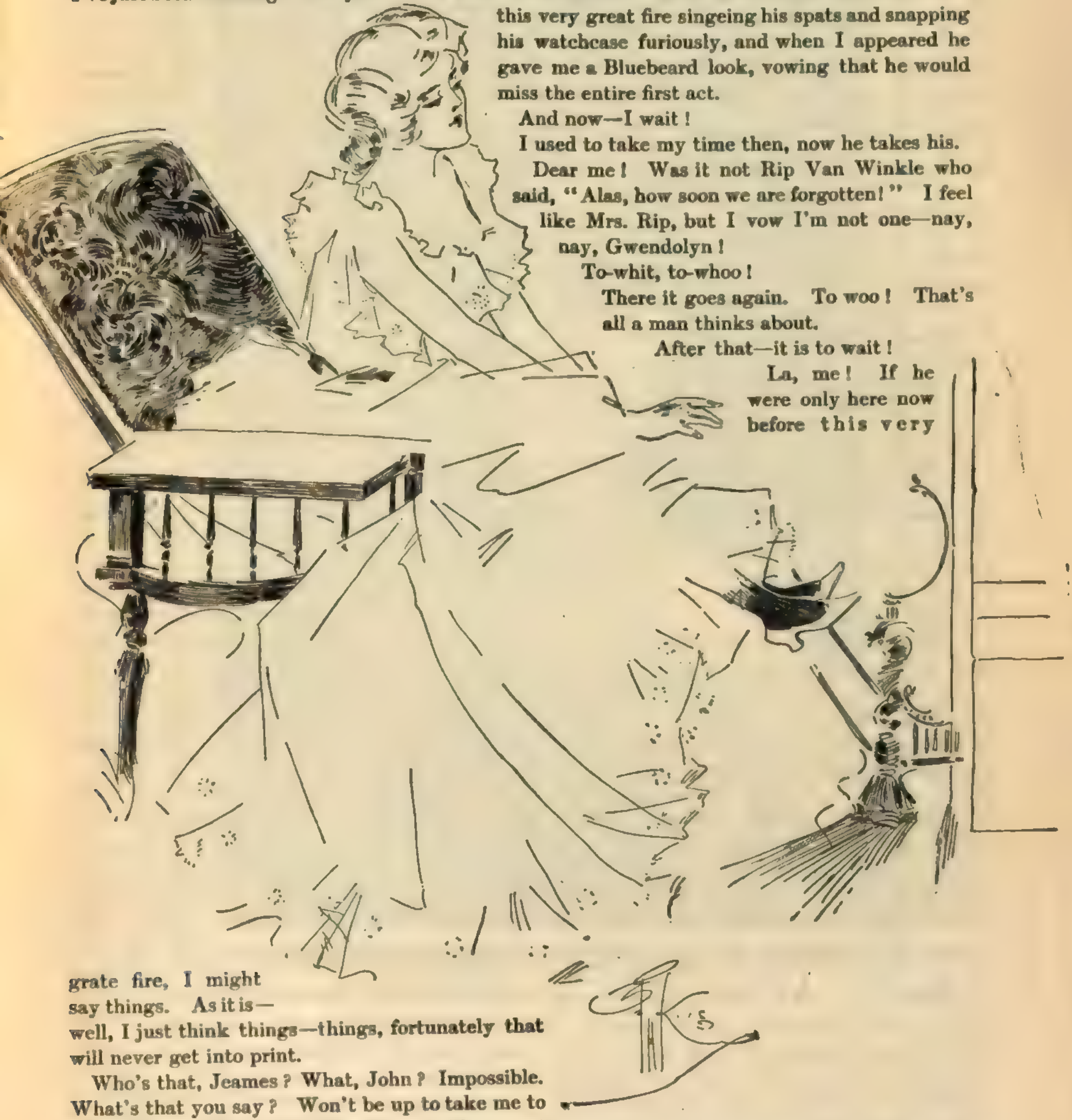
I used to take my time then, now he takes his.

Dear me! Was it not Rip Van Winkle who said, "Alas, how soon we are forgotten!" I feel like Mrs. Rip, but I vow I'm not one—nay, nay, Gwendolyn!

To-whit, to-whoo!

There it goes again. To woo! That's all a man thinks about.

After that—it is to wait!



La, me! If he were only here now before this very grate fire, I might say things. As it is—well, I just think things—things, fortunately that will never get into print.

Who's that, Jeames? What, John? Impossible. What's that you say? Won't be up to take me to the theatre? Eh? Seats all sold out? Nonsense! There were barrels of them this afternoon. They were never, never, NEVER sold out while we were engaged. There was always room for two more; the speculators said so. What's that? Lodge? Club? Sick friend?

Bah! Who says that married life is all candied violets?

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BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

Vol. X. March, 1903. No. 6.

ISSUED ON THE 16TH DAY OF EACH MONTH PRECEDING DATE OF PUBLICATION.

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RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION :—To any Post Office in the United States, Canada or Mexico, 15 cents a copy ; one year, post-paid, $1.50. To foreign countries in the Postal Union, one copy, one year, postpaid $2.00.
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Entered at New York Post Office as second class matter.

ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY, Editor. GEORGE A. SHERIN, General Manager.

BROADWAY MAGAZINE is now an accepted fixture of the publishing business in the United States, Canada, and England (a few months ago we told you something of our English success). The reading public throughout America has taken Broadway Magazine to its bosom in no uncertain way and the result is that this publication at 15 cents a copy enjoys a larger sale then it ever did at 10 cents ; to be sure, Broadway Magazine is bigger, handsomer and more costly to produce now than it was a year ago, and with greater age and greater worth it is to be expected that it should increase in circulation, prosperity and influence. But there is still another element that publishers often lose sight of and which in itself means much in the struggle for supremacy.

In these days of keen competition and fine achievement it is no easy matter to make a new publication a paying piece of property. There are perhaps, ten failures to every success—and even brilliant and energetic efforts often lead to failure when there is lack of any of the important ingredients of capital, experience or a well-balanced knowledge of what the public likes. The most important factor, after the *idea* of the publication, is the news trade, starting with the great distributing machinery of the American News Company and its branches, and stretching out in all directions through the countless channels of the newsdealer with a large business in the big cities to the small dealer in the most unimportant hamlet on the North American continent. The co-operation, good will, and friendly interest of the trade have had a lot to do with growing popularity of this publication.

The Publishers and Editors of Broadway Magazine desire to make public acknowledgment of their debt of gratitude to the wholesale and retail news trade of the United States. To the American News Company they are indebted for the finely regulated, splendidly effective services of a well-oiled and smoothly running machine, without which it would be almost impossible for Broadway Magazine to have been so widely distributed and consequently so widely sold and read ; and for a business organization that is so remarkably efficient in action, and immensely useful in the results attained. There is a peculiar satisfaction in rendering due thanks for the uniform courtesy, material help, friendly interest and the keen knowledge of publisher's requirements displayed by the officials of the American News Company. It were only justice as well as a distinct pleasure to state that without this unvarying willingness to aid by counsel and in many tangible ways, Broadway Magazine or any other important periodical would find their efforts barren of results.

And now for the newsdealer there are only words of gratitude. The Editor of Broadway Magazine was himself a newsdealer not so many years ago and for the first decade of his newspaper life was closely connected with the news trade. He knows from actual experience that the life of the newsdealer is a hard and exacting one. Long hours, competition and actual hard manual labor fill more hours of the day than the average man in other walks of life devotes to his business. The co-operation of the newsdealer is a mighty important feature of the publishing craft and one that few magazine publishers properly appreciate. The newsdealer has been an immense help to Broadway Magazine and to him we offer sincere thanks.

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Photograph by Chickering, Boston.

MISS SANDOL MILLIKEN.

Miss Milliken divides the honors with Mr. Edward Harrigan in "The Bird in the Cage at the Bijou Theatre This young actress, after having secured initial attention from the public in this style of play, left it for awhile for musical comedy, appearing in "The Liberty Belles," but has again returned to it as exemplified in "The Bird in the Cage."

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SPECIAL TO OUR READERS—OUR FRIENDS.

UNUSUAL OFFER!

ART for our subscribers—absolutely FREE.

Do no fail to read this announcement—it is to YOUR Interest—to YOUR advantage.

On page 584 in our February number we made an announcement and offer to our subscribers that we hoped would benefit us, naturally, but also knew that it would benefit our subscribers more—well, it did, and we are mighty glad of it. Nothing has gratified us more, during our five years of publishing, than the scores of letters we are receiving daily from our subscribers, thanking us in exultant tones for the magnificent ART PORTFOLIO we sent them absolutely FREE. We assure you that being able to please and more than satisfy our subscribers is in itself the most gratifying and inspiring ambition we could attain.

And by the way, we wish to say right here that] the NEWSDEALER was a very potent factor in benefiting our subscribers and pleasing the publishers. At this writing our February number has been on sale fifteen days and we have to date received 3,122 subscriptions in reply to our offer on page 584 of the February issue. And out of this number 2,481 subscriptions were sent in by newsdealers.

Excellent—magnificent—nothing so satisfactory as the publisher, newsdealer and reader working hand in hand, as it were, to accomplish the greatest profit and the best results all the way round.

Now, you have admitted that to date we have been very fair—not only fair but very generous. Well, we will make an offer now that is unusual and in the end both YOU and OURSELVES will be benefited.

We want YOU for a subscriber—a twelve time a year reader, in other words. And this is the inducement,

To those who subscribe now we will send our magnificent PORTFOLIO OF FAMOUS PAINTERS, and absolutely FREE our NEW YORK GIRL CALENDAR:

What the PORTFOLIO OF FAMOUS PAINTERS comprises:

Ten etched photogravures (size 10 x 6) ready for framing. Reproductions from paintings of the world's greatest artists, including the immortal Gainsborough, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Sir Thomas Lawrence. The subjects:—THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE, The Age of Innocence, Penelope Boothby, Angel Heads, Infant Samuel, Elizabeth, Fighting Temeraire, Grand Canal, Venice, Mrs. Siddons and the Hon. Mrs. Graham.

THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE was the famous painting for which Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan paid $150,000, but which was never landed in this country owing to the exorbitant customs duty. This alone is a work of art that would adorn the walls of even Crowned Heads.

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BROADWAY MAGAZINE,
121 West 42d Street, New York.

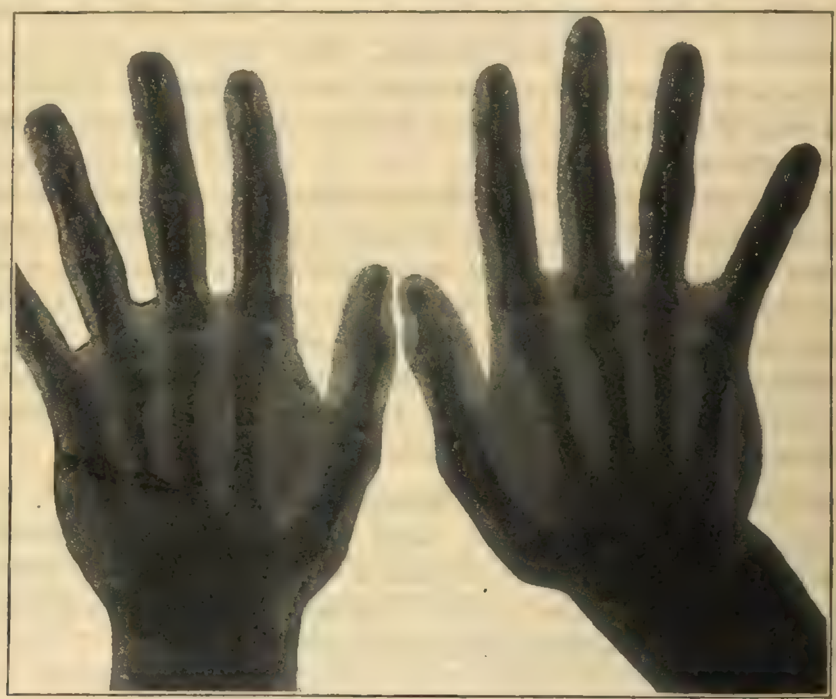
Enclosed find $1.00 for which send me BROADWAY MAGAZINE for six months and PORTFOLIO OF FAMOUS PAINTERS and, FREE, the NEW YORK GIRL CALENDAR.

As to Paderewski's Manual Dexterity.

By Eleanor Richards.

FOR the first time is here published an X-ray photograph of the hands of the great Polish pianist, Igna Paderewski.

The scientist can see much in them that the ordinary person may fail to discover, but the hand that can earn a dollar with every movement of a muscle is interesting to the general public, whatever the anatomist may find in it.



THE HANDS OF IGNACE PADEREWSKI.

It is said that the great pianist's hands are so powerful that he can lay his palm against a pane of glass, and by raising a single finger, strike the pane a blow that will shatter it. It is given to few to have such marvelous muscles to train, and fewer indeed would take the time and care to train them.

And with all the strength of Paderewski's hand, it is nevertheless so perfectly under control that the lightest runs with the feathery touch of a child are as possible as the heaviest tones of the strident bass.

With the gentleness of De Pachmann, Paderewski can play with infinitely greater expression, and though he has the strength of a Rosenthal, he does not emulate that artist as a destroyer of elephant tusks and stringed furniture.

If there is a hidden secret in the miraculous powers of Paderewski, let the X-ray tell the tale that he who runs may read. People with the hand-reading propensity can indulge their art to the utmost with this picture.

American Auto Busses Abroad.

By Charles P. T. Adams.

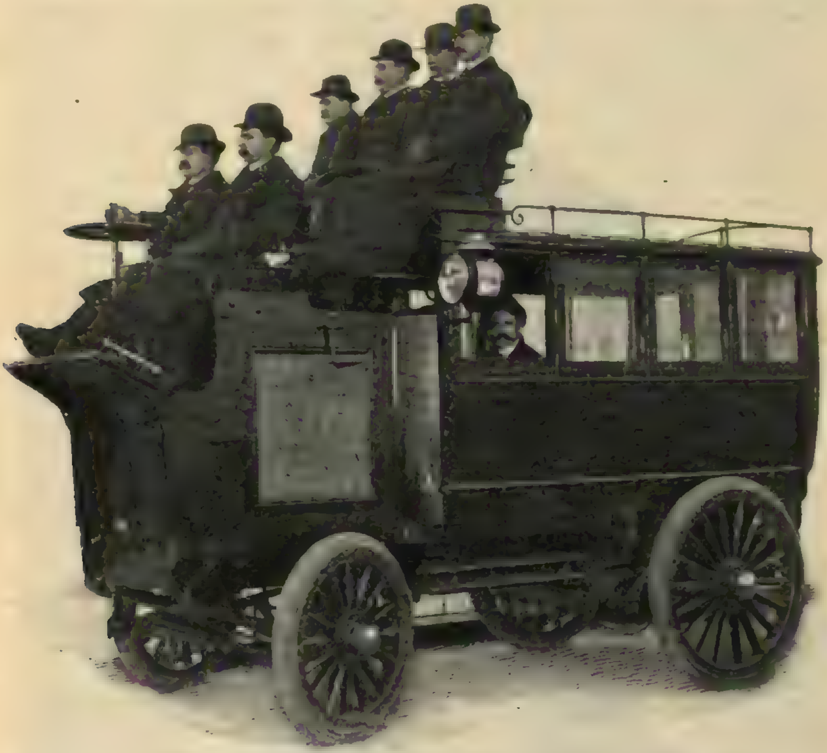
THE KING OF BELGIUM is not at all averse to America and things American. He would like very much to come over and pay us a visit if it were possible, but failing that he does the next best thing, and buys all the American inventions he knows anything about.

The latest display of his admiration is an order for a hundred American auto busses. This order he has placed with the Fischer Motor Vehicle Company, of Hoboken, N. J. A photograph of the carriage is reproduced herewith.

The prime source of the energy is gasoline. The 12-horse power thus generated is, by means of a dynamo, transformed into electricity.

Under ordinary conditions, most of the electric current goes directly from the dynamo to the motor, but when slowing up, or in going down hill, or on any occasion when less power is used, the surplus current is automatically taken care of by the storage battery, which is connected with the wiring between the dynamo and the motors. So that when more power is needed than that furnished by the engine, the deficiency is easily made up by the batteries.

The first cost of a vehicle of this description is certainly more than that of a horse and wagon equipment, but an auto buss does not have to be fed and taken care of on Sundays and holidays.



THE AUTO BUSS THAT GOES TO BELGIUM

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A Successful Young Singer.

By Carolyn Lowrey.

MAUDE LAMBERT, who plays the leading rôle in F. C. Whitney's new spectactular opera, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," at the New York Theatre, has every reason to be proud of her personal hit and her successful career.

She is a very young woman and has been on the stage only four years.

Miss Lambert received her schooling in the Castle Square Opera Company. She was engaged as the late Lizzie McNichol's understudy and, on the death of the latter, took her place, singing the leading mezzo-rôles in both the grand and comic operas.

After singing a season at the American Theatre, she was sent to the Studebaker Theatre, in Chicago, and Music Hall, St. Louis. In both places she is a great favorite.

A year ago, last Spring, Miss Lambert originated the rôle of *Queen Lili*, in "King Dodo."

Following that engagement she took a several months vacation in Europe, visiting London, Edinburgh, Berlin and Paris. On returning to New York she was immediately engaged by Mr. John C. Fisher for his Eastern "Florodora" company, receiving the part of *Dolores*, for which she was most admirably fitted, both as to physical charms and voice.

MISS MAUDE LAMBERT.

She was pronounced by a very well-known musical conductor as "the best *Dolores* ever played in America." Miss Lambert says, "I prize that compliment so much. Mr. —— is such a thorough musician."

In appearance Miss Lambert is Junoesque. Her figure is beautiful and carriage most commanding. Her arms and shoulders are so beautiful that they have been much photographed, and many leading artists have tried to induce her to pose for them.

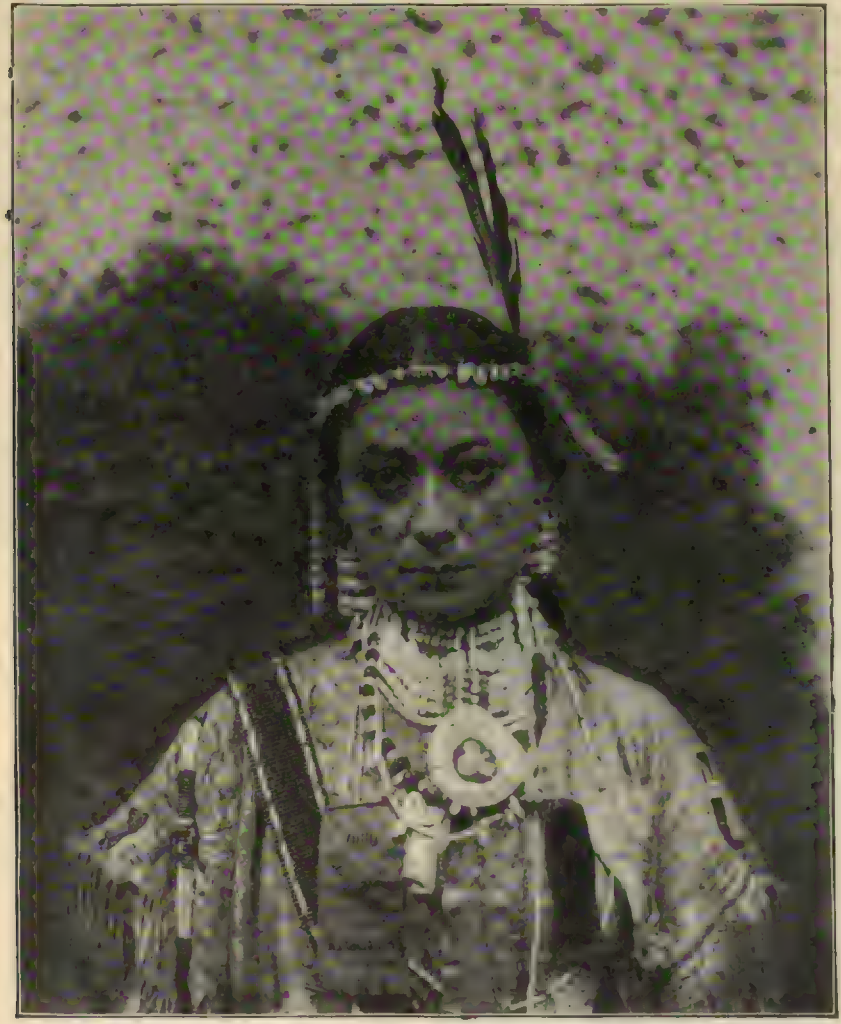
When asked of her ambitions Miss Lambert says: "Indeed, I am ambitious. I shall never be contented until I conduct my own company and am a successful star. If you promise to tell only a few people, I'll tell you something. I have already had an offer to be featured next season—but I haven't made any plans yet. My personal success as *Cordelia Allen* in my present engagement is my first Broadway appearance and, I hope, only a stepping-stone to what I am to achieve in the next few years."

Miss Lambert is wholly devoted to her profession and allows no outside frivolities to impair any chances of making a forward step in it. In appearance she is an attractive young woman with a winning smile which displays two remarkable dimples and an agreeable set of teeth.

The Singing Indian Princess.

By Bruce Ellison.

THE INDIAN PRINCESS CHINQUILLA is a graduate of Carlisle. She is giving in vaudeville the songs of her nation, and has made a pronounced hit. Her songs are weird, rich in melody and fascinating in tune, and in her native dress she is a handsome woman.



THE PRINCESS FROM A FAVORITE PHOTOGRAPH.

She has become quite the fad with society people, and it seems to be the thing to engage her for their musical evenings; her latest success having taken place at the Waldorf a few weeks ago.

Princess Chinquilla gives us that desirable thing, a novelty; and she is accompanied in her specialty by a cowboy and his banjo.

The reputed incapacity of the Indian to assimilate the benefits of civilization finds no proof in the Princess Chinquilla. Her intelligence is fully as acute as that of the palest faced daughter of Eve.

This young woman, gowned like her fairer sisters, is an attractive looking woman, and is a thoroughly clever one as well.

The One-Man Photography.

BY OSWALD AYRES.

WE hear a great deal about the literature of the future, the music of the future, the transportation, the food, the inventions and the brains of the future, and we occasionally hear a word of the photography of the future, but the last-named reference usually is based on the subject of color-photography, or of multiple and simultaneous printing.

Excellent as these things will be—when we get them—it must not be forgotten that they are still reposing in the dim and distant future. On the other hand, we have with us here the idea of another photography of the future embodied in the words, "One-Man Method."

Photograph by Milton Waide, New York

SPRING.

There has come into New York, from that same point of the compass whence hailed the young Lochinvar, an exponent of the one-man method of photography named Milton Waide. He proposes to conquer the old-time obstacles which have stood in the path of artistic camera work by his untiring diligence and enthusiasm, and if he cannot bring about a revolution in photographic methods, he at least banks on getting the public to place reliance on his own new ones in the most gratifying manner possible—which is by coming to him when they want their pictures taken.

Mr. Waide's contention is that the average photograph in New York comes more nearly being spoiled by the operations of too many people on it than anywhere else. This may be a blow to the New York photographers who have hitherto been under the impression that their pictures are as close to perfection as is possible, or it may not. At all events, Mr. Waide has his opinion and does not hesitate to express it.

"Tell us how you think the average photograph is spoiled," Mr. Waide was asked.

"Readily," he replied. "Take the business right from the beginning. The sitter—the New York girl, say—comes into the photographer's place to secure an appointment. No one sees her, as a rule, who has anything to do with the production of the picture. The appointment is made. On the day fixed, she comes, and first the operator poses her and snaps the camera. His part of it is all done. Then the plate is put in a solution and washed

Photograph by Milton Waide, New York.

FASHION.

by somebody else. Then it is retouched by a third hand. Then mounted by a fourth.

"Not one of these people has seen this girl, and have no idea of what she looks like outside of the impression on the negative, or the printed picture. The retoucher—the most important of them all, perhaps—goes ahead on his own work blindly, and he paints out the wrinkles as a matter of mechanical routine, not being in the least aware that he's painting out all the poor girl's expression and individuality at the same time."

"Then," Mr. Waide was asked, "do you do all this work yourself, in addition to taking the picture?

"Do I? Well, I should say I do. Not only that, but I wash and print them all myself and manufacture my own sensitive paper to print them on."

This was quite true. There is not a soul in the Milton Waide studio save Milton Waide. He does every iota of the work himself, attending to sitters also. Not even an office boy mars the immaculate homogeneity of the composition.

Mr. Waide seeks to get acquainted with his visitors. He does not care to take a picture right away, but desires to learn something of the personality first, noticing characteristics which he endeavors, when they are pleasant ones, to bring out later in the pictures as suggestively as possible.

He has opinions about hair. "A likeness in the photograph," says Mr. Waide, "is in many cases impaired by the hair dresser. The hair may be arranged as desired, as long as the general effect usually seen by your acquaintances is adhered to, for any unusual effect in coiffure makes an unnatural photograph." He tells men

Photograph by Milton Waide, New York.

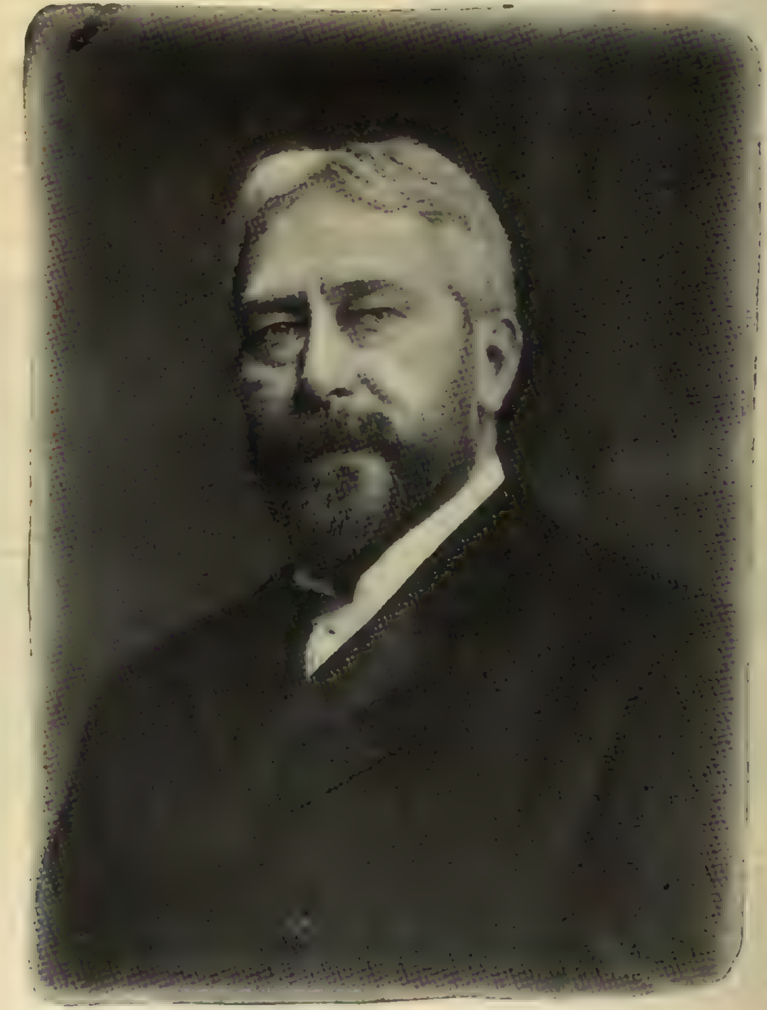
REVERIE.

not to wet their hair, not only to prevent the plastered effect, but also because damp hair presents a shiny surface which reflects the light and photographs white. The same advice applies to women powdering their faces, neck and arms.

Between 11 A. M. and 3 P. M. is the best time for being photographed, the light being then most adaptable, and chances for good work best.

Mr. Waide has a great admiration for the New York girl, not only when she is pretty, but when she does not possess an abundance of beauty. He asserts that there are many times when women or men, not usually considered good-looking, seemed to be almost beautiful. This is because at those moments the pose, lighting, expression and apparel combine in presenting the best there is in the subject and the most pleasing points in the personal make-up are presented prominently to the eye.

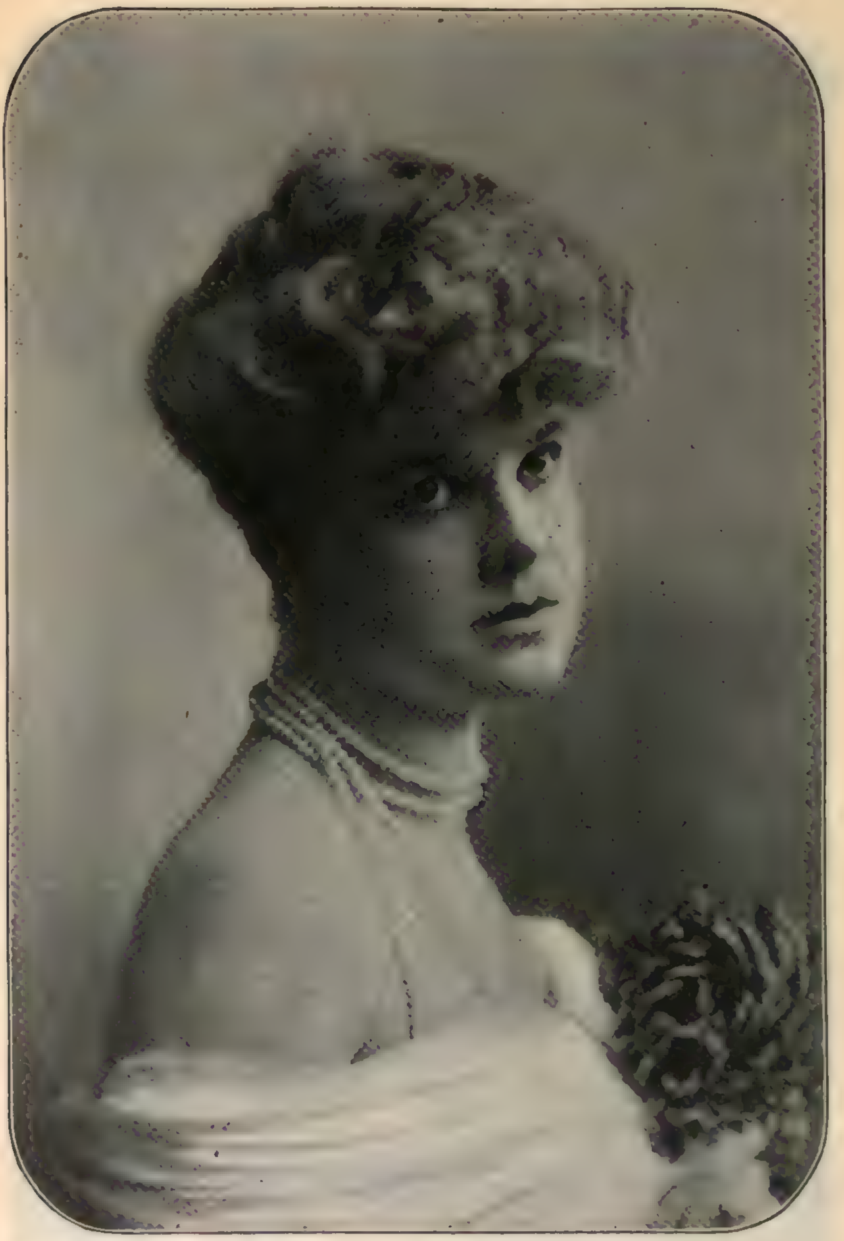
These critical moments Mr. Waide professes to be able to seize upon with his sitters. He does not promise to make a beauty out of an homely girl, but he does claim to be able to



Photograph by Milton Waide, New York.

MR. GUSTAV LINDENTHAL.

This picture of the Commissioner of Bridges is an example of the modern portrait photography in which the natural modeling of the face is not eliminated by the retoucher.



Photograph by Milton Waide, New York.

YOUTH.

make a beautiful photograph out of even an apparently homely woman.

There is a peculiar touch about Mr. Waide's photographs which makes the observer mistake them at first for theatrical photographs. This is because he gets out of his sitters, his women sitters particularly, that one dramatic touch that is inherent in everyone. Some have it too ostentatiously, and then it is offensive—in which case the photographer subdues it.

Mr. Waide talks like a typical Westerner, but talks convincingly.

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Photograph by Milton Waide, New York.

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Oct. 1908–Jan. 1909, Hampton's Broadway magazine.
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